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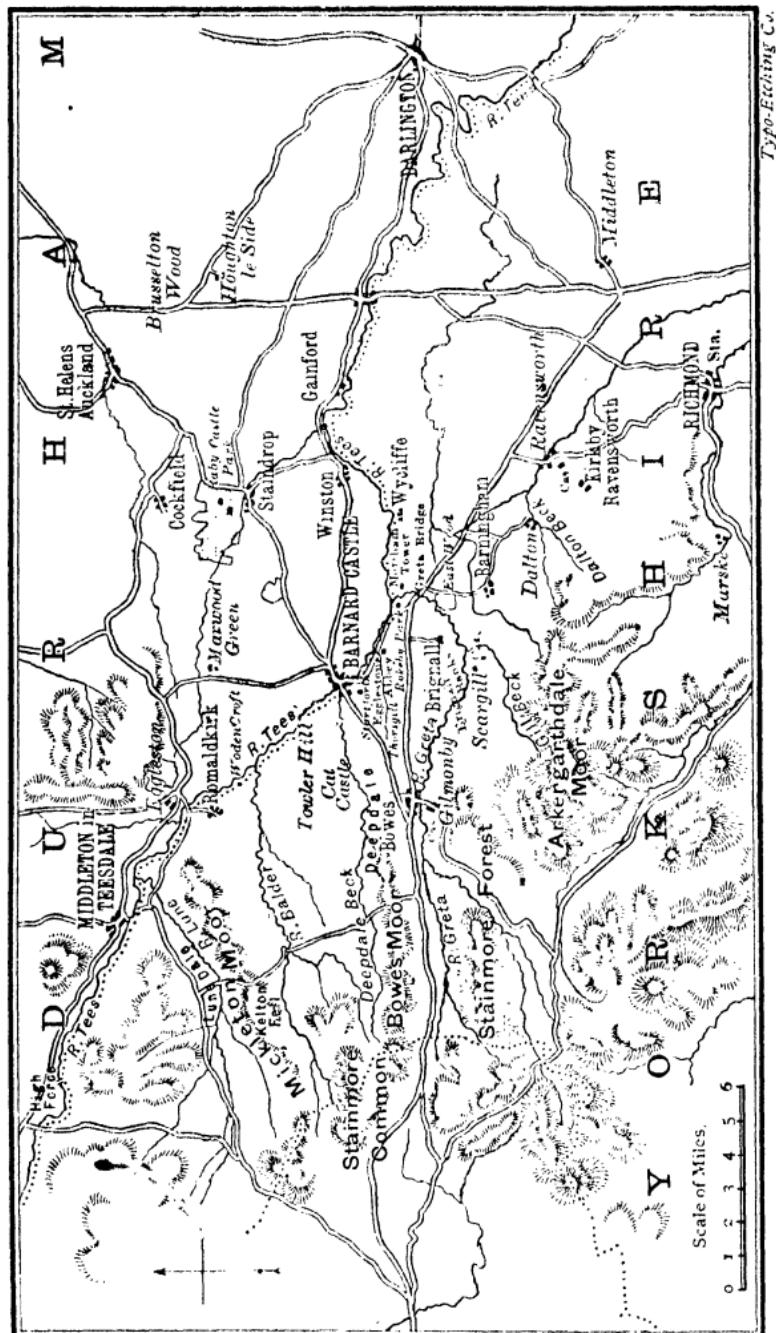
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# SCOTT'S POEMS

## *Rokeby*

*WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY*

BY

R. W. TAYLOR, M.A

LATE HEAD MASTER OF KELLY COLLEGE, TAVISTOCK

Part I.

CANTOS I. & II.

RIVINGTONS  
WATERLOO PLACE LONDON

MDCCLXXXVIII



## P R E F A C E

AS the publishers wished this work to be issued in three parts, I have made a separate glossary for each canto, instead of distributing it in the notes, as I did in the editing of the *Lady of the Lake*. A longer experience of younger boys during the last twelve years has shown me the necessity of explaining clearly some of the simplest words, so that about twice as many words come in these glossaries as were in the *Lady of the Lake*. (The words in the glossaries in this edition are distinguished by an asterisk over them.) For these I have used the best authorities—Mr. Wedgwood's *Dictionary of English Etymology*, and Professor Skeat's excellent *Concise Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*, to which I owe most. I have found much help also, for the definitions of words, and for etymological notes confirming the others, in Annandale's Revised and Augmented Edition of Dr. Ogilvie's *Imperial Dictionary*, with all its additional illustrations; and also from the Etymological Notes in M. Littré's *Dictionnaire de la Langue Française*.

There are but few characters in *Rokeby*, of which character is the chief tone, but the more I read it the more I wonder at Sir Walter Scott's deep insight into character, and the delicate touches with which he qualifies them, especially in that of Wilfrid, and of Bertram's repentance.

The notes have been gathered from various sources; some from Scott's own works, some from Mr. Ruskin's criticisms. For the details of the Battle of Marston Moor I am indebted to my old friend Mr. J. S. Phillpotts, the editor of *King and Commonwealth*, and to some extracts from *Cromwell's Letters*, edited by the late Thomas Carlyle.

SOUTHSEA, January, 1888,

# ROKEBY

*A POEM IN SIX CANTOS*

---

TO

JOHN B. S. MORRITT, Esq.

*This Poem,*

THE SCENE OF WHICH IS LAID IN HIS BEAUTIFUL

DEMESNE OF ROKEBY,

IS INSCRIBED,

IN TOKEN OF SINCERE FRIENDSHIP,

BY

WALTER SCOTT.

## ADVERTISEMENT

¶

*The Scene of this Poem is laid at Rokeby, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, and shifts to the adjacent fortress of Barnard Castle, and to other places in that Vicinity.*

*The Time occupied by the Action is a space of Five Days, Three of which are supposed to elapse between the end of the Fifth and beginning of the Sixth Canto.*

*The date of the supposed events is immediately subsequent to the great Battle of Marston Moor, 3d July, 1644. This period of public confusion has been chosen, without any purposes of combining the Fable with the Military or Political Events of the Civil War, but only as affording a degree of probability to the Fictitious Narrative now presented to the Public.*

## INTRODUCTION TO EDITION 1830

BETWEEN the publication of *The Lady of the Lake*, which was so eminently successful, and that of *Rokeyb*, in 1813, three years had intervened. I shall not, I believe, be accused of ever having attempted to usurp a superiority over many men of genius, my contemporaries; but, in point of popularity, not of actual talent, the caprice of the public had certainly given me such a temporary superiority over men, of whom, in regard to poetical fancy and feeling, I scarcely thought myself worthy to loose the shoe-latch. On the other hand, it would be absurd affectation in me to deny that I conceived myself to understand, more perfectly than many of my contemporaries, the manner most likely to interest the great mass of mankind. Yet, even with this belief, I must truly and fairly say that I always considered myself rather as one who held the bets, in time to be paid over to the winner, than as having any pretence to keep them in my own right.

In the meantime years crept on, and not without their usual depredations on the passing generation. My sons had arrived at the age when the paternal home was no longer their best abode, as both were destined to active life. The field-sports, to which I was peculiarly attached, had now less interest, and were replaced by other amusements of a more quiet character; and the means and opportunity of pursuing these were to be sought for. I

had indeed for some years attended to farming, a knowledge of which is, or at least was then, indispensable to the comfort of a family residing in a solitary country-house ; but although this was the favourite amusement of many of my friends, I have never been able to consider it as a source of pleasure. I never could think it a matter of passing importance, that my cattle or crops were better or more plentiful than those of my neighbours, and nevertheless I began to feel the necessity of some more quiet out-door occupation, different from those I had hitherto pursued. I purchased a small farm of about one hundred acres, with the purpose of planting and improving it, to which property circumstances afterwards enabled me to make considerable additions ; and thus an era took place in my life, almost equal to the important one mentioned by the Vicar of Wakefield, when he removed from the blue-room to the brown. In point of neighbourhood, at least, the change of residence made little more difference. Abbotsford, to which we removed, was only six or seven miles down the Tweed, and lay on the same beautiful stream. It did not possess the romantic character of Ashestiell, my former residence ; but it had a stretch of meadow-land along the river, and possessed, in the phrase of the landscape-gardener, considerable capabilities. Above all, the land was my own, like Uncle Toby's bowling-green, to do what I would with. It had been, though the gratification was long postponed, an early wish of mine to connect myself with my mother earth, and prosecute those experiments by which a species of creative power is exercised over the face of nature. I can trace, even to childhood, a pleasure derived from Dodsley's account of Shenstone's Leasowes, and I envied the poet much more for the pleasure of accomplishing the objects detailed in his friend's sketch of his grounds, than for the possession of

pipe, crook, flock, and Phillis to boot. My memory also, tenacious of quaint expressions, still retained a phrase which it had gathered from an old almanack of Charles the Second's time (when everything down to almanacks affected to be smart), in which the reader, in the month of June, is advised for health's sake to walk a mile or two every day before breakfast, and, if he can possibly so manage, to let his exercise be taken upon his own land.

With the satisfaction of having attained the fulfilment of an early and long-cherished hope, I commenced my improvements, as delightful in their progress as those of the child who first makes a dress for a new doll. The nakedness of the land was in time hidden by woodlands of considerable extent, the smallest of possible cottages was progressively expanded into a sort of dream of a mansion-house, whimsical in the exterior, but convenient within. Nor did I forget what is the natural pleasure of every man who has been a reader ; I mean the filling the shelves of a tolerably large library. All these objects I kept in view, to be executed as convenience should serve ; and, although I knew many years must elapse before they could be attained, I was of a disposition to comfort myself with the Spanish proverb, "Time and I against any two."

The difficult and indispensable point, of finding a permanent subject of occupation, was now at length attained ; but there was annexed to it the necessity of becoming again a candidate for public favour ; for, as I was turned improver on the earth of the every-day world, it was under condition that the small tenement of Parnassus, which might be accessible to my labours, should not remain uncultivated.

I meditated, at first, a poem on the subject of Bruce, in which I made some progress, but afterwards judged it advisable to lay it aside, supposing that an English story

might have more novelty; in consequence, the precedence was given to "Rokeby."

If subject and scenery could have influenced the fate of a poem, that of "Rokeby" should have been eminently distinguished; for the grounds belonged to a dear friend, with whom I had lived in habits of intimacy for many years, and the place itself united the romantic beauties of the wilds of Scotland with the rich and smiling aspect of the southern portion of the island. But the Cavaliers and Roundheads, whom I attempted to summon up to tenant this beautiful region, had for the public neither the novelty nor the peculiar interest of the primitive Highlanders. This perhaps was scarcely to be expected, considering that the general mind sympathizes readily and at once with the stamp which nature herself has affixed upon the manners of a people living in a simple and patriarchal state; whereas it has more difficulty in understanding or interesting itself in manners founded upon those peculiar habits of thinking or acting, which are produced by the progress of society. We could read with pleasure the tale of the adventures of a Cossack or a Mongol Tartar, while we only wonder and stare over those of the lovers in the "Pleasing Chinese History," where the embarrassments turn upon difficulties arising out of unintelligible delicacies peculiar to the customs and manners of that affected people.

The cause of my failure had however a far deeper root. The manner, or style, which, by its novelty, attracted the public in an unusual degree, had now, after having been three times before them, exhausted the patience of the reader, and began in the fourth to lose its charms. The reviewers may be said to have apostrophized the author in the language of Parnell's *Edwin*—

"And here reverse the charm, he cries,  
And let it fairly now suffice,  
The gambol has been shown."

The licentious combination of rhymes, in a manner not perhaps very congenial to our language, had not been confined to the author. Indeed, in most similar cases the inventors of such novelties have their reputation destroyed by their own imitators as Actæon fell under the fury of his own dogs. The present author, like Bobadil, had taught his trick of fence to a hundred gentlemen (and ladies), who could fence very nearly, or quite as well as himself. For this there was no remedy; the harmony became tiresome and ordinary, and both the original inventor and his invention must have fallen into contempt, if he had not found out another road to public favour. What has been said of the metre only must be considered to apply equally to the structure of the Poem and of the style. The very best passages of any popular style are not, perhaps, susceptible of imitation, but they may be approached by men of talent; and those who are less able to copy them, at least lay hold of their peculiar features, so as to produce a strong burlesque. In either way, the effect of the manner is rendered cheap and common; and, in the latter case, ridiculous to boot. The evil consequences to an author's reputation are at least as fatal as those which come upon the musical composer, when his melody falls into the hands of the street ballad-singer.

Of the unfavourable species of imitation, the author's style gave room to a very large number, owing to an appearance of facility to which some of those who used the measure unquestionably leaned too far. The effect of the more favourable imitations, composed by persons of talent, was almost equally unfortunate to the original minstrel, by showing that they could overshoot him with his own bow. In short, the popularity which once attended the *School*, as it was called, was now fast decaying.

Besides all this, to have kept his ground at the crisis when "Rokeby" appeared, its author ought to have put forth his utmost strength, and to have possessed at least all his original advantages, for a mighty and unexpected rival was advancing on the stage—a rival not in poetical powers only, but in that art of attracting popularity, in which the present writer had hitherto preceded better men than himself. The reader will easily see that Byron is here meant, who, after a little velitation of no great promise, now appeared as a serious candidate, in the "First two Cantos of Childe Harold." I was astonished at the power evinced by that work, which neither the "Hours of Idleness," nor the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," had prepared me to expect from its author. There was a depth in his thought, an eager abundance in his diction, which argued full confidence in the inexhaustible resources of which he felt himself possessed; and there was some appearance of that labour of the file, which indicates that the author is conscious of the necessity of doing every justice to his work, that it may pass warrant. Lord Byron was also a traveller, a man whose ideas were fired by having seen, in distant scenes of difficulty and danger, the places whose very names are recorded in our bosoms as the shrines of ancient poetry. For his own misfortune, perhaps, but certainly to the high increase of his poetical character, nature had mixed in Lord Byron's system those passions which agitate the human heart with most violence, and which may be said to have hurried his bright career to an early close. There would have been little wisdom in measuring my force with so formidable an antagonist; and I was as likely to tire of playing the second fiddle in the concert, as my audience of hearing me. Age also was advancing. I was growing insensible to those subjects of excitation by which youth is agitated. I had around me the most

pleasant but least exciting of all society, that of kind friends and an affectionate family. My circle of employments was a narrow one ; it occupied me constantly, and it became daily more difficult for me to interest myself in poetical composition—

“ How happily the days of Thalaba went by ! ”

Yet, though conscious that I must be, in the opinion of good judges, inferior to the place I had for four or five years held in letters, and feeling alike that the latter was one to which I had only a temporary right, I could not brook the idea of relinquishing literary occupation, which had been so long my chief diversion. Neither was I disposed to choose the alternative of sinking into a mere editor and commentator, though that was a species of labour which I had practised, and to which I was attached. But I could not endure to think that I might not, whether known or concealed, do something of more importance. My inmost thoughts were those of the Trojan Captain in the galley race—

“ Non jam, prima peto, Mnestheus, neque vincere certo,  
 Quanquam O !—sed superent, quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti ;  
 Extremos pudeat rediisse : hoc vincite, cives,  
 Et prohibete nefas.”<sup>1</sup>

I had, indeed, some private reasons for my “Quanquam O !” which were not worse than those of Mnestheus. I have already hinted that the materials were collected for a poem on the subject of Bruce, and fragments of it had been shown to some of my friends, and received with applause. Notwithstanding, therefore, the eminent success of Byron, and the great chance of his taking the wind out of my sails, there was, I judged, a species of cowardice in desisting from the task which I had under-

<sup>1</sup> VIRGIL, *A.A.* lib. v. 194.

taken, and it was time enough to retreat when the battle should be more decidedly lost. The sale of "Rokeby," excepting as compared with that of "The Lady of the Lake," was in the highest degree respectable; and as it included fifteen hundred quartos, in those quarto-reading days, the trade had no reason to be dissatisfied.

V. S.

ABBOTSFORD, *April*, 1830.

# ROKEY

## CANTO FIRST.

*(Words marked with an asterisk \* will be found in the Glossary.)*

### I.

THE Moon is in her summer glow,  
But hoarse and high the breezes blow,  
And, racking\* o'er her face, the cloud  
Varies the tincture of her shroud ;\*  
On Barnard's towers, and Tees's stream,  
She changes as a guilty dream,  
When conscience, with remorse and fear,  
Goads sleeping Fancy's wild career.  
Her light seems now the blush of shame,  
Seems now fierce anger's darker flame,  
Shifting that shade, to come and go,  
Like apprehension's hurried glow ;  
Then sorrow's livery dims the air,  
And dies in darkness, like despair.  
Such varied hues the warder sees  
Reflected from the woodland Tees,  
Then from old Baliol's tower looks forth,  
Sees the clouds mustering in the north,  
Hears, upon turret-roof and wall,  
By fits the plashing rain-drop fall,  
Lists to the breeze's boding sound,  
And wraps his shaggy mantle round.

### II.

Those towers, which in the changeful gleam  
Throw murky\* shadows on the stream,

Those towers of Barnard hold a guest,  
 The emotions of whose troubled breast,  
 In wild and strange confusion driven,  
 Rival the flitting rack\* of heaven.  
 Ere sleep stern OSWALD'S senses tied,  
 Oft had he changed his weary side,  
 Composed his limbs, and vainly sought  
 By effort strong to banish thought.  
 Sleep came at length, but with a train  
 Of feelings true and fancies vain,  
 Mingling, in wild disorder cast,  
 The expected future with the past.  
 Conscience, anticipating time,  
 Already rues the enacted crime,  
 And calls her furies forth, to shake  
 The sounding scourge and hissing snake ;  
 While her poor victim's outward throes\*  
 Bear witness to his mental woes,  
 And show what lesson may be read  
 Beside a sinner's restless bed.

## III.

Thus Oswald's labouring\* feelings trace  
 Strange changes in his sleeping face,  
 Rapid and ominous as these  
 With which the moonbeams tinge the Tees.  
 There might be seen of shame the blush,  
 There anger's dark and fiercer flush,  
 While the perturbed sleeper's hand  
 Seem'd grasping dagger-knife, or brand.  
 Relax'd that grasp, the heavy sigh,  
 The tear in the half-opening eye,  
 The pallid cheek and brow, confess'd  
 That grief was busy in his breast ;  
 Nor paused that mood—a sudden start  
 Impell'd the life-blood from the heart :  
 Features convulsed, and mutterings dread,  
 Show terror reigns in sorrow's stead.  
 That pang the painful slumber broke,  
 And Oswald w<sup>th</sup> a start awoke.

## IV.

He woke, and fear'd again to close  
His eyelids in such dire repose ;  
He woke—to watch the lamp, and tell\*  
From hour to hour the castle-bell,  
Or listen to the owlet's cry,  
Or the sad breeze that whistles by,  
Or catch, by fits, the tuneless rhyme  
With which the warder cheats the time,  
And envying think, how, when the sun  
Bids the poor soldier's watch be done,  
Couch'd on his straw, and fancy-free,  
He sleeps like careless\* infancy.

## V.

Far town-ward sounds a distant tread,  
And Oswald, starting from his bed,  
Hath caught it, though no human ear,  
Unsharpen'd by revenge and fear,  
Could e'er distinguish horse's clank,  
Until it reached the castle bank.  
Now nigh and plain the sound appears,  
The warder's challenge now he hears,  
Then clanking chains and levers tell  
That o'er the moat\* the drawbridge\* fell,  
And, in the castle court below,  
Voices are heard, and torches glow,  
As marshalling\* the stranger's way,  
Straight for the room where Oswald lay.  
The cry was, " Tidings from the host,  
Of weight—a messenger comes post."\*  
Stifling the tumult of his breast,  
His answer Oswald thus express'd—  
" Bring food and wine, and trim the fire ;  
Admit the stranger, and retire."

## VI.

The stranger came with heavy stride,  
The morion's\* plumes his visage hide,  
And the buff-coat,\* an ample fold,  
Mantles his form's gigantic mould.

Full slender answer deigned he  
 To Oswald's anxious courtesy,  
 But mark'd, by a disdainful smile,  
 He saw and scorn'd the petty wile,  
 When Oswald changed the torch's place,  
 Anxious that on the soldier's face  
 Its partial lustre might be thrown,  
 To show his looks, yet hide his own.  
 His guest, the while, laid low aside  
 The ponderous cloak of tough bull's hide,  
 And to the torch glanced broad and clear  
 The corslet\* of a cuirassier ;  
 Then from his brows the casque\* he drew,  
 And from the dank\* plume dash'd the dew,  
 From gloves of mail\* relieved his hands,  
 And spread them to the kindling brands,  
 And, turning to the genial board,  
 Without a health, or pledge, or word  
 Of meet and social reverence said,  
 Deeply he drank, and fiercely fed ;  
 As free from ceremony's sway,  
 As famish'd wolf that tears his prey.

## VII.

With deep impatience, tinged with fear,  
 His host beheld him gorge his cheer,\*  
 And quaff the full carouse,\* that lent  
 His brow a fiercer hardiment.\*  
 Now Oswald stood a space aside,  
 Now paced the room with hasty stride  
 In feverish agony to learn  
 Tidings of deep and dread concern,  
 Cursing each moment that his guest  
 Protracted o'er his russian feast.  
 Yet, viewing with alarm, at last,  
 The end of that uncouth\* repast,  
 Almost he seem'd their haste to rue,  
 As, at his sign, his train withdrew,  
 And left him with the stranger, free  
 To question of his mystery.  
 Then did his silence long proclaim  
 A struggle between fear and shame.

## VIII.

Much in the stranger's mien appears,  
To justify suspicious fears.  
On his dark face a scorching clime,  
And toil, had done the work of time,  
Roughen'd the brow, the temples bared,  
And sable hairs with silver shared,  
Yet left—what age alone could tame—  
The lip of pride, the eye of flame ;  
The full-drawn lip that upward curl'd,  
The eye, that seem'd to scorn the world.  
That lip had terror never blench'd ;\*  
Ne'er in that eye had tear-drop quench'd  
The flash severe of swarthy glow,  
That mock'd at pain, and knew not woe.  
Inured\* to danger's direst form,  
Tornade\* and earthquake, flood and storm,  
Death had he seen by sudden blow,  
By wasting plague, by tortures slow,  
By mine or breach, by steel or ball,  
Knew all his shapes, and scorn'd them all.

## IX.

But yet, though BERTRAM's harden'd look,  
Unmoved, could blood and danger brook,\*  
Still worse than apathy\* had place  
On his swart brow and callous\* face ;  
For evil passions, cherish'd long,  
Had plough'd them with impressions strong.  
All that gives gloss to sin, all gay  
Light folly, past with youth away,  
But rooted stood, in manhood's hour,  
The weeds of vice without their flower.  
And yet the soil in which they grew,  
Had it been tamed when life was new,  
Had depth and vigour to bring forth  
The hardier fruits of virtuous worth.  
Not that, e'en then, his heart had known  
The gentler feelings' kindly tone ;  
But lavish\* waste had been refined  
To bounty in his chastei'd mind,

And lust of gold, that waste to feed,  
Been lost in love of glory's meed,  
And, frantic\* then no more, his pride  
Had ta'en fair virtue for its guide.

## X.

Even now, by conscience unrestrain'd,  
Clogg'd\* by gross vice, by slaughter stain'd.  
Still knew his daring soul to soar,  
And mastery o'er the mind he bore ;  
For meaner guilt, or heart less hard,  
Quail'd beneath Bertram's bold regard.  
And this felt Oswald, while in vain  
He strove, by many a winding train,  
To lure\* his sullen\* guest to show,  
Unask'd, the news he long'd to know,  
While on far other subject hung  
His heart than falter'd from his tongue.  
Yet nought for that his guest did deign  
To note or spare his secret pain,  
But still, in stern and stubborn sort,  
Return'd him answer dark and short,  
Or started from the theme, to range  
In loose digression wild and strange,  
And forced the embarrass'd host to buy,  
By query close, direct reply.

## XI.

A while he glazed\* upon the cause  
Of Commons, Covenant, and Laws,  
And Church Reform'd ; but felt rebuke  
Beneath grim Bertram's sneering look,  
Then stammer'd, " Has a field been fought ?  
Has Bertram news of battle brought ?  
For sure a soldier, famed so far  
In foreign fields for feats of war,  
On eve of fight ne'er left the host  
Until the field were won and lost."  
" Here, in your towers by circling Tees,  
You, Oswald Wycliffe, rest at ease ;  
Why deem it strange that others come  
To share such safe and easy home,

From fields where danger, death, and toil,  
 Are the reward of civil broil?"\*  
 "Nay, mock not, friend ! since well we know  
 The near advances of the foe,  
 To mar our northern army's work,  
 Encamp'd before beleaguer'd\* York ;  
 Thy horse with valiant Fairfax lay,  
 And must have fought—how went the day?"

## XII.

"Would'st hear the tale ? On Marston heath  
 Met, front to front, the ranks of death ;  
 Flourish'd the trumpets fierce, and now  
 Fired was each eye, and flush'd each brow ;  
 On either side loud clamours ring,  
 'God and the Cause !'—'God and the King !'  
 Right English all, they rush'd to blows,  
 With nought to win, and all to lose.  
 I could have laugh'd—but lack'd the time—  
 To see, in phrenesy\* sublime,  
 How the fierce zealots\* fought and bled,  
 For king or state, as humour led ;  
 Some for a dream of public good,  
 Some for church-tippet, gown and hood,  
 Draining their veins, in death to claim  
 A patriot's or a martyr's name.  
 Led Bertram Risingham the hearts,  
 That counter'd\* there on adverse parts,  
 No superstitious fool had I  
 Sought El Dorados in the sky !  
 Chili had heard me through her states,  
 And Lima oped her silver gates,  
 Rich Mexico I had march'd through,  
 And sack'd the splendours of Peru,  
 Till sunk Pizarro's daring name,  
 And, Cortez, thine, in Bertram's fame."  
 "Still from the purpose wilt thou stray !  
 Good gentle friend, how went the day?"

## XIII.

"Good am I deem'd at trumpet-sound,  
 And good where goblets dance the round,

Though gentle ne'er was join'd, till now,  
 With rugged Bertram's breast and brow.  
 But I resume. The battle's rage  
 Was like the strife which currents wage,  
 Where Orinoco, in his pride,  
 Rolls to the main no tribute tide,  
 But 'gainst broad ocean urges far  
 A rival sea of roaring war ;  
 While, in ten thousand eddies\* driven,  
 The billows fling their foam to heaven,  
 And the pale pilot seeks in vain,  
 Where rolls the river, where the main.\*  
 Even thus upon the bloody field,  
 The eddying tides of conflict wheel'd  
 Ambiguous, till that heart of flame,  
 Hot Rupert, on our squadrons\* came,  
 Hurling against our spears a line  
 Of gallants, fiery as their wine ;  
 Then ours, though stubborn in their zeal,  
 In zeal's despite began to reel.  
 What wouldest thou more ?—in tumult tost,  
 Our leaders fell, our ranks were lost.  
 A thousand men, who drew the sword  
 For both the Houses and the Word,  
 Preach'd forth from hamlet, grange,\* and down,  
 To curb the crosier\* and the crown,  
 Now, stark and stiff, lie stretch'd in gore,  
 And ne'er shall rail at mitre more.  
 Thus fared it, when I left the fight,  
 With the good Cause and Commons' right."

## XIV.

“Disastrous\* news !” dark Wycliffe said ;  
 Assumed despondence bent his head,  
 While troubled joy was in his eye,  
 The well-feign'd sorrow to belie.  
 “Disastrous news !—when needed most,  
 Told ye not that your chiefs were lost ?  
 Complete the woful tale, and say,  
 Who fell upon that fatal day ;  
 What leaders of repute and name  
 Bought by their death a deathless fame.

If such my direst foeman's doom,  
 My tears shall dew his honour'd tomb.—  
 No answer?—Friend, of all our host,  
 Thou know'st whom I should hate the most,  
 Whom thou too, once, wert wont to hate,  
 Yet leavest me doubtful of his fate.”—  
 With look unmoved,—“ Of friend or foe,  
 Aught,” answer'd Bertram, “ would'st thou know,  
 Demand in simple terms and plain,  
 A soldier's answer shalt thou gain ;—  
 For question dark, or riddle high,  
 I have nor judgment nor reply.”

## XV.

The wrath his art and fear suppress'd,  
 Now blazed at once in Wycliffe's breast,  
 And brave,\* from man so meanly born,  
 Roused his hereditary scorn.  
 “ Wretch ! hast thou paid thy bloody debt ?  
 PHILIP OF MORTHAM, lives he yet ?  
 False to thy patron or thine oath,  
 Trait'rous or perjured, one or both.  
 Slave ! hast thou kept thy promise plight,  
 To slay thy leader in the fight ?”—  
 Then from his seat the soldier sprung,  
 And Wycliffe's hand he strongly wrung ;  
 His grasp, as hard as glove of mail,\*  
 Forced the red blood-drop from the nail—  
 “ A health !” he cried ; and, ere he quaff'd,  
 Flung from him Wycliffe's hand, and laugh'd :  
 —“ Now, Oswald Wycliffe, speaks thy heart !  
 Now play'st thou well thy genuine part !  
 Worthy, but for thy craven\* fear,  
 Like me to roam a Bucanier.\*  
 What reck'st thou of the Cause divine,  
 If Mortham's wealth and lands be thine ?  
 What carest thou for beleaguer'd\* York,  
 If this good hand hath done its work ?  
 Or what, though Fairfax and his best  
 Are reddening Marston's swarthy 'breast,  
 If Philip Mortham with them lie,  
 Lending his life-blood to the dye ?—

Sit, then ! and as 'mid comrades free  
 Carousing\* after victory,  
 When tales are told of blood and fear,  
 That boys and women shrink to hear,  
 From point to point I frankly tell  
 The deed of death as it befell.

## XVI.

“ When purposed vengeance I foregō,  
 Term me a wretch, nor deem me foe ;  
 And when an insult I forgive,•  
 Then brand me as a slave, and live !  
 Philip of Mortham is with those  
 Whom Bertram Risingham calls foes ;  
 Or whom more sure revenge attends,  
 If number'd with ungrateful friends.  
 As was his wont, ere battle glow'd,  
 Along the marshall'd\* ranks he rode,  
 And wore his vizor\* up the while.  
 I saw his melancholy smile,  
 When, full opposed in front, he knew  
 Where ROKEBY'S kindred banner flew.  
 ‘ And thus,’ he said, ‘ will friends divide ! ’—  
 I heard, and thought how, side by side,  
 We two had turn'd the battle's tide,  
 In many a well-debated field,  
 Where Bertram's breast was Philip's shield.  
 I thought on Darien's deserts pale,  
 Where death bestrides the evening gale,  
 How o'er my friend my cloak I threw,  
 And fenceless faced the deadly dew ;  
 I thought on Quariana's cliff,  
 Where, rescued from our foundering\* skiff,  
 Through the white breakers'\* wrath I bore  
 Exhausted Mortham to the shore ;  
 And when his side an arrow found,  
 I suck'd the Indian's venom'd wound.  
 These thoughts like torrents rush'd along,  
 To sweep away my purpose strong.

## XVII.

“ Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent ;  
 Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent.

When Mortham bade me, as of yore,  
Be near him in the battle's roar,  
I scarcely saw the spears laid low,  
I scarcely heard the trumpets blow ;  
Lost was the war in inward strife,  
Debating Mortham's death or life.  
'T was then I thought, how, lured to come,  
As partner of his wealth and home,  
Years of piratic wandering o'er,  
With him I sought our native shore.  
But Mortham's lord grew far estranged  
From the bold heart with whom he ranged ;  
Doubts, horrors, superstitious fears,  
Sadden'd and dimm'd descending years ;  
The wily priests their victim sought,  
And damn'd each free-born deed and thought.  
Then must I seek another home,  
My license shook his sober dome ;  
If gold he gave, in one wild day  
I revell'd thrice the sum away.  
An idle outcast then I strayed,  
Unfit for tillage or for trade.  
Deem'd, like the steel of rusted lance,  
Useless and dangerous at once.  
The women fear'd my hardy look,  
At my approach the peaceful shook ;  
The merchant saw my glance of flame,  
And lock'd his hoards when Bertram came ;  
Each child of coward\* peace kept far  
From the neglected son of war.

## XVIII.

“ But civil discord gave the call,  
And made my trade the trade of all.  
By Mortham urged, I came again  
His vassals to the fight to train.  
What guerdon\* waited on my care ?  
I could not cant\* of creed or prayer ;  
Sour fanatics\* each trust obtain'd,  
And I, dishonour'd and disdain'd,  
Gain'd but the high and happy lot,  
In these poor arms to front the shot !—

All this thou know'st, thy gestures tell ;  
 Yet hear it o'er, and mark it well.  
 'T is honour bids me now relate  
 Each circumstance of Mortham's fate.

## XIX.

*(See Sketch on p. 32.)*

“Thoughts, from the tongue that slowly part,  
 Glance quick as lightning through the heart  
 As my spur press'd my courser's side,  
 Philip of Mortham's cause was tried,  
 And, ere the charging squadrons\* mix'd,  
 His plea was cast, his doom was fix'd.  
 I watch'd him through the doubtful tray,  
 That changed as March's moody day,  
 Till, like a stream that bursts its bank,  
 Fierce Rupert thunder'd on our flank.  
 'T was then, midst tumult, smoke, and strife,  
 Where each man fought for death or life,  
 'T was then I fired my petronel,  
 And Mortham, steed and rider, fell.  
 One dying look he upward cast,  
 Of wrath and anguish—'t was his last.  
 Think not that there I stopp'd, to view  
 What of the battle should ensue ;  
 But ere I clear'd that bloody press,  
 Our northern horse ran masterless ;  
 Monckton and Mitton told the news,  
 How troops of roundheads choked the Ouse,  
 And many a bonny Scot, aghast,  
 Spurring his palfrey\* northward, past,  
 Cursing the day when zeal or meed\*  
 First lured their Lesley o'er the Tweed.  
 Yet when I reach'd the banks of Swale,  
 Had rumour learn'd another tale ;  
 With his barb'd\* horse, fresh tidings say,  
 Stout Cromwell has redeem'd the day ;  
 But whether false the news, or true,  
 Oswald, I reck as light as you.”

## XX.

Not then by Wycliffe might be shown,  
 How his pride startled at the tone

In which his complice,\* fierce and free,  
Asserted guilt's equality.  
In smoothest terms his speech he wove,  
Of endless friendship, faith, and love;  
Promised and vow'd in courteous sort,  
But Bertram broke professions short.  
"Wycliffe, be sure not here I stay,  
No, scarcely till the rising day;  
Warn'd by the legends of my youth,  
I trust not an associate's truth.  
Do not my native dales prolong  
Of Percy Rede the tragic song,  
Train'd\* forward to his bloody fall,  
By Girsonfield, that treacherous Hall?  
Oft, by the Pringle's haunted side,  
The shepherd sees his spectre glide.  
And near the spot that gave me name,  
The moated mound of Rizingham,  
Where Reed upon her margin sees  
Sweet Woodburn's cottages and trees,  
Some ancient sculptor's art has shown  
An outlaw's image on the stone;  
Unmatch'd in strength, a giant he,  
With quiver'd back, and kirtled\* knee.  
Ask how he died, that hunter bold,  
The tameless monarch of the wold,\*  
And age and infancy can tell,  
By brother's treachery he fell.  
Thus warn'd by legends of my youth,  
I trust to no associate's truth.

## XXI.

"When last we reason'd of this deed,  
Nought, I bethink me, was agreed,  
Or by what rule, or when, or where,  
The wealth of Mortham we should share;  
Then list, while I the portion name,  
Our differing laws give each to claim.  
Thou, vassal sworn to England's throne,  
Her rules of heritage must own;  
They deal\* thee, as to nearest heir,  
Thy kinsman's lands and livings fair,

And these I yield :—do thou revere  
 The statutes of the Bucanier.  
 Friend to the sea, and foeman sworn  
 To all that on her waves are borne,  
 When falls a mate in battle broil,  
 His comrade heirs his portion'd spoil ;  
 When dies in fight a daring foe,  
 He claims his wealth who struck the blow :  
 And either rule to me assigns  
 These spoils of Indian seas and mines,  
 Hoarded in Mortham's caverns dark ;  
 Ingot\* of gold and diamond spark,  
 Chalice\* and plate from churches borne,  
 And gems from shrieking beauty torn,  
 Each string of pearl, each silver bar,  
 And all the wealth of western war.  
 I go to search, where, dark and deep,  
 Those Trans-atlantic treasures sleep.  
 Thou must along—for, lacking thee,  
 The heir will scarce find entrance free ;  
 And then farewell. I haste to try  
 Each varied pleasure wealth can buy ;  
 When cloyed\* each wish, these wars afford  
 Fresh work for Bertram's restless sword.”

## XXII.

An undecided answer hung  
 On Oswald's hesitating tongue.  
 Despite his craft, he heard with awe  
 This ruffian stabber fix the law ;  
 While his own troubled passions veer\*  
 Through hatred, joy, regret, and fear :—  
 Joy'd at the soul that Bertram flies,  
 He grudged the murderer's mighty prize,  
 Hated his pride's presumptuous tone,  
 And fear'd to wend\* with him alone.  
 At length, that middle course to steer,  
 To cowardice and craft so dear,  
 “ His charge,” he said, “ would ill allow  
 His absence from the fortress now ;  
 WILFRID on Lertram should attend,  
 His son should journey with his friend.”

## XXIII.

Contempt kept Bertram's anger down,  
 And wreathed to savage smile his frown.  
 "Wilfrid, or thou—'t is one to me,  
 Whichever bears the golden key.  
 Yet think not but I mark, and smile  
 To mark, thy poor and selfish wile!  
 If injury from me you fear,  
 What, Oswald Wycliffe, shields thee here?  
 I've sprung from walls more high than these,  
 I've swam through deeper streams than Tees.  
 Might I not stab thee, ere one yell  
 Could rouse the distant sentinel?  
 Start not—it is not my design,  
 But, if it were, weak fence were thine;  
 And, trust me, that, in time of need,  
 This hand hath done more desperate deed.  
 Go, haste and rouse thy slumbering son;  
 Time calls, and I must needs be gone."

## XXIV.

Nought of his sire's ungenerous part  
 Polluted Wilfrid's gentle heart;  
 A heart too soft from early life  
 To hold with fortune needful strife.  
 His sire, while yet a hardier race  
 Of numerous sons were Wycliffe's grace,  
 On Wilfrid set contemptuous brand,  
 For feeble heart and forceless hand;  
 But a fond mother's care and joy  
 Were centred in her sickly boy.  
 No touch of childhood's frolic\* mood  
 Show'd the elastic spring of blood;  
 Hour after hour he loved to pore  
 On Shakspeare's rich and varied lore,  
 But turn'd from martial scenes and light,  
 From Falstaff's feast and Percy's fight,  
 To ponder Jaques' moral strain,  
 And muse with Hamlet, wise in vain;  
 And weep himself to soft repose  
 O'er gentle Desdemona's woes.

## XXV.

In youth he sought not pleasures found  
 By youth in horse, and hawk, and hound,  
 But loved the quiet joys that wake  
 By lonely stream and silent lake ;  
 In Deepdale's solitude to lie,  
 Where all is cliff and copse and sky ;  
 To climb Catcastle's dizzy peak,  
 Or lone Pendragon's mound to seek.  
 Such was his wont ; and there his dream,  
 Soar'd on some wild fantastic theme,  
 Of faithful love, or ceaseless spring,  
 Till Contemplation's wearied wing  
 The enthusiast could no more sustain,  
 And sad he sunk to earth again.

## XXVI.

He loved—as many a lay can tell,  
 Preserved in Stanmore's lonely dell ;  
 For his was minstrel's skill, he caught  
 The art unteachable, untaught ;  
 He loved—his soul did nature frame  
 For love, and fancy nursed the flame ;  
 Vainly he loved—for seldom swain  
 Of such soft mould is loved again ;  
 Silent he loved—in every gaze  
 Was passion, friendship in his phrase.  
 So mused\* his life away—till died  
 His brethren all, their father's pride.  
 Wilfrid is now the only heir  
 Of all his stratagems and care,  
 And destined, darkling, to pursue  
 Ambition's maze by Oswald's clue.

## XXVII.

Wilfrid must love and woo the bright  
 Matilda, heir of Rokeby's knight.  
 To love her was an easy hest,\*  
 The secret empress of his breast ;  
 To woo her was a harder task  
 To one that durst not hope or ask.

Yet all Matilda could, she gave  
In pity to her gentle slave ;  
Friendship, esteem, and fair regard,  
And praise, the poet's best reward !  
She read the tales his taste approved,  
And sung the lays he framed or loved ;  
Yet, loth\* to nurse the fatal flame  
Of hopeless love in friendship's name,  
In kird caprice she oft withdrew  
The favouring glance to friendship due,  
Then grieved to see her victim's pain,  
And gave the dangerous smiles again.

## XXVIII.

So did the suit of Wilfrid stand,  
When war's loud summons waked the land.  
Three banners, floating o'er the Tees,  
The wo-forboding peasant sees ;  
In concert oft they braved of old  
The bordering Scot's incursion bold ;  
Frowning defiance in their pride,  
Their vassals now and lords divide.  
From his fair hall on Greta banks,  
The Knight of Rokeby led his ranks,  
To aid the valiant northern Earls,  
Who drew the sword for royal Charles.  
Mortham, by marriage near allied,—  
His sister had been Rokeby's bride,  
Though long before the civil fray\*  
In peaceful grave the lady lay,—  
Philip of Mortham raised his band,  
And march'd at Fairfax's command ;  
While Wycliffe, bound by many a train  
Of kindred art with wily Vane,  
Less prompt to brave the bloody field,  
Made Barnard's battlements his shield,  
Secured them with his Lunedale powers,  
And for the Commons held the towers.

## XXIX.

The lovely heir of Rokeby's Knight  
Waits in his halls the event of fight ;

For England's war revered the claim  
 Of every unprotected name,  
 And spared, amid its fiercest rage,  
 Childhood and womanhood and age.  
 But Wilfrid, son to Rokeby's foe,  
 Must the dear privilege forego,  
 By Greta's side, in evening grey,  
 To steal upon Matilda's way,  
 Striving, with fond hypocrisy,  
 For careless step and vacant eye ;  
 Calming each anxious look and glance,  
 To give the meeting all to chance,  
 Or framing, as a fair excuse,  
 The book, the pencil, or the muse :  
 Something to give, to sing, to say,  
 Some modern tale, some ancient lay.  
 Then, while the long'd-for minutes last,—  
 Ah ! minutes quickly over-past !—  
 Recording each expression free,  
 Of kind or careless courtesy,  
 Each friendly look, each softer tone,  
 As food for fancy when alone.  
 All this is o'er—but still, unseen,  
 Wilfrid may lurk in Eastwood green,  
 To watch Matilda's wonted round,  
 While springs his heart at every sound.  
 She comes !— 't is but a passing sight,  
 Yet serves to cheat his weary night ;  
 She comes not—He will wait the hour,  
 When her lamp lightens in the tower ;  
 'T is something yet, if, as she past,  
 Her shade is o'er the lattice\* cast.  
 "What is my life, my hope ?" he said ;  
 "Alas ! a transitory shade."

## XXX.

Thus wore his life, though reason strove  
 For mastery in vain with love,  
 Forcing upon his thoughts the sum  
 Of present woe and ills to come,  
 While still he turn'd impatient ear  
 From Truth's intrusive voice severe.

Gentle, indifferent, and subdued,  
In all but this, unmoved he view'd  
Each outward change of ill and good :  
But Wilfrid, docile, soft, and mild,  
Was Fancy's spoil'd and wayward child ;  
In her bright car she bade him ride,  
With one fair form to grace his side,  
Or, in some wild and lone retreat,  
Flung her high spells around his seat,  
Bathed in her dews his languid head,  
Her fairy mantle o'er him spread,  
For him her opiates gave to flow,  
Which he who taste<sup>z</sup> can ne'er forego,  
And placed him in her circle, free  
From every stern reality,  
Till, to the Visionary,\* seem  
Her day-dreams truth, and truth a dream.

## XXXI.

Woe to the youth whom Fancy gains,  
Winning from Reason's hand the reins,  
Pity and woe ! for such a mind  
Is soft, contemplative, and kind ;  
And woe to those who train such youth,  
And spare to press the rights of truth,  
The mind to strengthen and anneal\*  
While on the stithy\* glows the steel !  
O teach him, while your lessons last,  
To judge the present by the past ;  
Remind him of each wish pursued,  
How rich it glow'd with promised good ;  
Remind him of each wish enjoy'd,  
How soon his hopes possession cloy'd !\*  
Tell him, we play unequal game,  
Whene'er we shoot by Fancy's aim ;  
And, ere he strip him for her race,  
Show the conditions of the chase.  
Two sisters by the goal are set,  
Cold Disappointment and Regret ;  
One disenchants the winner's eyes,  
And strips of all its worth the prize.

While one augments its gaudy show,  
More to enhance\* the loser's woe.  
The victor sees his fairy gold,  
Transform'd, when won, to drossy mold,  
But still the vanquish'd mourns his loss,  
And rues, as gold, that glittering dross.

## XXXII.

More wouldest thou know—yon tower survey,  
Yon couch unpress'd since parting day,  
Yon untrimm'd lamp, whose yellow gleam  
Is mingling with the cold moonbeam,  
And yon thin form!—the hectic\* red  
On his pale cheek unequal spread;  
The head reclined, the loosen'd hair,  
The limbs relax'd, the mournful air.  
See, he looks up—a woful smile  
Lightens his wo-worn cheek a while;  
'T is fancy wakes some idle thought,  
To gild the ruin she has wrought;  
For, like the bat of Indian brakes,  
Her pinions fan the wound she makes,  
And soothing thus the dreamer's pain,  
She drinks his life-blood from the vein.  
Now to the lattice turn his eyes,  
Vain hope! to see the sun arise.  
The moon with clouds is still o'er-cast,  
Still howls by fits the stormy blast;  
Another hour must wear away,  
Ere the East kindle into day,  
And hark! to waste that weary hour,  
He tries the minstrel's magic power.

## XXXIII.

## Song.

## TO THE MOON.

Hail to thy cold and clouded beam,  
Pale pilgrim of the troubled sky!  
Hail, though the mists that o'er the stream  
Lend to thy brow their sullen\* dye!

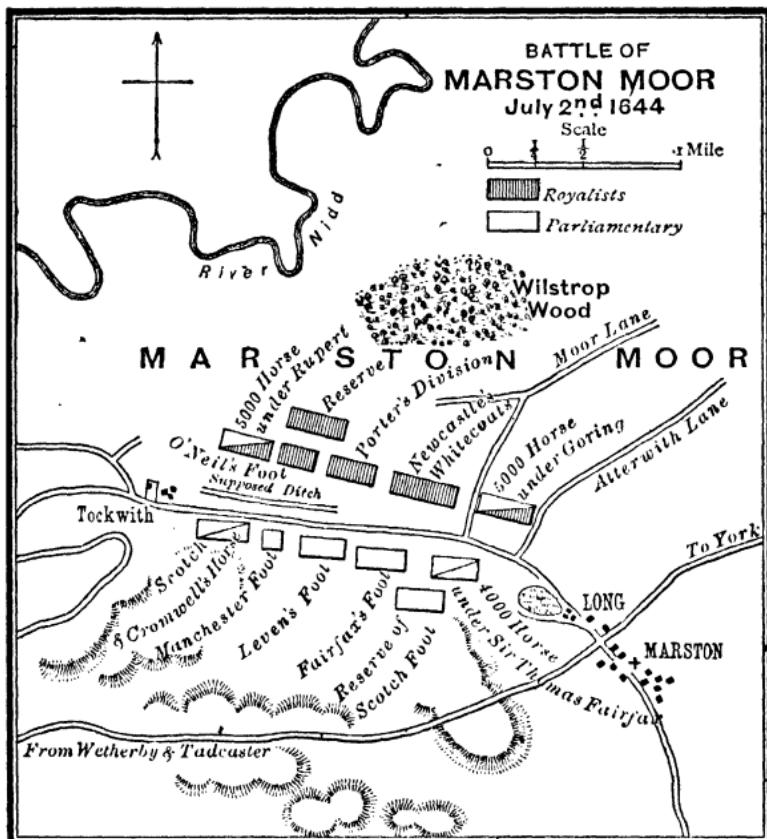
How should thy pure and peaceful eye  
Untroubled view our scenes below,  
Or how a tearless beam supply  
To light a world of war and woe!

Fair Queen! I will not blame thee now,  
As once by Greta's fairy side;  
Each little cloud that dimm'd thy brow  
Did then an angel's beauty hide.  
And of the shades I then could chide,  
Still are the thoughts to memory dear,  
For, while a softer strain I tried,  
They hid my blush, and calm'd my fear.

Then did I swear thy ray serene  
Was form'd to light some lonely dell,  
By two fond lovers only seen,  
Reflected from the crystal well,  
Or sleeping on their mossy cell,  
Or quivering on the lattice bright,  
Or glancing on their couch, to tell  
How swiftly wanes the summer night!

#### XXXIV.

He starts—a step at this lone hour!  
A voice!—his father seeks the tower,  
With haggard\* look and troubled sense,  
Fresh from his dreadful conference.  
“Wilfrid!—what, not to sleep address'd?  
Thou hast no cares to chase thy rest.  
Mortham has fall'n on Marston-moor;  
Bertram brings warrant to secure  
His treasures, bought by spoil and blood,  
For the State's use and public good.  
The menials\* will thy voice obey;  
Let his commission have its way,  
In every point, in every word.”  
Then, in a whisper, “Take thy sword!  
Bertram is—what I must not tell.  
I hear his hasty step—farewell!”



## NOTES

### CANTO I.

IN a letter written to his friend and printer, Mr. Ballantyne, while *Rokeby* was being composed, are these two sentences : "I only meant to say, that knowing well that the said public will never be pleased with exactly the same thing a second time, I saw the necessity of giving a certain degree of novelty, by throwing the interest more on character than in my former poems, without certainly meaning to exclude either incident or description. I think you will see the same sort of difference taken in all my former poems, of which I would say, if it is fair for me to say anything, that the force of the *Lay* is thrown on style, in *Marmion* on description, and in the *Lady of the Lake* on incident."

The first Canto is certainly devoted to character. The characters of Oswald Wycliffe, of Bertram Risingham, and of Wilfrid Wycliffe are plainly indicated in it. Look at Oswald. The first thing we see in him is a want of openness and candour. He is not straightforward, but wily, and intriguing secretly in roundabout ways. A man so conscious of the underhand working, which he wishes to keep secret, that, awaiting news of his plot against Mortham, he is so much on the *qui-vive* as to detect the distant tread that none else has heard. So wily in his wish to get the news out of Bertram without asking, so mean as to quail beneath Bertram's bold regard, so cowardly in refusing to take part in the war, or send his troops to the battle, and in sending the feeble Wilfrid with Bertram, he himself afraid of Bernard's power.

Then Bertram, who, if he had been well trained, might have made a fine character, had from the first been thrown among lawless people, the Borderers, who were constantly making raids for plunder. His Bucanier life was one to stir angry passions, and his gains by plunder in Peru and Chili to give him this bold air of pride. At the same time, Bertram had his friendships, and did friendly acts. His saving Mortham's life twice shows that, and it is Mortham's apparent ingratitude that

seems to have set him against him. Still he was reckless, as well as lawless, and his great strength, which might have protected people, he used to frighten the weak. He is, as Scott describes, a Caravaggio sketch of a rascal and a scoundrel.

To Wilfrid this first Canto does not do full justice. His character comes out in later cantos more clearly and more markedly. There is a nobility in him, when you see him, with his weakly frame, trying to arrest Bertram for the supposed and intended murderer of Mortham, of which this gives you no idea. It is true that he was a visionary, that he could never have been a warrior, that he had been spoilt by his mother as a sickly boy. But he has nothing in him that he can have inherited from his father. He is an honest, outspoken recluse, hardly fit to share in the troubles of a civil war.

I. This introduction not only paves the way for Oswald's disturbed dream (st. iii.), but strikes also the key-note of the stormy character of the time in which the story is laid.

*On Barnard's towers, &c.* "Barnard Castle," saith old Leland, "standeth stately upon Tees." It is founded upon a very high bank, and its ruins impend over the river, including within the area a circuit of six acres and upwards. This once magnificent fortress derives its name from its founder, Barnard Baliol, the ancestor of the short and unfortunate dynasty of that name, which succeeded to the Scottish throne under the patronage of Edward I. and Edward III. Baliol's Tower, afterwards mentioned in the poem, is a round tower of great size, situated at the western extremity of the building. It bears marks of great antiquity, and was remarkable for the curious construction of its vaulted roof. The prospect from the top of Baliol's Tower commands a rich and magnificent view of the wooded valley of the Tees.

Originally belonging to the Baliol family, it passed successively into the hands of the Beauchamps, the Staffords, and the Nevilles. In the reign of Elizabeth, by the forfeiture of the Earl of Westmoreland, it lapsed to the Crown, and was afterwards sold, or leased, to Carr, Earl of Somerset, the favourite of James I., and later was granted to Sir Henry Vane the elder. It was therefore occupied for the Parliament, whose cause in the Civil War was so keenly espoused by the Vanes.—SCOTT.

*Goads sleeping Fancy's wild career.* By the use of the words *goads* and *career*, Fancy is compared to an ungovernable steed, and Conscience to the goad, or spur, whose prickings keep it in motion. When a comparison is thus conveyed by transferring a word to that to which it does not literally belong, it is called a *metaphor* (Gk. *μετα-φέρω* = L. *trans-fero*). In a metaphor the resemblance is made so striking that the two things compared

are identified. Where the two are kept quite distinct, and connected only by some word of comparison, as *like*, *as*, *seems*, the comparison is called a *simile*. (See st. vi., the last two lines.)

In analysing or paraphrasing such passages as this, metaphors should be turned into similes. The metaphor is frequently conveyed, as here, by a verb. Other examples of metaphor in this stanza are 'fierce anger's darker *flame*', 'sorrow's *livery*', 'clouds *mustering*', 'apprehension's hurried glow.' For other instances, compare *Lady of the Lake*, i. 3, and the note there.

*Apprehension's hurried glow.* Apprehension here means distrust, or the fear of coming evil; and the hurried glow refers to the glowing, hot face of a person who has such a feeling. So the effect of the feeling is transferred to the feeling itself, which thus becomes a metaphor.

*And dies in darkness.* The *dies* belongs to the moon, or possibly to her light. The sentence is ambiguous, but the word cannot be used of 'sorrow's livery.'

*Woodland.* The great feature of the Tees above Barnard Castle and on the other side, near Rokeby, is the wood that clothes its banks. Note how the moonlight scene which preludes the passions to be afterwards portrayed is, as it were, tinged by them.

II. *Of feelings true and fancies vain.* This line is explained by what follows. A dream is the not uncommon jumble of the thought of the past, and the tempers that it has called up, with the pictures of the future as they have been conceived in waking hours. Time generally brings remorse, but conscience here begins its work at once, and torments Oswald even before he knows that his criminal design (st. xix.) has been carried out.

*The sounding scourge and hissing snake.* Cf. VIRG. *Aeneid*, vi. 571—

"Continuo sontes ultrix accincta flagello  
Tisiphone quatit insultans, torvosque sinistra  
Intentans angues vocat agmina sæva sororum."

III. Note how the details of the comparison are kept, with the additional touch, in the one case, of the hand clutching at the dagger.

*Relax'd that grasp.* An unusual order for an absolute clause in English.

*Paused* = 'lasted.'

With this stanza compare the waking-dream of the Giaour:

"He stood. Some dread was on his face;  
Soon Hatred settled in its place :

It rose not with the reddening flush  
 Of transient Anger's hasty blush,  
 But pale as marble o'er the tomb,  
 Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.  
 His brow was bent, his eye was glazed ;  
 He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,  
 And sternly shook his hand on high,  
 As doubting to return or fly.  
 Impatient of his flight delay'd,  
 Here loud his raven charger neigh'd—  
 Down glanced that hand, and grasp'd his blade ;  
 That sound had burst his waking-dream,  
 As Slumber starts at owl's scream.  
 The spur hath lanced his courser's sides ;  
 Away, away, for life he rides.

‘T was but a moment that he stood,  
 Then sped as if by death pursued ;  
 But in that instant o'er his soul  
 Winters of Memory seem'd to roll,  
 And gather in that drop of time  
 A life of pain, an age of crime.’—BYRON'S *Giaour*.

IV. *Cheats the time.* Cf. OVID, *Metam.* viii. 651—

“Interea medias fallunt sermonibus horas.”

*The sun.* The night-watch ended with sunrise.

*Fancy free.* With a reference to stanza ii., *His* sleep is free from dreams.

*Careless* = ‘free from care.’ (Lat. *securus*.)

V. “The natural superiority of the instrument over the employer, of bold, unhesitating, practised vice, over timid, selfish, crafty iniquity, is very finely painted throughout the whole of this scene, and the dialogue that ensues. That the mind of Wycliffe, wrought to the utmost agony of suspense, has given such acuteness to his bodily organs as to enable him to distinguish the approach of his hired bravo, while at a distance beyond the reach of common hearing, is grandly imagined, and admirably true to nature.”—*Critical Review*.

VI. *The morion's plumes his visage hide,*  
*And the buff-coat, in ample fold,*  
*Mantles his form's gigantic mould.*

The use of complete suits of armour was fallen into disuse during the Civil War, though they were still worn by leaders of rank and importance. “In the reign of King James I.,” says

our military antiquary, “no great alterations were made in the article of defensive armour, except that the buff-coat, or jerkin, which was originally worn under the cuirass, now became frequently a substitute for it, it having been found that a good buff leather would of itself resist the stroke of a sword; this, however, only occasionally took place among the light-armed cavalry and infantry, complete suits of armour being still used among the heavy horse. Buff-coats continued to be worn by the city trained bands till within the memory of persons now living, so that defensive armour may, in some measure, be said to have terminated in the same materials with which it began, that is, the skins of animals, or leather.”—GROSE’S *Military Antiquities* (Lond. 1801), 4to, vol. ii. p. 323.

*Of meet and social reverence.* Of that courtesy which the laws of society require from guest to host.

“The description of Bertram which follows is highly picturesque, and the rude air of conscious superiority with which he treats his employer prepares the reader to enter into the full spirit of his character. These, and many other little circumstances, which none but a poetical mind could have conceived, give great relief to the stronger touches with which this excellent sketch is completed.”—*Critical Review*.

VII. *In feverish agony to learn.* The combination in English of the two infinitives, the simple and the gerundial, gives great freedom in their use. *To learn* here depends not on *paced*, but upon *agony*.

*Question of.* That is, *about*.

*Then did his silence long proclaim.* Is *long* an adjective or an adverb?

VIII. *On his dark face a scorching clime,  
And toil, had done the work of time.*

“In this character I have attempted to sketch one of those West Indian adventurers, who, during the course of the seventeenth century, were popularly known by the name of Bucaniers. The successes of the English in the predatory incursions upon Spanish America, during the reign of Elizabeth, had never been forgotten; and, from that period downward, the exploits of Drake and Raleigh were imitated, upon a smaller scale indeed, but with equally desperate valour, by small bands of pirates, gathered from all nations, but chiefly French and English. The engrossing policy of the Spaniards tended greatly to increase the number of these freebooters, from whom their commerce and colonies suffered, in the issue, dreadful calamity. . . . From piracy at sea, they advanced to making predatory descents

on the Spanish territories, in which they displayed the same furious and irresistible valour, the same thirst of spoil, and the same brutal inhumanity to their captives. The large treasures which they acquired in their adventures they dissipated, by the most unbounded licentiousness, in gaming and debauchery of every species. When their spoils were thus wasted, they entered into some new association, and undertook new adventures."—SCOTT.

*The lip of pride, the eye of flame.* The same genitive as the genitive of material used to give vividness to the description. We might say, "The proud lip and flaming eye," but the picture would not be so vivid.

*Swarthy glow.* Emphasising the gloom and repulsiveness of the face.

*By tortures slow.* Such as the Spaniards often inflicted on bucaniers who fell into their hands.

*By steel.* This figure, by which the name of the material is used for that of the thing made, is called Synecdoche. *Steel* here = *sword*. So we say, "The *marble* speaks," "The *wine* has been ten years in the *wood*," "Sporting one's *oak*." Cf. the Latin *pinus*, for a ship.

IX. *Still worse than apathy, &c.* It was not only that he was hardened against danger, and could look upon it with indifference, the deep lines in his face told a tale of lust and passion. Note here again the use of metaphor in *ploughed, rooted, weeds, and flower*. It is hardly possible to express more forcibly the fatal results of vicious pleasure.

*Had it been tamed.* To tame the soil is to bring it under cultivation, and to root out the weeds. Cf. VIRG. *Aen.* ix. 608, "Rastris terram *domat*." If his nature had been trained and cultivated by nobler influences, there was enough in him of earnestness and strength to do some honest work in his generation.

*His heart had known.* What mood is *had*? Where is the condition expressed?

*But lavish waste had been refined  
To bounty in his chaste[n]d mind.*

There were none of the finer fibres in his nature, but there were points in him which showed traces of good perverted. The same liberality which showed itself now in wanton profusion on his own appetites might, under better influences, have shown itself as generosity and readiness to help those that were in need; and if he had not had this constant reason for lusting for gold, his heart might have been swayed by motives that were, at any rate, one step higher.

X. *Clogged.* Of any encumbrance that holds back the feet, and which would naturally prevent him from soaring.

*Mastery o'er the mind he bore.*

He had that ascendancy over others which superior intellect gives.

*By many a winding train.*

Cf. SHAKS. *Hamlet*, ii. 1. 64—

“And thus do we, of wisdom and of reach,  
With *windlasses* and with assays of bias,  
By indirections find directions out.”

This is the mastery that Bertram bears over “meener guilt, and heart less hard” in Osvald. The latter has proposed the crime without shrinking, but is afraid to ask whether it has been committed. Bertram forces him at last to the direct question.

*Nought, n.* A. S. *na-wiht*, ‘not a whit,’ ‘nothing.’ Cp. “Thou sellest thy people for *nought*.”—*Ps. xliv. 12.*

Note the alliteration in *still, stern, stubborn*, a favourite trick with Scott. See next stanza.

XI.

*Awhile he glosed upon the cause  
Of Commons, Covenant, and Laws,  
And Church reform'd.*

The great question at stake between Charles I. and his Parliament was the position of the Commons. Were they, or were they not, to control taxation? Were they, or were they not, as the representatives of the people, to be practically supreme? The conflict had waxed so hot between them that it had come to blows. The two parties seemed evenly matched. After their partial defeat at Edge Hill, the Parliament had won some but half-decisive victories, and its leaders began to look about for the means of strengthening their cause and making it preponderate. The question of religion had hitherto gone side by side with the political question. A growing Puritan feeling in the country had led to attacks on the Episcopal power, and London itself had become a stronghold of Presbyterianism. Charles had, some time before (1637), endeavoured to put down Presbyterianism, and to restore Prelacy in Scotland; but the people had strongly resisted the attempt, and in February and March of the year 1638, the great mass of the Scotch nation subscribed a document, called the National Covenant, by which they pledged themselves “to defend the true religion,” and to “restore the purity and liberty of the Gospel as it was before the late innovations.” The success of this movement in rousing the national spirit led Pym, in the second year of the war, to propose an alliance with the Scots. Commissioners, of whom Sir Henry Vane was the chief, were appointed to negotiate the

matter, and in the end a "solemn league and covenant" was agreed to. It was essentially a compromise, and was read by the two parties in somewhat different lights (see KNIGHT'S *Popular History of England*, vol. iv. 27, 28); but the practical outcome of it was that Presbyterianism gained the upper hand on the Parliamentary side. The Commons swore to it in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, September 25th, 1643. They pledged themselves to "bring the Churches of God in the three Kingdoms to the nearest conjunction and uniformity in religion, confession of faith, form of Church government;" to "extirpate Popery, prelacy, superstition, schism, and profaneness;" to "preserve the rights and privileges of Parliament, and the liberties of the Kingdom;" to "punish malignants and opponents of reformation in Church and State." Pym died immediately after this league was concluded, and a committee of the Three Kingdoms was appointed to carry on the war. In the next spring a Scotch army, under Leslie, crossed the border, and joined Fairfax and Manchester, who were ordered to attack the Earl of Newcastle, and to lay siege to York. The king, hearing that Newcastle could not hold out for six weeks longer, sent orders to Rupert, who was in Lancashire, to march to York and relieve the town. It is to this that the closing lines of this stanza refer.

## XII.

*On Marston Heath  
Met, front to front, the ranks of death.*

See Sketch Map of Marston Moor, p. 32.

The accounts of the battle of Marston Moor, which Scott has followed, seem to require some correction, though they are taken from contemporary sources. On receiving the news of Rupert's march the Parliamentary generals fell back on Hessay Moor, north-west of York, hoping to intercept the relieving force. But Rupert, being informed of their movements, instead of crossing the Nidd from Knaresborough, crossed the Ouse above the junction and entered York (July 1st, 1644). On the following day, in spite of Newcastle's remonstrances, and relying, it is said, on special orders from the king, he led his army across the Ouse at Poppleton, leaving Newcastle to follow him, as soon as he could get together his troops, who were somewhat disorganised by this unexpected relief. Meantime the Parliament's generals had decided to fall back to Cawood Bridge, at the junction of the branches of the Ouse, so as to oppose Rupert's march southwards. Rupert followed them, and attacked them in the rear at Marston village, so that they were forced to turn and prepare for battle.

Between Marston and Tockwith, a village to the west of it, a low line of hill skirts the plain. Along this the Parliamentary

forces drew up. On the right wing were Sir Thomas Fairfax's horse and foot, with some Scottish horse and Scottish infantry in reserve, occupying the highest part of the hill, next to Marston village; in the centre the Scotch and English infantry, under Lord Leven and Manchester; and on the left, resting on the village of Tockwith, Cromwell with his Ironsides. Rupert on his side also drew up his forces, securing a ditch that ran in front of the enemy's line, and waiting for his reinforcements from York. It was nearly five o'clock when they arrived, and he sent word to Newcastle that the battle was postponed till the following day. For two hours the two armies watched each other, the Parliamentarians expecting that the Prince, with his usual dash, would be in a hurry to attack them. When they found that he did not, Lord Leven, who was in command, determined to take the offensive.\* Rupert's own troopers were posted on the right wing of the king's army, Newcastle in the centre, and on the left 4,000 horse under General Goring. These last were protected by some hedged fields, leaving only a narrow lane for the enemy's horse to approach. The right wing of the Parliament's army was thus exposed to a galling fire (like the French in the battle of Poitiers), and so thrown into confusion; and when Fairfax, who had broken through, returned to rally his men, he found the whole wing broken and routed. The Scots infantry in the centre were next taken in flank and utterly routed. So complete was the victory in this part of the field that the news was carried to Oxford, and thence to the king, that the battle was won. But the boast was premature. Rupert's men on the right wing had been taken by surprise by Cromwell's vigorous onset, and all his energy was insufficient to restore the battle. "We came down the hill," says Cromwell's scout-master, "in the bravest order, and with the greatest resolution. I mean the left wing of our horse, led by Cromwell, which was to charge their right wing, led by Rupert, in which were all their gallant men. Manchester's foot, on the right hand, went by our side, dispersing the enemy's foot almost as fast as they charged them, still going by our side, cutting them down, so that we carried the whole field before us, thinking the victory wholly ours, and nothing to be done but to kill and take prisoners."

When the right was thus routed, Cromwell and Manchester returned in the gloaming to support their centre. Again the Cavaliers gave way, and by ten o'clock the battle was over. Three thousand Royalists were slain and fifteen hundred taken prisoners. The Parliament lost, it is said, but three hundred men. At eleven, the Earl of Manchester rode round amongst his men, and joined with them in thanksgiving for their signal victory.

It will be seen that the account followed by Scott gives to Rupert the credit of having routed the Parliament's right and the Scots in the centre. Lingard and Knight both follow the same authority, without noticing the discrepancy. That it was not so seems clear from the above account, from one who was himself in the charge, and is supported, though not perhaps proved, by Cromwell's own words. He says, "The left wing which I commanded, being our own horse, saving a few Scots in our rear, beat all the Prince's horse. God made them as stubble to our swords. We charged their regiments of foot with our horse, and routed all we charged." (CARLYLE, *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, pt. ii. Letter 21.)

*God and the Cause! God and the King!* The actual watch-word of the Parliamentarians was "God with us!"

*I could have laugh'd.* The lines that follow mark clearly how dead he is to all nobler feeling.

*Some for church tippet, gown, and hood.* The Puritans objected to the use of the surplice as a relic of Popery, so that vestments became, as now, a symbol of opinion.

*Eldorados in the sky.* Eldorado—the gilded, or the golden—was the name given to an imaginary country in South America, supposed to be situated between the Orinoco and the Amazon. The name was given by a Spaniard named Martinez, who pretended to have discovered it, on account of the great quantity of gold and precious metals which he professed to have seen in Manoa, the fictitious capital of the country. The story excited the cupidity of numberless adventurers, but it has never been discovered. Bertram implies that these dreamers are seeking after "castles in the air." With such comrades, he would have found a real Eldorado in the pillage of the rich towns which had furnished treasure to previous explorers.

*Chili* was nominally a part of the empire of Peru, and was unsuccessfully invaded by Almagro, a lieutenant of Pizarro, in 1536. In 1540 Valdivia founded Santiago and other towns, but was defeated and put to death by the Araucanians, the inhabitants of Chili, ten years later.

*Lima*, founded in 1535 by Pizarro, after his conquest of Peru, as his capital. It was a very wealthy town, with rich churches and convents.

*Pizarro*, Francisco, born, in 1475, at Truxillo in Estremadura, took part in Balboa's expedition in 1513, and, in partnership with Almagro and Luque, went in search of Eldorado. In 1524 he went on a voyage of discovery to the Straits of Panama, and underwent great hardships and misery for three years. In 1528 he returned to Spain with an account of his discoveries. In 1531 he entered Peru, conquered the country, and founded Lima (1535). He afterwards quarrelled with Almagro, his

partner, and defeated and beheaded him in 1538. His tyrannical government afterwards raised a conspiracy against him, and he was assassinated in his own palace (1541).

*Cortez*, Hernando, born in 1485, at Medellin in Estremadura, on the River Guadiana, of a noble family, went out to the Indies in 1504. In 1518 Velasquez, the governor of Cuba, put him in charge of a fleet for the discovery of new lands, and in the following year he landed at Tabasco in Mexico. Thence he marched inland, and occupied the capital, and then extended his conquest with great cruelty over the whole land. Charles V. appointed him governor of Mexico, but he was afterwards recalled. Before leaving America, he had discovered California. He died in Spain, poor and neglected, in 1547.

The story of these two discoverers has been charmingly told by Mr. Prescott in his *Histories of the Conquest of Mexico* and the *Conquest of Peru*.

XIII. *Though gentle ne'er was joined*; i.e. the epithet "gentle," which Oswald has just applied to him. Note his delight in torturing poor Oswald.

*Orinoco*. A river of S. America, which rises in Venezuela, and reaches the Atlantic opposite Trinidad after a course of over 1500 miles. It has fifty mouths, seven of which are navigable. Its estuary is like a large lake, and the tide is perceptible for some 280 miles from its actual mouth.

*Rolls to the main no tribute tide*. Its current is so strong that it does not at once mingle with the sea, but keeps an independent course far out "against the broad ocean." The tide and the river current, where they meet, cause the "eddies" of the next line.

The illustration is very appropriate to the battle of Marston Moor, where, from the varying success in different parts of the field, the combatants got mixed in utter confusion. We are told, for instance, that Fairfax found himself in the midst of the king's troops, and only secured his return to his own forces by taking out of his hat the white badge, which marked the Parliamentarians.

*Pale pilot*. Why "pale"?

*Heart of flame*. "Of," originally used to express material, is then extended to form adjectival phrases of quality.

*The Houses and the Word*. The cause of Parliament and the Gospel. Possibly an allusion to the then rising power of the Independents.

*The crozier and the crown*. The sign or symbol is put for the thing signified. 'To check the power of prelates and king.' This figure is called Metonymy (*μετὰ, διάφορα*). Cf. the *mitre*, the *ermine*, for the episcopal or the judicial dignity; and such expressions as *gold stick*, *black rod*.

Note the alliteration, which is effective, and helps the memory, when words are grouped in couples. So, "No cross, no crown," "Watch and ward," "Waste not, want not." In the following line the repeated 'st' heightens the effect of lifelessness.

XIV. *When needed most* belongs to *chiefs*. This is again slip-shod English. It should naturally go with *ye*.

Note the cowardly way in which Oswald creeps round his subject. First the vague question about the leaders, then the allusion to his direst foeman, then his appeal to Bertram's knowledge who that foeman is.

XV. *Brave* (bravado) = 'defiance.' The dropping of inflexions has given a great flexibility to the English language, so that it is often only the context that decides what part of speech a word is. The word *brave* is used as adjective, 'A brave man,' as verb, 'He braves me,' and as noun, signifying 'one who braves,' a bravo, a lawless ruffian, and here as an act of bravery. (See Glossary.)

*Hereditary scorn.* Because he was of higher birth.

*Bloody debt.* He had promised to kill Mortham.

*False to thy patron, or thine oath.* The former if he had killed Mortham; the latter if he had let him go.

*Beleagured York.* See note on st. xi.

*Plight.* The suffix *d* is dropped after *d, t*. So *rid, put, cast*. The full form, *plighted*, is also found.

*Fairfax.* Sir Thomas Fairfax commanded on the right wing, and his father, Lord Fairfax, in the centre of the Parliament's army.

XVI. *Term me a wretch, nor deem me foe*; i.e. 'you may insult me as you like, and I shall not resent it; and when I cease to resist an insult, you may brand me as a slave without any risk of your own safety.'

*He knew;* i.e. recognised.

*Well debated.* Well fought for on both sides.

*Darien.* Panama and its isthmus were for some time a sort of head-quarters for Spanish explorers. See the early part of Prescott's *Conquest of Peru*. The deadly climate of the isthmus was impressed upon Scotchmen by the failure of Paterson's Darien scheme. See Macaulay's *History of England*, ch. xxiv.

*Quariana* I cannot find on any map. It must be some small island near Cuba or the Bahamas, whose name is not given.

*The Indian's venom'd wound.* The Indians used arrows whose tips were smeared with some poisonous substance. Cf.

Edward I. in the Holy Land before his father's death, who was stabbed with a poisoned dagger. Tradition ascribes his recovery to his wife Eleanor, whose affection made her suck the poison out of the wound. Scott probably borrowed from that tradition.

XVII. *Hearts are not flint.* Bertram is half ashamed of having hesitated, and thinks it necessary to explain away the fact.

*Mortham's lord.* Not a mere equivalent for Mortham. It marks the contrast between the man who is settled, with a stake in the country, and the 'outcast' who "ranged" as Bertram's partner.

*Wily priests.* Apparently the sectarian, or Presbyterian ministers.

*Dome.* The rhyme and the derivations suggest the use of this word for "house." Generally it is limited to the rounded roof, which the Italians call a cupola. So the "dome" of St. Paul's.

XVIII. *My trade; i.e. fighting.*

*Honour; i.e. 'I am bound to show that I had sufficient provocation to warrant the deed.'*

XIX. *His plea was cast.* His defence was rejected, disallowed. The metaphor is taken from wrestling. To *cast* is to *throw* your adversary. Hence such expressions as, "To give a *casting* vote," "He was *cast* in his suit."

*Fierce Rupert.* See note on st. xii.

*Northern horse.* The Scottish horse were at the extreme left of the Parliamentary line, and gave way before Rupert's force.

*Monckton and Milton (Ord. Map, Myton),* villages on the Ouse, not far from the field of battle.

The Scottish infantry in the centre were taken in front and flank by the Royalists, and gave way. Leven exhorted his men to stand, but in vain. Believing that the battle was lost, he joined in the flight, and never stopped till he reached Leeds.

*Lesley.* The commander of the Scottish cavalry.

*Swale.* A tributary of the Ouse, passing Richmond.

XX. *Of Percy Rede the tragic song.* In a poem, entitled "The Lay of the Reedwater Minstrel" (Newcastle, 1809), this tale, with many others peculiar to the valley of the Reed, is commemorated: "The particulars of the traditional story of Parcy Reed of Troughend, and the Halls of Girsonfield, the

author had from a descendant of the family of Reed. From his account it appears that Percival Reed, Esquire, a keeper of Reedsdale, was betrayed by the Halls (hence denominated the false-hearted Ha's) to a band of moss-troopers of the name of Crosier, who slew him at Batinghope, near the source of the Reed. The Halls were, after the murder of Parcy Reed, held in such universal abhorrence and contempt by the inhabitants of Reedsdale, for their cowardly and treacherous behaviour, that they were obliged to leave the country."

In another passage we are informed that the ghost of the injured Borderer is supposed to haunt the banks of a brook called the Pringle. These Redes of Troughend were a very ancient family, as may be conjectured from their deriving their surname from the river on which they had their mansion. An epitaph on one of their tombs affirms that the family held their lands of Troughend, which are situated on the Reed, nearly opposite to Otterburn, for the incredible space of nine hundred years.

In *Legendary Ballads of England and Scotland* (in the Chandos Classics), p. 446, is a ballad of "The Death of Parcy Reed."

The Reed rises in the Carter Fell, in the Cheviot Hills, and falls into the North Tyne at Hexham, in Northumberland.

*The moated mound of Risingham.* Risingham, upon the river Reed, near the beautiful hamlet of Woodburn, is an ancient Roman station, Habitancum. See the map of *Britannia Romana* in the *Monumenta Historica Britannica*, vol. i.

About half a mile distant from Risingham, upon an eminence covered with scattered birch trees and fragments of rock, there is cut upon a large rock, in *alto reliefo*, a remarkable figure, called Robin of Risingham, or Robin of Reedsdale. It presents a hunter, with his bow raised in one hand, and in the other what seems to be a hare. There is a quiver at the back of the figure, and he is dressed in a long coat or kirtle, coming down to the knees and meeting close, with a girdle bound round him. The popular tradition is, that it represents a giant, whose brother resided at Woodburn, and he himself at Risingham. It adds that they subsisted by hunting, and that one of them, finding the game become too scarce to support them, poisoned his companion, in whose memory the monument was engraved. What strange and tragic circumstance may be concealed under this legend, or whether it is utterly apocryphal, it is now impossible to discover.—SCOTT.

XXI. *Thee*, indirect object, 'to thee.'  
*Living*s. Church livings in his patronage.

*The statutes of the Bucanier.* The “statutes of the Bucaniers” were, in reality, more equitable than could have been expected from the state of society under which they had been formed. They chiefly related, as may readily be conjectured, to the distribution and the inheritance of their plunder.

When the expedition was completed, the fund of prize-money acquired was thrown together, each party taking his oath that he had retained or concealed no part of the common stock. If any one transgressed in this important particular, the punishment was his being set ashore on some desert key or island to shift for himself as he could. The owners of the vessel had then their share assigned for the expenses of the outfit. These were generally old pirates, settled at Tobago, Jamaica, St. Domingo, or some other French or English settlement. The surgeon’s and carpenter’s salaries, with the price of provisions and ammunition, were also defrayed. Then followed the compensation due to the maimed and wounded, rated according to the damage they had sustained ; as six hundred pieces of eight, or six slaves, for the loss of an arm or leg, and so in proportion.

“After this act of justice and humanity, the remainder of the booty was divided into as many shares as there were bucaniers. Favour had never any influence in the division of the booty ; for every share was determined by lot. Instances of such rigid justice as this are not easily met with, and they extended even to the dead. Their share was given to the man who was known to be their companion when alive, and therefore their heir. If the person who had been killed had no intimate, his part was sent to his relations, when they were known. If there were no friends nor relations, it was distributed in charity to the poor and to churches, which were to pray for the person in whose name these benefactions were given, the fruits of inhuman but necessary piratical plunders.”—RAVNAL’s *History of European Settlements in the East and West Indies*, by Justamond (London, 1776), 8vo, iii. p. 41.

*Heirs* ; i.e., ‘inherits.’

*Along*, for ‘go along,’ ‘go with me.’ Cf. SHAKS. *Coriolanus*, ii. 3. 157, “Will you *along*? ” *Hamlet*, i. 1. 26, “I have entreated him *along*.”

*Despite.* Used as a preposition, ‘in spite of,’ ‘notwithstanding his craft.’

*Joy’d at the soul.* An uncommon expression. The soul is the place where the joy is felt.

XXIII. *You* = ‘thou.’ Hasty writing.

XXIV. *Contemptuous brand*, ‘the brand of contempt.’

*From Falstaff's feast, &c.* He did not care for such plays as *Henry IV.* or *Henry V.*, but preferred the meditative and pathetic plays, such as *As You Like It*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*.

XXV. *Deepdale's solitude.* A stream that runs from east to west, and falls into the Tees just above Barnard Castle, for some three or four miles in coppice land. *Catecastle* is a small ridge on the north of it, about three miles from its mouth.

XXVI. *Stainmore*, or *Stainmoor*. It is from Stainmoor Forest that Deepdale Beck rises.

*The art unteachable* = 'poetry.' "Poeta nascitur, non fit."

*Darkling*, an adverb, 'in the night,' 'in the dark.' "As the wakeful bird sings *darkling*."—*Paradise Lost*, iii. 39.

XXVIII. *Three banners.* Of the Knight of Rokeby, Philip of Mortham, and Oswald Wycliffe.

*In concert.* Where their own lands were ravaged by the Borderers, they united in self-defence. No political feuds separated them.

*Northern Earls.* The Marquis of Newcastle had command of the cavalry on the king's side at York and at Marston Moor, and had raised his forces in Northumberland.

*Fairfax*, the Parliamentary general, who led the right wing.

*Wily Vane.* He had been the Chief Commissioner on the Parliamentary side in gaining the help of the Scots. Mr. J. R. Green speaks of him as "wary and rapid." One of Milton's sonnets, No. 17, is addressed to him. The Vanes held Raby Castle, in co. Durham. Barnard Castle had been granted to Sir Henry Vane the elder, the father of this Henry Vane, called the younger in his father's lifetime. Thus Wycliffe would naturally be bound with him. Of his wily character we have seen enough in his talk with Bertram.

*Brave the bloody field.* Note the force of the alliteration.

*Lundale.* Further up the Tees, into which the Lune empties itself from the south, near Middleton.

*Powers.* Apparently Wycliffe's tenants dwelt there.

XXIX. *Event*, 'the issue,' 'how the battle turned out.'

*England's war.* The war of the Rebellion was pure fighting; there was no massacring.

*Greta.* The river that bounds the Rokeby grounds on the east. It is an affluent of the Tees.

*Eastwood.* A wood on the right bank of the Greta, about two-thirds of a mile above Greta Bridge.

XXX. This stanza contrasts Fancy with Truth ; the next one Fancy with Reason. For the reverse of this picture read Keats's lines, " Ever let the fancy roam," or Wordsworth's description of his own boyhood in the " Prelude."

XXXI. 14 ' Possession cloy'd his hopes.'

*Fancy's aim.* Cp. :

" Soft and smooth are Fancy's flowery ways,  
And yet, even there, if left without a guide,  
The young adventurer unsafely plays.  
Eyes, dazzled long by Fiction's gaudy rays,  
In modest Truth no light nor beauty find ;  
And who, my child, would trust the meteor-blaze  
That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind.  
More dark and helpless far than if it ne'er had shined ?

" Fancy enervates, while it soothes the heart,  
And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight ;  
To joy each heightening charm it can impart,  
But wraps the hour of woe in tensfold night.  
And often, where no real ills affright,  
Its visionary fiends, an endless train,  
Assail with equal or superior might,  
And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,  
And shivering nerves, shoots stings of more than mortal pain."

—BEATTIE.

XXXII. *The bat of Indian brakes.* I find no Indian bat like this, unless Indian means the West Indies. Mr. Wallace says of the great Javelin Bat (*Phyllostoma hastatum*) : " This is a common bat on the Amazon, and is, I believe, the one which does much injury to horses and cattle by sucking their blood ; it also attacks men when it has opportunity. The species of blood-sucking bats seem to be numerous in the interior. They do not inhabit houses, like many of the frugivorous bats, but enter at dusk through any aperture they may find. They generally attack the tip of the toe, or sometimes any other part of the body that may be exposed. . . . My brother was frequently bitten by them, and his opinion was that the bat applied one of its long canine teeth to the part, and then flew round and round in that as a centre, till the tooth, acting as an awl, bored a small hole, the wings of the bat serving, at the same time, to fan the patient into a deeper slumber. He several times awoke while the bat was at work, and though of course the creature immediately flew away, it was his impression that the operation was conducted in the manner above described. . . . Senhor Brandao, of Manaquiry, informed me that he had once

an Indian girl in his house, who was much subject to the attacks of bats. She was at length so much weakened by the loss of blood, that fears were entertained of her life, if they continued their attacks, and it was found necessary to send her to a distance where these bloodthirsty animals did not abound."

XXXIII. Note the metre of this song, whose rhymes are arranged like the octave in a sonnet.

*Hide*; *i.e.* he could not see his love.

XXXIV. *Let his commission have its way.* Attend to what he tells you, but take your sword; you may be in danger with such an unscrupulous man.

## GLOSSARY TO CANTO I.

### ABBREVIATIONS.

<i>adj.</i> = adjective.	G. = German.
<i>adv.</i> = adverb.	Gk. = Greek.
<i>n.</i> = noun.	Goth. = Gothic.
<i>p.p.</i> = past participle.	Icel. = Icelandic.
<i>v.a.</i> = verb active or transitive.	It. = Italian.
<i>v.n.</i> = verb neuter or intransitive.	L. = Latin.
<i>cp.</i> = compare.	L.L. = Low (mediæval) Latin.
A.S. = Anglo-Saxon.	M.E. = Middle English (of 13th-15th cent.).
Du. = Dutch.	N. = Norwegian.
Fr. = French.	O.H.G. = Old High German.

The numbers following the words show the Stanza in each Canto.

**anneal**, (xxx.) *v.a.*, from A.S. *on-ælan*, 'to kindle,' 'to set on fire.' M.E. *anelen*. To heat glass or metals in a furnace or oven, and then cool slowly, for the purpose of making them less brittle; to temper by a gradually diminishing heat. Metals that have been made brittle by hammering, by this process recover their malleability.

**apathy**, (ix.) *n.* (Gk. *ἀπάθεια*), 'insensibility,' 'indifference to pain.'

**barbed**, (xix.) *adj.*, 'clad in armour.' Used of horses only. From *n. barb*, a corruption of Fr. *barde*, 'horse-armour.' "His barbed steeds."—SHAKS. *Richard II.* iii. 3. 117.

**beleaguer**, (xi.) *v.a.* 'to besiege.' Du. *belegeren*, from *be* and *leger*, 'a camp;' G. *belagern*, from *lager*, 'a camp.' The O.E. preposition *be* meant 'about,' 'touching,' and in this sense it was used in verbal compounds. Cp. *beset*, *besmear*, *behead*, *bereave*. In later compounds it adds a transitive sense, as *benumb*, *bedazzle*.

**bestride**, (xvi.) *v.a.*, 'to cover with one's stride.' A.S. *stridan*, 'to strive,' also 'to stride;' G. *streiten*; Icel. *stritha*, 'to strive.'

**blench**, (viii.) *v.n.*, 'to shrink from.' A.S. *blenican*, 'to deceive;' *lit.* 'to make to blink,' 'to impose upon.' So *blench*

is the causal verb, 'to make to blink,' and so to start at a sudden light, and at any surprise. Cp. "If he but *blench*, I know my course."—SHAKS. *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 626. *Blench* is sometimes *blanch*, which also means 'to whiten,' and here Scott appears to have taken it in this sense.

**brave**, (xv.) *n.*, 'defiance,' 'bravado.' Fr. *brave*, Ital. *bravo*, from the Low Latin *bravus* ("bos junior et indomitus," Ducange). So the first notion is savage and wild (Littré). The transition to courage, and so to the assumption or assertion of courage, is easy; but the use of *bravery* for *finery* ("His *bravery* is not of my cost," SHAKS. *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 80) is not so clear. Wedgwood identifies it with *brag*, from the Icel. *braka*, 'to crack,' the fundamental notion being that of boasting and swagger. Cp. Scotch *brav*. For its use here compare :

"Were I king Edward . . . would I bear  
These *braves*?"—MARLOWE, *Edward II*. ii. 2. 13.

And, "To bear me down with *braves*."—SHAKS. *Titus Andronicus*, ii. 1. 30.

**breaker**, (xvi.) *n.* A wave broken by rocks, and generally lashed into foam; hence the *white breakers*.

**broil**, (xi.) *n.*, 'tumult,' 'confusion,' 'disorder.' Fr. *brouiller*, perhaps related to G. *broil*, 'vapour'; cp. Fr. *brouillard*, 'fog,' 'mist.' We also find Gaelic *broighleadh*, 'noise.'

**brook**, (ix.) *v.a.* A.S. *brucan*, G. *brauchen*, L. *frui*, 'to digest,' 'use,' 'employ.' "To *brooke* meate, digérer, avaler" (Palsgrave). Then 'to put up with,' 'tolerate,' as we speak of digesting an affront, or swallowing an insult.

**Bucanier**, (xv. xxi.) *n.* See Scott's note on viii. The word is said to be derived from the name *boucan* or *bocan*, given by the Caribs to the wooden grill on which they smoked their meat, often the flesh of prisoners, or to the place where it was done. Hence those who established themselves in these islands for a similar purpose were called *bucaniers*.

**buff-coat**, (vi.) *n.* Owing to the improvements in firearms, the old armour was no longer sufficiently bullet-proof, and to meet the requirement a strong leather coat was worn over the body-armour, and, as the word 'mantles' implies, fitted loosely. The *buff jerkin* had been worn under the cuirass, fitting more closely to the person.

**buff**, as the colour of dressed buffalo skin.

**callous**, (ix.) *adj.*, 'thick-skinned,' from L. *callum*, 'hard skin.'

**cant**, (xviii.) *v.n.*, 'to speak plausibly or hypocritically,' 'to use the conventional language of a party in religion or in politics.' *L. canto*, from the sing-song tone affected by the Roundheads.

**careless**, (iv.) *adj.*, 'free from *care* or *anxiety* ;' more commonly used as 'taking no care or heed.' Cp. MILTON, *P.R.* book iv. 299, "In corporal pleasure he, and *careless ease*." A.S. *caru, cearu*, 'anxiety ;' Old Saxon *kara*, 'sorrow ;' Icel. *kæsi*, 'murmur.'

**carouse**, (vii.) *n.*, 'a draught or full cup of wine, or strong drink.' It is used now of a hard drinking bout, but originally it was simply a 'bumper.' So SHAKS. *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 8. 34, "Drink carouses to the next day's fate." G. *garaus*, 'right out,' used of emptying a bumper; *gar*, 'quite,' *aus*, 'out.'

**casque**, (vi.) *n.* Fr. *casque*, It. and Sp. *casco*, originally, according to Diez, 'a potsherd,' from *L. quassare*, Fr. *casser*, 'to break.' Hence from the shape of a skull (cp. Fr. *tête*, from *L. testa*, 'a broken pitcher, or potsherd'), a general term for a helmet.

**chalice**, (xxi.) *n.* *L. calix*, 'a cup,' 'a goblet.' The name given to the communion cup in churches.

**cheer**, (vii.) *n.* Fr. *chevré*, which, up to the sixteenth century, meant 'head,' 'face ;' L.L. *cara*, 'face ;' Gk. *κάρα*, 'the head.' Shakespeare has also "pale of cheer." (*Mid. Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 96.) From the expressiveness of the face we gather the state of feeling and spirits. "Son, be of good cheer." (Matt. ix. 2.) On this follows 'a *cheerful* face,' one that shows gladness and gaiety ; and this is applied to what makes one cheerful, good fare and feasting. Here it means 'a good repast,' 'food.'

**clog**, (x.) *v.a.*, 'to impede motion by something that sticks to you,' 'to encumber.' From Sc. *clag*, 'an impediment,' from A.S. *clæg*, 'clay.'

**cloy**, (xxi.) *v.a.* (from O. Fr. *cloyer*, equivalent to *clourer*, 'to drive in a nail), used of a horse pricked in shoeing. So 'to knock up,' 'to glut.'

**complice**, (xx.) *n.* Fr. *complice*, 'a confederate,' 'associate, from *L. complex*. "To quell the rebels and their *complices*." (SHAKS. *2 Henry VI.* v. i. 212.) We generally use the word 'accomplice.'

**corslet**, (vi.) *n.* Fr. *corselet*, diminutive of *corps*, 'a body, *L. corpus* ;' 'a light body-armour.'

**counter**, (xii.) *v.a.* 'to meet as an enemy.' *L. contra*. Cp. 'encounter.'

**coward**, (xvii.) *adj.* ‘timid,’ ‘lacking in natural courage.’ Fr. *coward*, It. *codardo*, from L. *cauda*, ‘a tail.’ So ‘one who hangs back,’ ‘keeps in the rear;’ or, possibly, from the habits of animals when they are afraid, ‘one who puts his tail down.’

**craven**, (xv.) *adj.* The M.E. form is *cravant*, with the sense of ‘beaten,’ ‘foiled,’ or ‘overcome.’ A clipped form of O.Fr. *cravante*, *p.p.* of *cravanter*, ‘to oppress,’ ‘foil’ (Cotgrave), probably from L. *crepans*, *pres. part.* of *crepare*, ‘to crack,’ ‘break.’

**crosier**, (xiii.) *n.*, ‘a bishop’s pastoral staff.’ M.E. *croce*, O.Fr. *croce*, ‘a crosier’ (Cotgrave), *croc*, ‘a crook.’

**cuirassier**, (vi.) *n.*, ‘a soldier who wears a breastplate or cuirass.’ The cuirass was originally made of buff leather (Fr. *cuir*, L. *corium*), but was later exchanged into an iron plate, well hammered, and covering the body from the neck to the girdle. It was first adopted in England in the time of Charles I. (the time of this story), when the light cavalry were armed with buff coats, having breast and back covered with steel plates. The 1st and 2nd Life Guards, and the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), are the only cuirassiers in the British army.

**dank**, (vi.) *adj.*, ‘moist.’ Nasalised form, from *dagg*, Swedish for ‘dew;’ Icel. *dögg*, ‘dew.’ *Dag* and *daggly* are Northumberland words for ‘misty,’ ‘rain,’ and ‘showery.’ Cp. MILTON, Sonnet xxi., “Now that the fields are *dank*, and ways are mire.”

**deal**, (xi.) *v.a.* (A.S. *dæl*, ‘a portion,’ *dælan*; Icel. *deila*; G. *theilen*, ‘to apportion’), ‘to divide,’ ‘apportion,’ ‘distribute.’ A ‘great deal’ means ‘a great part.’ So ‘to *deal* cards,’ ‘it’s your *deal*.’ A *dealer* is one who distributes his goods.

**debate**, (xvi.) *v.a.* Fr. *débattre*, ‘to fight out to a decisive issue.’ So here a “well-debated field.”

**disastrous**, (xiv.) *adj.*, ‘ill-boding,’ ‘full of misfortune.’ L. *astrum*, ‘a star.’ And so, ‘under an unlucky star;’ one of the numerous words borrowed from astrology.

**drawbridge**, (v.) *n.* A moveable bridge, turning on hinges at the end nearest the castle gate, which could be raised or lowered by levers and pulleys. In troubled times it was generally kept raised.

**eddy**, (xiii.) *n.*, ‘a current that runs against the main stream.’ Icel. *yda*, ‘a whirlpool,’ from *yda*, ‘to boil,’ ‘to rush;’ A.S. *yth*, ‘a flood.’

**enhance**, (xxx.) *v.a.* (Norman *enhauncer*; Provençal *enanzar*, from *enant*, *enans*, ‘forward,’ from the L. *in ante*), ‘to elevate,’

'to raise,' 'to honour,' 'to incite,' 'mekith himself shall be enhau

**fanatic**, (xviii.) *n.* (but an *adj.*) 'carried beyond himself by religious zeal,' 'a wild enthusiast.' From L. *fanaticus* (*fanum*, 'a temple'), 'one that is inspired by a divine frenzy.'

**fantastic**, (xxv.) *adj.*, 'fanciful,' 'imaginary,' 'unreal,' 'capricious.' From the Gk. *φαντάξειν*, 'to represent.'

**founder**, (xvi.) *v.n.*, of a ship, 'to sink,' 'to go to the bottom'; of a horse, 'to come to the ground.' All the senses of the word may be explained by the Fr. *fondrer*, L. *fundus*, 'the bottom'; Fr. *fond*. (Cp. the colloquial uses of the verb *spill*.)

**frantic**, (ix.) *adj.* M.E. *frenetik*, Fr. *frénétique*, from Gk. *φρενιτικός*, 'one who has *φρενίτις*', an inflammation of the brain; 'mad,' 'out of his mind.'

**fray**, (xxviii.) *n.*, 'terror,' 'fright,' 'scare.' A shortening of *affray*. O.Fr. *effraier*, 'to frighten'; L.L. *exfriadiare*, 'to break the king's peace,' 'to cause a fray.' Hence 'to disturb,' 'frighten.' L. *ex*, 'out of,' and O.H.G. *fridu* (G. *friede*), 'peace.'

**frolic**, (xxiv.) *adj.*, also used as a noun. From the G. *froh*, *fröhlich*, 'in good humour,' 'joyous.'

**gloze**, (xi.) *v.n.*, 'to talk plausibly,' 'comment upon.' A.S. *glesan*, Icel. *glösa*, M.E. *glose*, our *gloss*, Gk. *γλῶσσα*, 'a tongue,' 'language,' 'a hard word'; 'to make clear,' 'to explain a difficulty, especially in language, and to comment on it.' Then 'to explain away,' Cp. MILTON, *P. L.* ix. 546, "So glazed the Tempter, and his proem tuned."

**grange**, (xiii.) *n.*, 'a farm-house.' O.Fr. *grange*, 'a barn'; L.L. *granea*, 'a barn,' 'a granary.'

**guerdon**, (xviii.) *n.*, 'reward,' 'recompense.' Fr. *guerdon* (now obsolete), It. *guidardone*, from L.L. *widerdonum*, a corruption of the O.H.G. *widarlon*, the *d* coming from a confusion with the Latin *donum*.

**haggard**, (xxxiv.) *adj.*, 'lean,' 'meagre,' 'looking as if wasted away with pain or suffering.' Orig. *hagged*, 'hag-like,' from *hag*, 'a witch.' *Hag*, probably from A.S. *haga*, 'a hedge,' it being supposed that witches were seen in hedges at night.

**hardiment**, (vii.) *n.* 'hardihood,' 'boldness.' Used in good sense by SPENSER, *Faery Queen*, v. 8. 23: "But thankt be God and your good hardiment." And by SHAKS. *I Henry IV.*

i. 3. 101, "In changing *hardiment* with great Glendower." The first part of the word is the Fr. *hardi*, 'daring ;' the ending *-ment* is usually confined, as in Latin, to verbal derivatives, expressing the action of the verb or its effects, as fulfilment, endowment, bereavement ; or, in a concrete sense, the means by which it is performed, as in ointment, pavement, ligament.

**hectic**, (xxxii.) *adj.*, 'flushed,' of a face feverish or consumptive ; here a sign of a consumptive habit. From the Gk. *έκτικός*, 'consumptive ;' *έξις*, 'a habit of body,' from *έχω*, 'to have.'

**hest**, (xxvii.) *n.*, 'a command or order.' A.S. *hues*, from *hátan*, 'to command ;' Goth. *háitan*, Icel. *heita*, G. *heissen*, 'to call, name.' A poetical word. Cp. SHAKS. *Tempest*, iii. l. 37—

"MIRANDA. Q my father,  
I have broke your *hest*, to say so."

Used by Chaucer and by Tennyson.

**ingot**, (xxi.) *n.*, 'a mass of gold or silver cast in a mould.' Possibly from A.S. *in*, 'into,' and *götan*, *p.p.* of *geötan*, 'to pour.' G. *einguss*. *Nugget* and Fr. *lingot* are both corruptions of the word.

**inure**, (viii.) *v.a.* 'to accustom, habituate.' *Ure* is used in O.E. for 'fortune,' 'destiny.' See CHAUCER, *The Complaint of the Black Knight*, l. 152—

"On his fortune and his *ure* also."

So to have in *ure* is to experience.

"Moche like what I myselfe have had in *ure*."

And to *inure* is to practise, to habituate. ---CHAUCER.

"He (Numa) did *inure* them to speak little."

—NORTH'S *Plutarch*.

*Ure* is supposed to come from O.Fr. *eure*, Mod. Fr. *œuvre*, L. *opera*.

**kirtled**, (xx.) *adj.*, 'wearing a kirtle.' A.S. *cyrtel*, 'an upper garment, tunic, gown, petticoat, or jacket.' Probably a diminutive of *skirt* ; Icel. *skyrsa*, *kyrtill*. "The form of the kirtle underwent various alterations at different times. It was worn by both sexes. The woman's kirtle of the fourteenth century was a close-fitting dress. It seems to have been a mark of servitude or disgrace to wear a kirtle only. The term is still retained in the provinces, in the sense of an outer petticoat."—HALLIWELL'S *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words*, s. v.

**labouring**, (iii.) *pres. part.* of *labour*, *v.n.*, 'to be burdened, oppressed with difficulties.' From L. *labor*, 'toil.' Cp. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden."—Matt. xi. 28.

**lattice**, (xxix.), *n.*, 'lath-work.' Here 'a window made with laths or strips of iron which cross each other like net-work, so as to leave open spaces.' It is only used when air, rather than light, is to be admitted. Such windows were once general in England, and are common in the East, especially in ladies' rooms, where they can see without being seen. Cp. *Judges v. 28*, "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the *lattice*."

**lavish**, (ix.) *adj.* formed from *v. lave*, A.S. *lafian*, 'to pour out, or sprinkle, water.' Hence 'profuse,' and so 'wasteful,' 'prodigal,' 'squandering.'

**lay**, (xxvi.) *n.* (O.Fr. *lai*, Provençal *lay*, of Celtic origin), 'a song,' 'a piece of poetry.' G. *lied*, A.S. *leōth*. The name was first given to the lyric poems of the old French minstrels or trouvères.

**lore**, (xxiv.) *n.* (A.S. *lár*, from *leran*, 'to teach'), 'learning,' 'erudition,' 'knowledge.' G. *lehre*.

**loth**, (i.) *adj.* M.E. *loth* for *loath*, 'unwilling,' 'reluctant;' A.S. *lath*, 'hateful.'

**lure**, (x.) *v.* Fr. *leurre*, from the O.H.G. *luoder*, 'a carrion,' 'a bait for wild animals.' So 'to entice as with a bait.'

**mail**, (vi.) *n.* Fr. *maille*, L. *macula* (cp. Ovid's "Retia maculis distincta"), 'a spot,' or 'mesh of a net.' Armour made of chains or rings, so called from its resemblance to net-work. Chain-mail consisted of steel or iron rings interlacing each other. Shirts of mail were made with these, and worn over the buff jerkin.

**main**, (xiii.), *n.*, 'the ocean;' lit. 'the principal water.' Cp. *mainland*. A.S. *magan*, O.N. *mega*, 'to be able, strong;' L. *magnus*, Gk. *μέγας*. Used also as a noun. "With might and *main*."

**marshal**, (v.) *v.a.* From the noun *marshal*, Fr. *maréchal*, L.L. *marescalcus*, from O.H.G. *marah*, 'a horse,' and *schalk*, 'a servant.' Originally the man that had the care of the horses; so the French word is used for 'a shoeing-smith.' Then it became a title for a cavalry officer who had to arrange the troops in battle. Hence its present use, as a verb, 'to draw up, arrange, point out one's place.'

**meed**, (xix.) *n.*, 'reward for merit,' 'recompense,' and later 'merit' or 'desert.' A.S. *méd*, G. *methe*, Goth. *mizdo*, Gk. *μισθός*, 'pay,' 'reward.'

"Hêre comes to-day,  
Pallas and Aphrodite claiming each  
This *meed* of fairness."—TENNYSON, *Ænone*.  
"My *meed* have got me fame."

---SHAKS. 3 *Henry VI.* iv. 8. 38.

**menial**, (xxxiv.) *n.* here, but also *adj.*, 'a servant;' properly 'one of a household of servants,' 'one of a *meiny*,' O.Fr. *mesnē*, from L.L. *mansnada*, 'a household;' from *mansio*, 'a dwelling,' where people remain (*maneo*).

"They summoned up their *meiny*, straight took horse."

—SHAKS. *King Lear*, ii. 4. 35.

**moat**, (v.) *n.*, 'the fosse or ditch, filled with water, which surrounded a mediaeval castle.' It is probably derived from Fr. *motte*, Du. *moet*, 'ground thrown up with the spade,' and meant originally the inner ground on which the castle is built, which is the meaning of the L.L. *mota*. Cp. *dike*, which is used both for the channel dug out and for the bank raised at its side by the earth thrown up, as in *Wansdike* in Wiltshire.

**morion**, (vi.) *n.* (Sp. *morrion*, from *morra*, 'the crown of the head'), a kind of light helmet introduced in the sixteenth century, so called from its taking the shape of a skull.

**murky**, (ii.) *adj.* (Icel. *myrkr*, A.S. *murk*, *myrce*), 'dark, gloomy.' Cp. "Hell is *murky*." (SHAKS. *Macbeth*, v. I.)

**muse**, (xxvi.) *v.n.*, 'to study in silence,' 'to be absent in mind,' 'absorbed in some thought that prevents a man from seeing what is going on.' Syn. 'to ruminate.' Fr. *muser*, 'to muse,' 'dreame' (Cotgrave). The image is that of a dog scenting the air when in doubt as to the scent. It. *musare*, 'to hold one's snout in the air'; It. *muso*, 'snout.'

**palfrey**, (xix.) *n.*, 'a riding-horse.' Fr. *palefroi*, It. *palafreno*, L.L. *parafredus*, for a late Latin hybrid *paraveredus*, from the Gk. *παρὰ*, 'by the side of,' and *veredus*, 'a post-horse,' meaning an extra post-horse. From the same stem comes the G. *pferd*. *Veredus* is said to be a compound of *reho*, 'draw,' and *rheda*, 'a four-wheeled carriage'; and, if so, it is 'a carriage-horse.'

**petronel**, (xix.) *n.*, 'a horse-pistol.' A firearm used in Charles I.'s time, so called because in firing the stock rested against the breast. O.Fr. *petrinal*, from L.L. *pectorina*.

**phrenesy**, (xii.) *n.*, (generally written *frenzy*, for a Greek medical term *φρένησις*, for 'inflammation of the brain'), 'madness,' 'delirium,' 'distraction,' or any great disturbance of mental powers.

**post**, (v.) *n.* Fr. *poste*, L.L. *posta*, 'a post,' 'station.' On the king's roads relays of horses were stationed (*positi*) at intervals, and to 'post,' or to 'travel post,' was to use these horses. The constant supply of fresh horses made this method of travelling more rapid than other methods where the horses required rest, and so to 'come post' was to travel with great speed.

**rack**, (ii.) *v.* and *n.* (Icel. *reka*, 'to drive ;' *rek*, 'drift'), 'the driving clouds of the upper air.' So SHAKS. *3 Henry VI.*, ii. I. 27, "The *racking* clouds." "The winds in the upper region, which move the clouds above, which we call the *rack*."—BACON.

"And like this insubstantial pageant faded

Leave not a *rack* behind."—SHAKS. *Tempest*, iv. I. 156. *i.e.* not even a light, filmy cloud.

**shroud**, (i.) *n.* (A.S. *scrýdan*, 'to clothe,' 'cover ;' *scrud*, 'a garment'), 'any covering.'

"Give my nakedness some *shroud* to shelter it."

—CHAPMAN'S *Odyssey*.

**squadron**, (xiii.) *n.*, 'a troop,' generally of horse. Derived, like many military terms, from the Italian *squadra*, from *quadra*, 'a square,' its usual formation.

**stithy**, (xxx.) *n.* Icel. *stethi*, 'an anvil.' The same root as *steady*.

**sullen**, (x.) *adj.* (M.E. *solein*, O.Fr. *solain*, 'lonely ;' L. *solus*. "Soleyne. Of maners ; or, he that lovythe no cumpany. *Solitarius.*"—*Promptorium Parvulorum*), 'gloomy,' 'angry,' 'cross,' 'ill-humoured.' Sometimes 'dismal,' 'sombre.'

"For now began

Night with her *sullen* wing to double-shade the desert."

—MILTON, *P. R.* i. 500.

**tell**, (iv.) *v.a.* A.S. *tellan*, 'to count ;' *talu*, 'number,' 'narrative ;' G. *zählen* ; Gk. *τελεῖν*, 'to count.' Cp. *toll*, *tale* (of bricks, *Exodus* v. 18). "I may *tell* all my bones." (*Psalm xxii. 17.*)

(Clock strikes.) "K. RICH. Tell the clock there."

—SHAKS. *Rich. III.*, v. 3. 276.

**throe**, (ii.) *n.* (M.E., in Chaucer, *throwe* ; A.S. *throwian*, 'to suffer'), 'a sharp pang,' 'extreme pain.' *Outward throes* might be the contortions that such pain gives.

**tornade**, (viii.) *n.*, generally spelt *tornado*, which is less accurate. Sp. *tornada*, 'a return,' or 'turning about,' 'a sudden storm at sea.' A name specially applied to the violent hurricanes that prevail in the West Indies about the time of the equinoxes.

**train**, (xx.) *v.a.* Fr. *traîner*, from *trahinare*, a L.L. form, from *traho*, 'to draw or drag.' (1) 'To draw or trail.' (2) 'To draw by artifice or stratagem,' 'to entice,' 'to allure.' Its meaning here. Then, like *educate*, from L. *educo*, 'to lead out,' it is applied to the developing and drawing out the powers of children, and of animals. "Train up a child in the way he should go." (*Prov. xxii. 6.*) A horse-trainer.

**uncouth**, (vii.) *adj.*, 'strange,' 'unknown.' *Couth* is the *p.p.* of the M.E. *conne*, our *can*, A.S. *cunnan*, 'to know.' *Couthe*, or *cowde*, was the past tense, which, by a false analogy to *would*, *should*, was turned into *could*.

**veer**, (xxii.) *v.n.* (Fr. *virer*, L.L. *virare*), 'to turn from one side to another.' Of a ship, 'to alter its course by turning her head around away from the wind.' Of the wind, 'to change its direction,' 'to *veer* round to east or west.' Of persons and feelings, 'to vary,' 'to change your mind.' "As passion or interest may *veer* about."—BURKE.

**vizor**, (xvi.) *n.* (Fr. *visière*), 'the sight-hole of a helmet,' or, more strictly, 'the moveable part that protected the eyes, and could be raised at need.' So the lower part that covers the mouth was called the *beaver*. Fr. *bavière*, our *bib*.

**warder**, (i.) *n.*, 'the guardian or keeper of the castle.'

**wend**, (xxii.) *v.* (Goth. *wandjan*, Icel. *venda*, A.S. *wendan*, G. *wenden*, 'to turn'), 'to go,' 'to pass from place to place.' Its preterite was *went*, but as that was transferred to *go*, we say now 'wended their way.' It is connected with 'to wind.'

**wold**, (xx.) *n.* (A.S. *weald*, G. *wald*), 'a wood,' 'forest.' But its present meaning is rather 'a down,' hilly, but not woody. In the plural, 'a hilly district,' 'a range of hills.' It seems that what are now wolds were once forest. The *Weald* of Kent and Sussex was plainly a forest, as is shown by the names of the towns in it. (See ISAAC TAYLOR'S *Words and Places*, p. 244; and for the *Cotswold* Hills in Gloucestershire, and the Yorkshire *Wolds*, p. 246.)

**yore**, (xvii.) *adv.*, 'formerly,' 'in ancient time.' A.S. *geara*, gen. *pl.* of *geár*, 'of years.'

**zealot**, (xii.) *n.*, 'an ardent supporter of a cause,' applied especially to Puritans and Sectarians in the Civil War. Gk.  $\xi\eta\lambda\omega\tau\eta\varsigma$ , the name given by St. Luke to the apostle Simon, to distinguish him from Simon Peter.

# *ROKEBY*

## CANTO SECOND.

*(Words marked with an asterisk \* will be found in the Glossary.)*

### I.

**F**AR in the chambers of the west,  
The gale had sigh'd itself to rest ;  
The moon was cloudless now and clear,  
But pale, and soon to disappear.  
The thin grey clouds wax dimly light  
On Brusleton and Houghton height ;  
And the rich dale, that eastward lay,  
Waited the wakening touch of day,  
To give its woods and cultured plain,  
And towers and spires, to light again.  
But, westward, Stanmore's shapeless swell,  
And Lunedale wild, and Kelton-fell,  
And rock-begirdled Gilmanscar,  
And Arkingarth, lay dark afar ;  
While, as a livelier twilight falls,  
Emerge proud Barnard's banner'd\* walls.  
High crown'd he sits, in dawning pale,  
The sovereign of the lovely vale.

### II.

What prospects, from his watch-tower high,  
Gleam gradual on the warder's\* eye !  
Far sweeping to the east, he sees  
Down his deep woods the course of Tees,  
And tracks his wanderings by the steam  
Of summer vapours from the stream ;

And erc he paced his destined\* hour  
 By Brackenbury's dungeon-tower,  
 These silver mists shall melt away,  
 And dew the woods with glittering spray.  
 Then in broad lustre shall be shown  
 That mighty trench\* of living stone,  
 And each huge trunk that, from the side,  
 Reclines him o'er the darksome tide,  
 Where Tees, full many a fathom low.  
 Wears with his rage no common foe;  
 For pebbly bank, nor sand bed here,  
 Nor clay-mound, checks his fierce career,  
 Condemn'd to mine\* a char:nell'd\* way,  
 O'er solid sheets of marble grey.

## III.

Nor Tees alone, in dawning bright,  
 Shall rush upon the ravish'd sight;  
 But many a tributary stream  
 Each from its own dark dell shall gleam :  
 Staindrop, who, from her silvan bowers,\*  
 Salutes proud Raby's battled\* towers;  
 The rural brook of Eglinton,  
 And Balder, named from Odin's son;  
 And Greta, to whose banks ere long  
 We lead the lovers of the song;  
 And silver Lune, from Stanmore wild,  
 And fairy Thorsgill's murmuring child,  
 And last and least, but loveliest still,  
 Romantic Deepdale's slender rill.  
 Who in that dim-wood glen hath stray'd,  
 Yet long'd for Roslin's magic glade?  
 Who, wandering there, hath sought to change  
 Even for that vale so stern and strange,  
 Where Cartland's Crags, fantastic rent,  
 Through her green copse like spires are sent?  
 Yet, Albin, yet the praise be thine,  
 Thy scenes and story to combine!  
 Thou bidst him, who by Roslin strays,  
 List to the deeds of other days;  
 'Mid Cartland's Crags thou show'st the cave,  
 The refuge of thy champion brave;

Giving each rock its storied tale,  
Pouring a lay for every dale,  
Knitting, as with a moral band,  
Thy native legends with thy land,  
To lend each scene the interest high  
Which genius beams from Beauty's eye.

## IV.

Bertram awaited not the sight  
Which sun-rise shows from Barnard's height,  
But from the towers, preventing\* day,  
With Wilfrid took his early way,  
While misty dawn and moonbeam pale,  
Still mingled in the silent dale.  
By Barnard's bridge of stately stone,  
The southern bank of Tees they won ;  
Their winding path then eastward cast,  
And Eglinton's grey ruins pass'd ;  
Each on his own deep visions bent,  
Silent and sad they onward went.  
Well may you think that Bertram's mood,  
To Wilfrid savage seem'd and rude ;  
Well may you think bold Risingham  
Held Wilfrid trivial, poor, and tame ;  
And small the intercourse, I ween,  
Such uncongenial souls between.

## V.

Stern Bertram shunn'd the nearer way,  
Through Rokeby's park and chase that lay,  
And skirting\* high the valley's ridge,  
They cross'd by Greta's ancient bridge  
Descending where her waters wind  
Free for a space and unconfined,  
As 'scaped from Brignall's dark-wood glen,  
She seeks wild Mortham's deeper den.\*  
There as his eye glanced o'er the mound,  
Raised by that Legion long renown'd,  
Whose votive shrine asserts their claim,  
Of pious, faithful, conquering fame,  
"Stern sons of war!" sad Wilfrid sigh'd,  
"Behold the boast of Roman pride!"

What now of all your toils are known?  
 A grassy trench, a broken stone!"—  
 This to himself; for moral strain  
 To Bertram were address'd in vain.

## VI.

Of different mood, a deeper sigh  
 Awoke, when Rokeby's turrets high  
 Were northward in the dawning seen  
 To rear them o'er the thicket green.  
 O then, though Spenser's self had stray'd  
 Beside him through the lovely glade,  
 Lending his rich luxuriant glow  
 Of fancy, all its charms to show,  
 Pointing the stream rejoicing free,  
 As captive set at liberty,  
 Flashing her sparkling waves abroad,  
 And clamouring joyful on her road;  
 Pointing where, up the sunny banks,  
 The trees retire in scatter'd ranks,  
 Save where, advanced before the rest,  
 On knoll\* or hillock rears his crest,  
 Lonely and huge, the giant Oak,  
 As champions, when their band is broke,  
 Stand forth to guard the rearward post,  
 The bulwark\* of the scatter'd host—  
 All this, and more, might Spenser say,  
 Yet waste in vain his magic lay,  
 While Wilfrid eyed the distant tower,  
 Whose lattice\* lights Matilda's bower.\*

## VII.

The open vale is soon passed o'er,  
 Rokeby, though nigh, is seen no more;  
 Sinking mid Greta's thickets deep,  
 A wild and darker course they keep,  
 A stern and lone, yet lovely road,  
 As e'er the foot of Minstrel trode!  
 Broad shadows o'er their passage fell,  
 Deeper and narrower grew the dell;  
 It seem'd some inmountain, rent and riven,\*  
 A channel for the stream had given,

So high the cliffs of limestone grey  
 Hung beetling\* o'er the torrent's way,  
 Yielding, along their rugged base,  
 A flinty footpath's niggard\* space,  
 Where he, who winds 'twixt rock and wave,  
 May hear the headlong torrent rave,  
 And like a steed in frantic\* fit,  
 That flings the froth from curb and bit,  
 May view her chafe\* her waves to spray,\*  
 O'er every rock that bars her way,  
 Till foam-globes on her eddies ride,  
 Thick as the schemes of human pride  
 That down life's current drive amain,  
 As frail, as frothy, and as vain !

## VIII.

The cliffs that rear their haughty head  
 High o'er the river's darksome\* bed,  
 Were now all naked, wild, and grey,  
 Now waving all with greenwood spray ;\*  
 Here trees to every crevice\* clung,  
 And o'er the dell their branches hung ;  
 And there, all splinter'd\* and uneven,  
 The shiver'd rocks ascend to heaven ;  
 Oft, too, the ivy swath'd their breast,  
 And wreathed its garland round their crest,  
 Or from the spires bade loosely flare\*  
 Its tendrils\* in the middle air.  
 As pennons\* wont to wave of old  
 O'er the high feast of Baron bold,  
 When revell'd loud the feudal rout,\*  
 And the arch'd halls return'd their shout ;  
 Such and more wild is Greta's roar,  
 And such the echoes from her shore.  
 And so the ivied banners gleam,  
 Waved wildly o'er the brawling\* stream.

## IX.

Now from the stream the rocks recede,  
 But leave between no sunny mead,  
 No, nor the spot of pebbly sand,  
 Oft found by such a mountain strand ;\*

Forming such warm and dry retreat,  
 As fancy deems the lonely seat,  
 Where hermit, wandering from his cell,  
 His rosary\* might love to tell.  
 But here, 'twixt rock and river, grew  
 A dismal grove of sable\* yew,  
 With whose sad tints were mingled seen  
 The blighted fir's sepulchral green.  
 Seem'd that the trees their shadows cast,  
 The earth that nourish'd them to blast ;  
 For never knew that swarthy\* grove  
 The verdant hue that fairies love ;  
 Nor wilding\* green, nor woodland flower,  
 Arose within its baleful\* bower :  
 The dank\* and sable earth receives  
 Its only carpet from the leaves,  
 That, from the withering branches cast,  
 Bestrew'd the ground with every blast.  
 Though now the sun was o'er the hill,  
 In this dark spot 'twas twilight still,  
 Save that on Greta's farther side  
 Some straggling\* beams through copsewood glide ;  
 And wild and savage contrast made  
 That dingle's\* deep and funeral shade,  
 With the bright tints of early day,  
 Which, glimmering through the ivy spray,  
 On the opposing summit lay.

## X.

The lated peasant shunn'd the dell :  
 For Superstition wont\* to tell  
 Of many a grisly\* sound and sight,  
 Scaring its path at dead of night.  
 When Christmas logs blaze high and wide,  
 Such wonders speed the festal tide ;  
 While Curiosity and Fear,  
 Pleasure and Pain, sit crouching\* near,  
 Till childhood's cheek no longer glows,  
 And village maidens lose the rose.  
 The thrilling interest rises higher,  
 The circle closes nigh and nigher,  
 And shuddering glance is cast behind,  
 As louder moans the wintry wind.

Believe, that fitting scene was laid  
For such wild tales in Morthain glade ;  
For who had seen, on Greta's side,  
By that dim light fierce Bertram's stride,  
In such a spot, at such an hour,  
If touch'd by Superstition's power,  
Might well have deem'd that Hell had given  
A murderer's ghost to upper Heaven,  
While Wilfrid's form had seem'd to glide  
Like his pale victim by his side.

## XI.

Nor think to village swains alone  
Are these unearthly terrors known ;  
For not to rank nor sex confined  
Is this vainague\* of the mind :  
Hearts firm as steel, as marble hard,  
'Gainst faith, and love, and pity barr'd,  
Have quaked, like aspen\* leaves in May,  
Beneath its universal sway.  
Bertram had listed\* many a tale  
Of wonder in his native dale,  
That in his secret soul retain'd  
The credence they in childhood gain'd :  
Nor less his wild adventurous youth  
Believed in every legend's truth ;  
Learn'd when, beneath the tropic\* gale,  
Full swell'd the vessel's steady sail,  
And the broad Indian moon her light  
Pour'd on the watch of middle night,  
When seamen love to hear and tell  
Of portent, prodigy, and spell :  
What gales are sold on Lapland's shore,  
How whistle rash bids tempests roar,  
Of witch, of mermaid,\* and of sprite,\*  
Of Erick's cap and Elmo's light ;  
Or of that Phantom ship, whose form  
Shoots like a meteor through the storm ;  
When the dark scud\* comes driving hard,  
And lower'd is every topsail-yard,  
And canvas, wove in earthly looms,  
No more to brave the storm presumes !

Then, 'mid the war of sea and sky,  
 Top and top-gallant hoisted high,  
 Full spread and crowded every sail,  
 The Demon Frigate braves the gale ;  
 And well the doom'd spectators know  
 The harbinger\* of wreck and woe.

## XII.

Then, too, were told, in stifled\* tone,  
 Marvels and omens all their own ;  
 How, by some desert isle or key,  
 Where Spaniards wrought their cruelty,  
 Or where the savage pirate's mood  
 Repaid it home in deeds of blood,  
 Strange nightly sounds of woe and fear  
 Appall'd the listening Bucanier,  
 Whose light-arm'd shallop\* anchor'd lay  
 In ambush by the lonely bay.  
 The groan of grief, the shriek of pain,  
 Ring from the moonlight groves of cane ;  
 The fierce adventurer's heart they scare,  
 Who wearies memory for a prayer,  
 Curses the road-stead,\* and with gale  
 Of early morning lifts the sail,  
 To give, in thirst of blood and prey,  
 A legend for another bay.

## XIII.

Thus, as a man, a youth, a child,  
 Train'd in the mystic and the wild,  
 With this on Bertram's soul at times  
 Rush'd a dark feeling of his crimes ;  
 Such to his troubled soul their form,  
 As the pale Death-ship to the storm,  
 And such their omen dim and dread,  
 As shrieks and voices of the dead,—  
 That pang, whose transitory\* force  
 Hover'd 'twixt horror and remorse ;  
 That pang, perchance, his bosom press'd,  
 As Wilfrid su'den he address'd :—  
 “Wilfrid, this glen is never trode  
 Until the sun rides high abroad ;

Yet twice have I beheld to-day  
 A Form, that seem'd to dog\* our way,  
 Twice from my glance it seem'd to flee,  
 And shroud\* itself by cliff or tree.  
 How think'st thou?—Is our path way-laid?  
 Or hath thy sire my trust betray'd?  
 If so”—Ere, starting from his dream,  
 That turn'd upon a gentler theme,  
 Wilfrid had roused him to reply,  
 Bertram sprung forward, shouting high,  
 “Whate'er thou art, thou now shalt stand!”—  
 And forth he darted, sword in hand.

## XIV.

As bursts the levin\* in its wrath,  
 He shot him down the sounding path;  
 Rock, wood, and stream, rang wildly out,  
 To his loud step and savage shout.  
 Seems that the object of his race  
 Hath scaled\* the cliffs; his frantic chase  
 Sidelong\* he turns, and now 'tis bent  
 Right up the rock's tall battlement;\*  
 Straining each sinew to ascend,  
 Foot, hand, and knee, their aid must lend.  
 Wilfrid, all dizzy with dismay,  
 Views from beneath, his dreadful way:  
 Now to the oak's warp'd\* roots he clings,  
 Now trusts his weight to ivy strings;  
 Now, like the wild-goat, must he dare  
 An unsupported leap in air;  
 Hid in the shrubby rain-course now,  
 You mark him by the crashing bough,  
 And by his corslet's sullen clank,  
 And by the stones spurn'd from the bank,  
 And by the hawk scared\* from her nest,  
 And ravens croaking o'er their guest,  
 Who deem his forfeit limbs shall pay  
 The tribute of his bold essay.

## XV.

See, he emerges!\*—desperate now  
 All farther course—Yon beetling brow,

In craggy nakedness sublime,  
 What heart or foot shall dare to climb?  
 It bears no tendril for his clasp,  
 Presents no angle to his grasp:  
 Sole stay his foot may rest upon,  
 Is yon earth-bedded jetting\* stone.  
 Balanced on such precarious prop,  
 He strains his grasp to reach the top.  
 Just as the dangerous stretch he makes,  
 By heaven, his faithless footstool shakes!  
 Beneath his tottering\* bulk it bends,  
 It sways, . . . it loosens, . . . it descends!  
 And downward holds its headlong way,  
 Crashing o'er rock and copsewood spray.  
 Loud thunders shake the echoing dell!—  
 Fell it alone?—alone it fell.  
 Just on the very verge\* of fate,  
 'The hardy Bertram's falling weight  
 He trusted to his sinewy hands,  
 And on the top unharmed he stands!—

## XVI.

Wilfrid a safer path pursued;  
 At intervals where, roughly hew'd.  
 Rude steps ascending from the dell  
 Render'd the cliffs accessible.  
 By circuit slow he thus attain'd  
 The height that Risingham had gain'd,  
 And when he issued from the wood,  
 Before the gate of Mortham stood.  
 'T was a fair scene! the sunbeam lay  
 On battled tower and portal grey:  
 And from the grassy slope he sees  
 The Greta flow to meet the Tees;  
 Where, issuing from her darksome bed,  
 She caught the morning's eastern red,  
 And through the softening vale below  
 Roll'd her bright waves, in rosy glow,  
 All blushing to her bridal bed,  
 Like some shy maid in convent bred;  
 While linnet, lark, and blackbird gay,  
 Sing forth her nuptial roundelay.\*

## XVII.

'Twas sweetly sung that roundelay;  
That summer morn shone blithe and gay;  
But morning beam, and wild-bird's call,  
Awaked not Mortham's silent hall.  
No porter, by the low-brow'd gate,  
Took in the wonted niche\* his seat;  
To the paved court no peasant drew:  
Waked to their toil no menial crew;  
The maiden's carol was not heard,  
As to her morning task she fared:  
In the void offices\* around,  
Rung not a hoof, nor bay'd\* a hound:  
Nor eager steed, with shrilling neigh,  
Accused the lagging\* groom's delay;  
Untrimm'd, undress'd, neglected now,  
Was alley'd walk and orchard bough;  
All spoke the master's absent care,  
All spoke neglect and disrepair.  
South of the gate, an arrow flight,  
Two mighty elms their limbs unite,  
As if a canopy\* to spread  
O'er the lone dwelling of the dead;  
For their huge boughs in arches bent  
Above a massive monument,  
Carved o'er in ancient Gothic wise,\*  
With many a scutcheon\* and device:  
There, spent with toil and sunk in gloom,  
Bertram stood pondering by the tomb.

## XVIII.

" It vanish'd, like a flitting ghost!  
Behind this tomb," he said, "'twas lost—  
This tomb, where oft I deem'd lies stored  
Of Mortham's Indian wealth the hoard.  
'Tis true, the aged servants said  
Here his lamented wife is laid;  
But weightier reasons may be guess'd\*  
For their lord's strict and stern behest,\*  
That none should on his steps intrude,  
Whene'er he sought this solitude.—

An ancient mariner I knew,  
 What time I sail'd with Morgan's crew,  
 Who oft, 'mid our carousals, spake  
 Of Raleigh, Frobisher, and Drake ;  
 Adventurous hearts ! who barter'd, bold,  
 Their English steel for Spanish gold.  
 Trust not, would his experience say,  
 Captain or comrade with your prey ;  
 But seek some charnel,\* when, at full,  
 The moon gilds skeleton and skull :  
 There dig, and tomb your precious heap ;  
 And bid the dead your treasure keep ;  
 Sure stewards they, if fitting spell\*  
 Their service to the task compel.  
 Lacks there such charnel ?—kill a slave,  
 Or prisoner on the treasure-grave ;  
 And bid his discontented ghost  
 Stalk\* nightly on his lonely post.—  
 Such was his tale. Its truth, I ween,  
 Is in my morning vision seen.”—

## XIX.

Wilfrid, who scorn'd the legend wild,  
 In mingled mirth and pity smiled,  
 Much marvelling that a breast so bold  
 In such fond\* tale belief should hold ;  
 But yet of Bertram sought to know  
 The apparition's form and show.—  
 The power within the guilty breast,  
 Oft vanquish'd, never quite suppress'd,  
 That unsubdued and lurking\* lies  
 To take the felon by surprise,  
 And force him, as by magic spell,  
 In his despite\* his guilt to tell,—  
 That power in Bertram's breast awoke ;  
 Scarce conscious he was heard, he spoke ;  
 “ ‘Twas Mortham's form, from foot to head !  
 His morion, with the plume of red,  
 His shape, his mien\*—‘t was Mortham, right  
 As when I slew him in the fight.”—  
 “ Thou slay him ?—thou ? ”—With conscious start  
 He heard, then mann'd his haughty heart—

“ I slew him ?—I ?—I had forgot  
 Thou, stripling, knew’st not of the plot.  
 But it is spoken—nor will I  
 Deed done, or spoken word, deny.  
 I slew him ; I ! for thankless pride ;  
 'Twas by this hand that Mortham died !”

## XX.

Wilfrid, of gentle hand and heart,  
 Averse to every active part,  
 But most averse to martial broil,  
 From danger shrunk, and turn’d from toil ;  
 Yet the meek lover o’ the lyre  
 Nursed one brave spark of noble fire ;  
 Against injustice, fraud, or wrong,  
 His blood beat high, his hand wax’d strong.  
 Not his the nerves that could sustain,  
 Unshaken, danger, toil, and pain ;  
 But, when that spark blazed forth to flame,  
 He rose superior to his frame.  
 And now it came, that generous mood :  
 And, in full current of his blood,  
 On Bertram he laid desperate hand,  
 Placed firm his foot, and drew his brand.  
 “ Should every fiend, to whom thou ’rt sold,  
 Rise in thine aid, I keep my hold.—  
 Arouse there, ho ! take spear and sword !  
 Attach\* the murderer of your lord !”

## XXI.

A moment, fix’d as by a spell,  
 Stood Bertram—It seem’d miracle,  
 That one so feeble, soft, and tame  
 Set grasp on warlike Risingham.  
 But when he felt a feeble stroke,  
 The fiend within the ruffian\* woke !  
 To wrench\* the sword from Wilfrid’s hand,  
 To dash him headlong on the sand,  
 Was but one moment’s work,—one more  
 Had drench’d\* the blade in Wilfrid’s gore ;  
 But, in the instant it arose,  
 To end his life, his love, his woes,

A warlike form, that mark'd the scene,  
 Presents his rapier\* sheathed between,  
 Parries\* the fast-descending blow,  
 And steps 'twixt Wilfrid and his foe :  
 Nor then unscabbarded his brand,  
 But, sternly pointing with his hand,  
 With monarch's voice forbade the fight,  
 And motion'd\* Bertram from his sight.  
 "Go, and repent,"—he said, "while time  
 Is given thee : add not crime to crime."

## XXII.

Mute, and uncertain, and amazed,  
 As on a vision Bertram gazed !  
 'Twas Mortham's bearing, bold and high,  
 His sinewy frame, his falcon eye,  
 His look and accent of command,  
 The martial gesture of his hand,  
 His stately form, spare-built\* and tall,  
 His war-bleach'd locks—'t was Mortham all.  
 Through Bertram's dizzy brain career\*  
 A thousand thoughts, and all of fear ;  
 His wavering faith received not quite  
 The form he saw as Mortham's sprite,  
 But more he fear'd it, if it stood  
 His lord, in living flesh and blood.—  
 What spectre can the charnel send,  
 So dreadful as an injured friend ?  
 Then, too, the habit of command,  
 Used by the leader of the band,  
 When Risingham, for many a day,  
 Had march'd and fought beneath his sway,  
 Tamed him—and, with reverted face,  
 Backwards he bore his sullen pace ;  
 Oft stopp'd, and oft on Mortham stared,  
 And dark as rated\* mastiff glared ;  
 But when the tramp of steeds was heard,  
 Plunged in the glen, and disappear'd ;—  
 Nor longer there the Warrior stood,  
 Retiring eastward through the wood ;  
 But first to Wilfrid warning gives,  
 "Tell thou to none that Mortham lives."

## XXIII.

Still rung these words in Wilfrid's ear.  
 Hinting he knew not what of fear ;  
 When nearer came the coursers' tread,  
 And, with his father at their head,  
 Of horsemen arm'd a gallant power  
 Rein'd up their steeds before the tower.  
 "Whence these pale looks, my son ?" he said :  
 "Where's Bertram ? - Why that naked blade ?"  
 Wilfrid ambiguously replied,  
 (For Mortham's charge his honour tied.)  
 "Bertram is gone—the villain's word  
 Avouch'd\* him murderer of his lord !  
 Even now we fought—but, when your tread  
 Announced you nigh, the felon fled."  
 In Wycliffe's conscious eye appear  
 A guilty hope, a guilty fear ;  
 On his pale brow the dewdrop broke.  
 And his lip quiver'd as he spoke :

## XXIV.

"A murderer !—Philip Mortham died  
 Amid the battle's wildest tide.  
 Wilfrid, or Bertram raves, or you !  
 Yet, grant such strange confession true,  
 Pursuit were vain—let him fly far—  
 Justice must sleep in civil war."  
 A gallant Youth rode near his side,  
 Brave Rokeby's page\* in battle tried ;  
 That morn, an embassy of weight  
 He brought to Barnard's castle gate,  
 And follow'd now in Wycliffe's train,  
 An answer for his lord to gain.  
 His steed, whose arch'd and sable neck  
 An hundred wreaths of foam bedeck,\*  
 Chafed not against the curb more high  
 Than he at Oswald's cold reply ;  
 He bit his lip, implored his saint,  
 (His the old faith) — then burst restraint.

## XXV.

“Yes! I beheld his bloody fall,  
 By that base traitor’s dastard\* ball,  
 Just when I thought to measure sword,  
 Presumptuous hope? with Mortham’s lord,  
 And shall the murderer ’scape, who slew  
 His leader, generous, brave, and true?  
 Escape, while on the dew you trace  
 The marks of his gigantic pace?\*  
 No! ere the sun that dew shall dry,  
 False Risingham shall yield or die.—  
 Ring out the castle ’larum\* bell!  
 Arouse the peasants with the knell!  
 Meantime disperse—ride, gallants, ride!  
 Beset the wood on every side.  
 But if among you one there be,  
 That honours Mortham’s memory,  
 Let him dismount and follow me!  
 Else on your crests sit fear and shame,  
 And foul suspicion dog your name!”

## XXVI.

Instant to earth young REDMOND sprung;  
 Instant on earth the harness rung  
 Of twenty men of Wycliffe’s band,  
 Who waited not their lord’s command.  
 Redmond his spurs from buskins\* drew,  
 His mantle from his shoulders threw,  
 His pistols in his belt he placed,  
 The green-wood gain’d, the footsteps traced,  
 Shouted like huntsman to his hounds,  
 “To cover, hark!”—and in he bounds.  
 Scarce heard was Oswald’s anxious cry,  
 “Suspicion! yes—pursue him—fly—  
 But venture not, in useless strife,  
 On ruffian desperate of his life,  
 Whoever finds him, shoot him dead!  
 Five hundred nobles\* for his head!”

## XXVII.

The horsemen gallop’d, to make good  
 Each path that issued from the wood,

Loud from the thickets rung the shout  
 Of Redmond and his eager rout ;\*  
 With them was Wilfrid, stung with ire,  
 And envying Redmond's martial fire,  
 And emulous of fame.—But where  
 Is Oswald, noble Mortham's heir ?  
 He, bound by honour, law, and faith,  
 Avenger of his kinsman's death ?—  
 Leaning against the elmin\* tree,  
 With drooping head and slacken'd knee,  
 And clenched teeth, and close-clasp'd hands,  
 In agony of soul he stands !  
 His downcast eye on earth is bent,  
 His soul to every sound is lent ;  
 For in each shout that cleaves the air,  
 May ring discovery and despair.

## XXVIII.

What 'vail'd it him, that brightly play'd  
 The morning sun on Mortham's glade ?  
 All seems in giddy round to ride,  
 Like objects on a stormy tide,\*  
 Seen eddying\* by the moonlight dim,  
 Imperfectly to sink and swim.  
 What 'vail'd it, that the fair domain,  
 Its battled\* mansion, hill, and plain,  
 On which the sun so brightly shone,  
 Envied so long, was now his own ?  
 The lowest dungeon, in that hour,  
 Of Brackenbury's dismal tower,  
 Had been his choice, could such a doom  
 Have open'd Mortham's bloody tomb !  
 Forced, too, to turn unwilling ear  
 To each surmise\* of hope or fear,  
 Murmur'd among the rustics round,  
 Who gather'd at the 'larum sound ;  
 He dared not turn his head away,  
 E'en to look up to heaven to pray,  
 Or call on hell, in bitter mood,  
 For one sharp death-shot from the wood !

## XXIX.

At length, o'erpast that dreadful space,  
 Back straggling came the scatter'd chase ;\*  
 Jaded\* and weary, horse and man,  
 Return'd the troopers, one by one.  
 Wilfrid, the last, arrived to say,  
 All trace was lost of Bertram's way,  
 Though Redmond still, up Brignall wood,  
 The hopeless quest in vain pursued.—  
 O, fatal doom of human race !  
 What tyrant passions passions chase !  
 Remorse from Oswald's brow is gone,  
 Avarice and pride resume their throne ;  
 The pang of instant terror by,  
 They dictate us their slave's reply :—

## XXX.

“ Ay—let him range like hasty hound !  
 And if the grim wolf's lair\* be found,  
 Small is my care how goes the game  
 With Redmond, or with Risingham.  
 Nay, answer not, thou simple boy !  
 Thy fair Matilda, all so coy\*  
 To thee, is of another mood  
 To that bold youth of Erin's blood.  
 Thy ditties\* will she freely praise,  
 And pay thy pains with courtly phrase ;  
 In a rough path will oft command—  
 Accept at least—thy friendly hand ;  
 His she avoids, or, urged and pray'd,  
 Unwilling takes his proffer'd\* aid,  
 While conscious passion plainly speaks  
 In downcast look and blushing cheeks.  
 Whene'er he sings, will she glide nigh,  
 And all her soul is in her eye ;  
 Yet doubts she still to tender\* free  
 The wonted words of courtesy.  
 These are strong signs !—yet wherefore sigh,  
 And wipe, effeminate, thine eye ?  
 Thine shall she be, if thou attend  
 The counsels of thy sire and friend.

## XXXI.

“ Scarce wert thou gone, when peep of light  
Brought genuine news of Marston’s fight.  
Brave Cromwell turn’d the doubtful tide,  
And conquest bless’d the rightful side ;  
Three thousand cavaliers lie dead,  
Rupert and that bold Marquis fled ;  
Nobles and knights, so proud of late,  
Must fine\* for freedom and estate.  
Of these, committed to my charge,  
Is Rokeby, prisoner at large ;  
Redmond, his page, arrived to say  
He reaches Barnard’s towers to-day.  
Right heavy shall his ransom be,  
Unless that maid compound\* with thee !  
Go to her now—be bold of cheer,  
While her soul floats ’twixt hope and fear ;  
It is the very change of tide,  
When best the female heart is tried—  
Pride, prejudice, and modesty,  
Are in the current swept to sea ;  
And the bold swain, who plies his oar,  
May lightly row his bark to shore.”



## NOTES

### CANTO II.

THIS canto is notable for its clear description of the neighbourhood, especially of Greta valley, which occupies the first nine stanzas. It shows off Scott's pictorial powers, and his close investigation of the scenery of his poem. We can picture it for ourselves from the minute description, and to me it brings back vivid memories of the place, which I have twice visited ; the second time with my present task in view. Further, it presents to us a new feature in Risingham, his superstition, and the impression made upon him by what he thought to be a spectre or a ghost. A new feature also of nimbleness accompanying his strength, in the lithe way he climbs the hills, and in his strong sinews that can stand such a strain. This excitement of the flitting ghost forces him, as a magic spell, to tell his guilt. It was Mortham's form, and this must have been Mortham's ghost, appearing because he had slain him. When Wilfrid heard this, his blood beat high, his hand waxed strong, he rose superior to his frame. He seized Bertram desperately, and drew his sword. Bertram was stunned by such a thing for a moment, and then the fiend in the rusliian woke. He wrenched the sword from Wilfrid's hands, and dashed him headlong on the sand, and in another moment would have killed him, but a warlike form with sheathed rapier parried the blow, and came between them, and

“ Sternly pointing with his hand,  
With monarch's voice forbade the fight,  
And motion'd Bertram from his sight.  
‘ Go, and repent,’ he said, ‘ while time  
Is given thee ; add not crime to crime.’ ”

Bertram looked upon it as a vision, but the habit of command that Mortham had exercised before tamed him, and he sullenly withdrew.

The warrior also withdrew, warning Wilfrid not to tell any one that Mortham lives.

By this time Oswald's troopers appeared, and Oswald enquired what his pale looks meant. Wilfrid, in order to keep his word with Mortham, spoke only of his fight with Bertram, and its cause, and attributed Bertram's flight to his hearing their tread.

With these troopers had come Redmond, a new character; and when he heard Oswald tell them to leave him alone, for justice must sleep in civil war, he could not stand it, and insisted on pursuit; so he sent off the troopers, without asking Oswald's leave, to ride their fastest after him; and himself dismounted, and got twenty troopers to do the same, to scour the woods in search. But the search was lost labour, and Bertram was not shot as Oswald wished. He let Redmond, who persisted in the pursuit, go his own way, wishing for his destruction too, that there should be no suitor but Wilfrid left for Matilda's hand. All here shows up Oswald's mean and greedy designs.

I. *On Brusleton and Houghton height.* Two parallel ridges, about eleven miles east-north-east of Barnard Castle, running from west to east.

*Waited the wakening touch of day.* Note the alliteration. *Touch of day*, 'the approach of daylight.'

*Stanmore's shapeless swell.* Eight miles west of Barnard Castle, stretching into Westmoreland.

*Lunedale.* The valley of the river Lune, which falls into the Tees near Middleton.

*Kelton-fell.* South of Lunedale.

*Gilmanscar.* Two miles below Bowes, five miles south-west from Barnard Castle.

*Arkingarth.* Five miles south from Bowes, on the Arkle Beck, a tributary of the Swale, west of Richmond.

II. *Gradual, adj. for adv., 'gradually.'*

*The course of Tees.* "The view from Barnard Castle commands the rich and magnificent valley of Tees. Immediately adjacent to the river, the banks are very thickly wooded; at a little distance they are more open and cultivated; but, being interspersed with hedgerows, and with isolated trees of great size and age, they still retain the richness of woodland scenery. The river itself flows in a deep trench of solid rock, chiefly limestone and marble. The finest view of its romantic course is from a handsome modern-built bridge over the Tees, by the late Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby. In Leland's time, the marble quarries seem to have been of some value. 'Hard under the cliff by Eglinton, is found on eche side of Tese, very fair marble, wont to be taken up booth by marbelers of Barnardes Castelle and of Eglinton,

and partly to have been wrought by them, and partly sold onwrought to others.'”—*Itinerary*. Oxford, 1768, 8vo, p. 88.

*Paced his hour*; i.e. as sentry. The MS. has “Between the gate and Baliol’s tower.”

*Brackenbury tower*. The keep of Barnard Castle.

*Shall*. You would expect *will*, but *shall* denotes the certainty of it.

*Dew the woods*; i.e. the vapours, the mists, will be condensed by a cold atmosphere, and fall as dew upon the woods.

*Trench of living stone*. The Tees valley at this part has been excavated by water.

III. *Staindrop*. A village six miles east-north-east of Barnard Castle, on the road to St. Helen Auckland. *Raby Castle* is one mile north of Staindrop.

*Eglinton*. On the Tees, six miles up; a small brook that flows into the Tees.

*Baldr*. Another affluent of the Tees, 4 miles from Barnard Castle.

*Named from Odin’s son*. “Balder, the god of poetry and eloquence, and second son of Odin and Friga, communicated one day to his mother a dream which he had had, intimating that he should die. She, to protect her son from such a contingency, invoked all the powers of nature—fire, air, earth, and water, as well as animals and plants—and obtained an oath from them that they would do Balder no hurt. Balder then went and took his place amid the combats of the gods, and fought accompanied by their priests, the Druids, called forth to gather the mystic parasite (the mistletoe), which, in addition to the religious reverence with which it was regarded, was believed to possess wondrous curative powers. When they reached an oak on which it grew, the chief Druid priest cut the sacred plant, which another priest caught in his lap. The mistletoe thus gathered was divided into small portions, and distributed among the people, who hung them up over the entrances of their dwellings, as a propitiation and shelter, to put them out of fear in the midst of showers of arrows. Loki, Balder’s enemy, resolved to discover the secret of Balder’s invulnerability, and disguising himself as an old woman, addressed himself to Friga with complimentary words on the valour and good-fortune of her son. The goddess replied that no substance could injure him, as all the productions of nature had bound themselves by an oath to refrain from doing him harm. She added, however, with that awkward simplicity, which appears so often in mythical personages, that there was one plant which, from its insignificance, she did not think of conjuring, as it was impossible that it could inflict any hurt on her son. Loki inquired the name of

the plant in question, and was informed that it was a feeble little shoot growing on the bark of the oak with scarcely any soil. Then the treacherous Loki ran and procured the mistletoe, and said to the blind Heda, 'Why do you not contend with the arrows of Balder?' Heda replied, 'I am blind, and have no arms.' Loki then presented him with an arrow formed from the mistletoe, and said, 'Balder is before thee.' Heda shot, and Balder fell pierced and slain."—CHAMBERS, *Book of Days*, ii. 734.

*Odin*, or *Woden*, the father of *Thor*, was the sun-god in the Scandinavian mythology. *Thor* seems to have shared with his parent the adoration bestowed on the latter, as the divinity of which the sun was the visible manifestation.—*Ibid.* ii. 745.

Our *Wednesday* is Woden's day; *Thursday* is Thor's day; and *Friday* is Friga's day.

*Greta*. A tributary of the Tees, the eastern boundary of the Rokeby estate. The view from the junction of the two rivers is very beautiful, especially if seen when the sun is low, and light and shade come through the trees on the bank.

*Thorsgill Beck*. A small stream that falls into the Tees by Egglestone Abbey.

*Deepdale*. See note on I. 25.

*Roslin*. In Midlothian, about eight miles from Edinburgh. The glade between Roslin and Hawthornden is full of beauty. There is a beautiful chapel at Roslin, still in fair preservation. The barons of Roslin were buried under its floor.

*Cartland Crags*. Near Lanark, about a mile to the north. Celebrated as among the favourite retreats of Sir William Wallace, the "champion brave." "A third legend connects his patriotic career with an outrage upon his dearest affections. Walking with his wife in the town of Lanark, an Englishman ridicules his gay garments, and a quarrel ensues, which ends in the death of the man who insulted Scotland in Wallace's person. He flies to a wild bushy glen, called the Cartland-crags, and there hears that his house has been burnt, and his wife and children put to death by the ferocious English governor. He collects a band around him, and, descending upon the town of Ayr, fearfully revenges an act of treachery committed by another English governor. The fame of his exploits goes through the land. Nobles flock to the standard of the obscure man; and Wallace, the outlaw, became the commander of a great army."—KNIGHT'S *History of England*, i. 420.

*List to the deeds of other days*. Roslin Chapel was founded in 1446 by William St. Clair, Prince of Orkney, &c., a long series of titles. "This lofty person, whose titles, says Godscroft, might weary a Spaniard," built the castle of Roslin, where he resided in princely splendour, and founded the chapel, which is in the most rich and florid style of Gothic architecture. Among the

profuse carving on the pillars and buttresses, the rose is frequently introduced, in allusion to the name, with which, however, the flower has no connection, the etymology being Rosslinnhe, the promontory of the linn, or water-fall. The chapel is said to appear on fire previous to the death of any of his descendants. This superstition, noticed by Slezer in his *Theatrum Scoticum*, and alluded to in the text, is probably of Norwegian derivation, and may have been imported by the Earls of Orkney into their Lothian dominions. The tomb-fires of the north are mentioned in most of the Sagas." See the song of Harold in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, vi. 23—

" O'er Roslin on that dreary night  
 A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;  
 'T was broader than the watch-fire's light,  
 And redder than the bright moonbeam.

" It glared on Roslin's castled rock,  
 It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;  
 'T was seen from Dryden's groves of oak,  
 And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

" Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,  
 Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,  
 Each Baron, for a sable shroud,  
 Sheathed in his iron panoply.

" Seem'd all on fire within, around,  
 Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;  
 Shone every pillar, foliage-bound,  
 And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

" Blazed battlement and pinnet high,  
 Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—  
 So still they blaze, when fate is nigh  
 The lordly line of high St. Clair.

" There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold  
 Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;  
 Each one the holy vault doth hold—  
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

" And each St. Clair was buried there  
 With candle, with book, and with knell ;  
 But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung  
 The dirge of lovely Rosabelle."

#### IV. *Preventing, 'anticipating.'*

*Eglinton's grey ruins.* " The ruins of this abbey, or priory, are beautifully situated upon the angle, formed by a little dell called Thorsgill, at its junction with the Tees. A good part of

the religious house is still in some degree habitable, but the church is in ruins. Eglinton was dedicated to St. Mary and St. John the Baptist, and is supposed to have been founded by Ralph de Multon, about the end of Henry the Second's reign. There were formerly the tombs of the families of Rokeby, Bowes, and Fitz-Hugh."

V. *Greta's ancient bridge.* On the road leading to Richmond. For half a mile the Greta is open.

*The mound,  
Raised by that Legion long renown'd,  
Whose votive shrine asserts their claim,  
Of pious, faithful, conquering fame.*

"Close behind the George Inn, at Greta Bridge, there is a well-preserved Roman encampment, surrounded with a triple ditch, lying between the river Greta and a brook called the Tutta. The four entrances are easily to be discerned. Very many Roman altars and monuments have been found in the vicinity, most of which are preserved at Rokeby by my friend Mr. Morritt. Among others is a small votive altar, with the inscription, 'LEG. VI. VIC. P. F. F.' which has been rendered, '*Legio Sexta, Victrix, Pia, Fortis, Fidelis.*'"—SCOTT.

*Stern sons of war*; i.e. the Roman legion.

VI. *Rokeby's turrets high.* "This ancient manor long gave name to a family by whom it is said to have been possessed from the Conquest downward, and who are at different times distinguished in history. It was the Baron of Rokeby who finally defeated the insurrection of the Earl of Northumberland, *tempore Henry IV.* . . . The Rokeby, or Rokesby, family continued to be distinguished until the great Civil War, when, having embraced the cause of Charles I., they suffered severely by fines and confiscations. The estate then passed from its ancient possessors to the family of the Robinsons, from whom it was purchased by the father of my valued friend, the present proprietor."—SCOTT.

*To rear them*; i.e. 'themselves,' 'to show themselves.'

*Spenser's self.* The author of the *Fairy Queen* stands first as a descriptive poet. He had a great feeling for nature's beauties, which would have pleased Wilfrid under other conditions; but Bertram would not care for it. Spenser has rightly been called the poets' poet.

VII. *A stern and lone, yet lovely road,  
As 'ger the foot of Minstrel trode.*

"What follows is an attempt to describe the romantic glen, or rather ravine, through which the Greta finds a passage between

Rokeby and Mortham : the former situated upon the left bank of Greta, the latter on the right bank, about half a mile nearer to its junction with the Tees. The river runs with very great rapidity over a bed of solid rock, broken by many shelving descents, down which the stream dashes with great noise and impetuosity, vindicating its etymology, which has been derived from the Gothic *Gridan*, to clamour. The banks partake of the same wild and romantic character, being chiefly lofty cliffs of limestone rock, whose grey colour contrasts admirably with the various trees and shrubs which find root among their crevices, as well as with the hue of the ivy, which clings around them in profusion, and hangs down from their projections in long sweeping tendrils. At other points the rocks give place to precipitous banks of earth, bearing large trees intermixed with copsewood. In one spot the dell, which is elsewhere very narrow, widens for a space to leave room for a dark grove of yew trees, intermixed here and there with aged pines of uncommon size. Directly opposite to this sombre thicket, the cliffs on the other side of the Greta are tall, white, and fringed with all kinds of deciduous shrubs."

*Trode.* A license for the rhyme. *Tread, trod, trodden, or trod.* Note the alliterations in this stanza ; flinty footpath—frantic fit, that flings the froth—as frail as frothy.

*Till foam-globes.* “The second and the last point I have to note is, Scott’s habit of drawing a slight *moral* from every scene, just enough to excuse to his conscience his want of definite religious feeling : and that this slight moral is almost always melancholy. He seems to have been constantly rebuking his own worldly pride and vanity, but never purposefully.”—RUSKIN. As examples, he takes these last four lines, and two lines from the *Lady of the Lake*, i. 12—

“ Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,  
Emblems of punishment and pride.”

VIII. *Now . . . now.* In the order that you come to them. *The shivered rocks.* Compare the *Lady of the Lake*, i. 11—

“ The rocky summits, split and rent,  
Formed turret, dome, or battlement. . . .  
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,  
Nor lacked they many a banner fair ;  
For, from their shivered brows displayed,  
Far o’er the unfathomable glade,  
All twinkling with the dew-drops’ sheen,  
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,  
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,  
Waved in the west-wind’s summer sighs.”

IX. *Though now the sun was o'er the hill,  
In this dark spot 'twas twilight still.*

Note how carefully these lines are led up to—no sunny mead, no pebbly sand, the sable yew, the swarthy grove, the want of greenery, the baleful bower, the only carpet withered leaves.

*Lated*—‘belated.’ ‘Coming home late,’ ‘after sundown.’

X. *Superstition wont to tell.* *Wont*, ‘used to tell,’ ‘was wont.’ ‘The whole scenery of this spot is so much adapted to the ideas of superstition, that it has acquired the name of Blockula, from the place where the Swedish witches were supposed to hold their Sabbath. The dell, however, has superstitions of its own growth, for it is supposed to be haunted by a female spectre, called the Dobie of Mortham. The cause assigned for her appearance is a lady’s having been whilom murdered in the wood, in evidence of which her blood is shown upon the stairs of the old tower at Mortham.’

*Such wonders.* There is a fondness at such time to tell ghost stories.

XI. *Unearthly*; i.e. ‘hellish.’

*Ague.* ‘A metaphor.’ See Notes on Canto i. 1.

*What gales are sold on Lapland’s shore.* “Also I shall shew very briefly what force conjurors and witches have in constraining the elements enchanted by them or others, that they may exceed or fall short of their natural order: premising this, that the extream land of North Finland and Lapland was so taught witchcraft formerly in heathenish times, as if they had learned this cursed art from Zoroastres the Persian; though other inhabitants by the sea-coasts are reported to be bewitched with the same madness; for they exercise this devilish art, of all the arts of the world, to admiration; and in this, or other such-like mischief, they commonly agree. The Finlanders were wont formerly, amongst their other errors of gentilisme, to sell winds to merchants that were stopt on their coasts by contrary weather; and when they had their price, they knit three magical knots, gave them unto the merchants; observing that rule, that when they unloosed the first, they should have a good gale of wind; when the second, a stronger wind; but when they untied the third, they should have such cruel tempests, that they should not be able to look out of the forecastle to avoid the rocks, nor move a foot to pull down the sails, nor stand at the helm to govern the ship; and they made an unhappy trial of the truth of it who denied that there was any such power in those knots.” —*OLAUS MAGNUS’s History of the Goths, Swedes, and Vandals.* (London, 1558, fol. p. 47).

So MILTON, *P. L.*, ii. 665—

“To dance

With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon  
Eclipses at their charm.”

Scott refers to this in the *Pirate*, chap. vii.: “What! the mistress of the potent spell,” answered Mertoun, with a sneer, “she who can change the wind by pulling her curch on one side, as king Erick used to do by turning his cap? The dame journeys far from home—how fares she? Does she get rich by selling favourable winds to those who are port-bound?” In a note on this passage he adds: “The king, the one quoted by Mordaunt, ‘was,’ says Olaus Magnus, ‘in his time held second to none in the magical art; and he was so familiar with the evil spirits whom he worshipped, that what way soever he turned his cap the wind would presently blow that way. For this he was called Windy-cap.’”—*Historia de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, Romae, 1555. It is well known that Laplanders drive a profitable trade in selling *winds*, but it is perhaps less notorious that within these few years such a commodity might be purchased on British ground, where it was likely to be in great request. At the village Stromness, on the Orkney main island, called Pomona, lived, in 1814, an aged dame, namely Bessie Millie, who helped out her subsistence by selling favourable winds to mariners.

*Howe whistle rash bids tempests roar.* That this is a general superstition is well known to all who have been on shipboard, or who have conversed with seamen.

*The demon frigate.* “This is an allusion to a well-known nautical superstition concerning a fantastic vessel, called by sailors the *Flying Dutchman*, and supposed to be seen about the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope. She is distinguished from earthly vessels by bearing a press of sail when all others are unable, from stress of weather, to show an inch of canvas. The cause of her wandering is not altogether certain; but the general account is, that she was originally a vessel loaded with great wealth, on board of which some horrid act of murder and piracy had been committed; that the plague broke out among the wicked crew who had perpetrated the crime, and that they sailed in vain from port to port, offering, as the price of shelter, the whole of their ill-gotten wealth; that they were excluded from every harbour, for fear of the contagion which was devouring them; and that, as a punishment of their crimes, the apparition of the ship still continues to haunt those seas in which the catastrophe took place, and is considered by the mariners as the worst of all possible omens.”

*Top and top-gallant.* *Top* is a sort of platform surrounding the head of the lower mast, and projecting on all sides. It

serves to extend the shrouds, by which means they more effectually support the mast, and for the convenience of the men aloft. The *top-gallant* is the third of the kind above the deck, situated above the topmast and below the royal mast.

XII. *By some desert isle or key.* “What contributed much to the security of the Bucaniers about the Windward Islands was the great number of little islets, called in that country *keys* (rather *cays*). These are small sandy patches, appearing just above the surface of the ocean, covered only with a few bushes and weeds, but sometimes affording springs of water, and in general much frequented by turtle. Such little uninhabited spots afforded the pirates good harbours, either for refitting or for the purpose of ambush; they were occasionally the hiding-place of their treasure, and often afforded a shelter to themselves. As many of the atrocities which they practised on their prisoners were committed in such spots, there are some of these keys which even now have an indifferent reputation among seamen, and where they are with difficulty prevailed on to remain ashore at night, on account of the visionary terrors incident to places which have been thus contaminated.” —SCOTT.

*Repaid it; i.e.* the cruelty.

*Wearies memory for a prayer.* Seeks in vain to remember the prayer of his childhood, that he might ask to be delivered from his fear.

*A legend.* Of the kind that has scared him, for those that follow.

XIII. *With this; i.e.* with this accustoming to mystic things, which by their mystery cause fear and trembling, comes also some pang of remorse for former crimes.

*This glen is never trod.* From the feeling of its being haunted.

*Gentler theme.* His thoughts of Matilda.

XIV. *Shot him.* He started at once, hastening to overtake the man who was dogging him. He seemed to have scaled the cliffs, as by a ladder. (L. *scala*, from *scando*, ‘to climb.’) In the Leuk valley, in the Valais, there is a path of this sort called *Les Échelles*.

*His forfeit limbs.* The limbs that he may forfeit, lose, in his fall.

XV. Here again note the alliteration; precarious prop—faithless footstool—beneath his tottering bulk it bends.

XVI. *At intervals where.* Inversion for the metre; 'where, at intervals.'

*Before the gate of Mortham stood.* The castle of Mortham, which Leland terms 'Mr. Rokesby's Place, in *ripa citer*, scant a quarter of a mile from Greta Bridge, and not a quarter of a mile beneath into Tees,' is a picturesque tower, surrounded by buildings of different ages, now converted into a farm-house and offices. The battlements of the tower itself are singularly elegant, the architect having broken them at regular intervals into different heights; while those at the corners of the tower project into octangular turrets. They are also from space to space covered with stones laid across them, as in modern embrasures, the whole forming an uncommon and beautiful effect. The surrounding buildings are of a less happy form, being pointed into high and steep roofs. A wall, with embrasures, encloses the southern front, where a low portal arch affords an entry to what was the castle-court. At some distance is most happily placed, between the stems of two magnificent elms, the monument alluded to in the text. (See next stanza.) It is said to have been brought from the ruins of Egliston Priory, and, from the armoury with which it is richly carved, appears to have been a tomb of the Fitz-Hughs.

The situation of Mortham is eminently beautiful, occupying a high bank, at the bottom of which the Greta winds out of the dark, narrow, and romantic dell, which the text has attempted to describe, and flows onward through a more open valley to meet the Tees about a quarter of a mile from the castle. Mortham is surrounded by old trees, happily and widely grouped with Mr. Morritt's new plantations.

*And from the grassy slope he sees.* "First, observe Scott's habit of looking at nature neither as dead, or merely material, in the way that Homer regards it, nor as altered by his own feelings, in the way that Keats and Tennyson regard it, but as having an animation and pathos of *its own*, wholly irrespective of human presence or passion—an animation which Scott loves and sympathizes with as he would with a fellow-creature, forgetting himself altogether, and subduing his own humanity before what seems to him the power of the landscape.

" 'Yon lonely thorn—would he could tell  
The changes of his parent dell,  
Since he, so grey and stubborn now,  
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough ;  
Would he could tell how deep the shade  
A thousand mingled branches made ;  
How broad the shadows of the oak,  
How clung the rowan to the rock,

And through the foliage showed his head,  
With narrow leaves and berries red.'

—*Marmion*, Introd. to Canto II.

"Scott does not dwell on the grey stubbornness of the thorn, because he himself is at that moment disposed to be dull, or stubborn; neither on the cheerful peeping out of the rowan, because he himself is at that moment cheerful or curious: but he perceives them both with the kind of interest that he would take in an old man, or a climbing boy; forgetting himself, in sympathy with either age or youth.

"‘And from the grassy slope he sees  
The Greta flow to meet the Tees;  
Where, issuing from her darksome bed,  
She caught the morning’s eastern red,  
And through the softening vale below  
Roll’d her bright waves, in rosy glow,  
All blushing to her bridal bed,  
Like some shy maid in convent bred;  
While linnet, lark, and blackbird gay,  
Sing forth her nuptial roundelay.’

Is Scott, or are the persons of his story, gay at this moment? Far from it. Neither Scott nor Risingham are happy, but the Greta is; and all Scott’s sympathy is ready for the Greta, for the moment.”—RUSKIN, *Modern Painters*, iii. 273, 274.

*The rowan*, the mountain ash.

*Her bridal bed*. The Greta is wedded to the Tees.

XVII. “The beautiful prospect commanded by that eminence, seen under the cheerful light of a summer’s morning, is finely contrasted with the silence and solitude of the place.”—*Critical Review*.

*All spoke the master’s absent care.* A somewhat involved construction for ‘the absence of a careful master.’

XVIII. *Raleigh*, *Frobisher*, and *Drake* were all of them in the engagement against the Spanish Armada in 1588; and from time to time had fought against the Spaniards at Cadiz and the Azores, and in the Pacific, bringing back great treasures. In 1578 Drake, in the *Pelican*, had passed the Magellan Straits, and got into the Pacific Ocean, which he found by no means peaceful, but very stormy. He went to Valparaiso, and Lima in Peru, and still further, after ships that were conveying bullion to the Isthmus of *Banama*, to tranship for Spain. In one ship alone he took twenty-six tons of silver bullion, thirteen chests of coined silver, and almost a hundredweight of gold. Besides

which there was a great store of pearls, emeralds, and diamonds, supposed to have been of enormous richness.

*There dig, and tomb your precious heap;  
And bid the dead your treasure keep.*

“If time did not permit the Bucaniers to lavish away their plunder in their usual debaucheries, they were wont to hide it, with many superstitious solemnities, in the desert islands and keys which they frequented, and where much treasure, whose lawless owners perished without reclaiming it, is still supposed to be concealed. The most cruel of mankind are often the most superstitious; and these pirates are said to have had recourse to a horrid ritual, in order to secure an unearthly guardian to their treasures. They killed a Negro or a Spaniard, and buried him with the treasure, believing that his spirit would haunt the spot, and terrify away all intruders. I cannot produce any other authority on which this custom is ascribed to them than that of maritime tradition, which is, however, amply sufficient for the purposes of poetry.”—SCOTT.

XIX. *In his despite his guilt to tell.* “All who are conversant with the administration of criminal justice, must remember many occasions in which malefactors appear to have conducted themselves with a species of infatuation, either by making unnecessary confidences respecting their guilt, or by sudden and involuntary allusions to circumstances by which it could not fail to be exposed. A remarkable instance occurred in the celebrated case of Eugene Aram. A skeleton being found near Knaresborough, was supposed, by the persons who gathered around the spot, to be the remains of one Clarke, who had disappeared some years before, under circumstances leading to a suspicion of his having been murdered. One Houseman, who had mingled in the crowd, suddenly said, while looking at the skeleton, and hearing the opinion which was buzzed around, ‘That is no more Dan Clarke’s bone than it is mine!’—a sentiment expressed so positively, and with such peculiarity of manner, as to lead all who heard him to infer that he must necessarily know where the real body had been interred. Accordingly, being apprehended, he confessed having assisted Eugene Aram to murder Clarke, and to hide his body in St. Robert’s Cave.”—SCOTT.

*Morion.* A kind of helmet of iron, steel, or brass, somewhat like a hat in shape, often with a crest or comb on the top, but without beaver or vizor, introduced into this country, probably from Spain, in the sixteenth century.

XX. *He rose superior to his frame.* With more strength than his frame indicated. “The sudden impression made on the mind

of Wilfrid by this avowal, is one of the happiest touches of moral poetry. The effect which the unexpected burst of indignation and valour produces on Bertram, is as finely imagined."—*Critical Review.*

XXI. *The fiend within the ruffian.* The fiendish element in his character.

XXII. *His falcon eye.* An eye as keen as that of the falcon for its prey.

*His look and accent.* The look of the face, and the accent in his words.

*The form he saw as Mortham's sprite.* Having himself, as he thought, killed Mortham, he looked on this as an appearance of his ghost. Compare *Canto I.* 19—

" Philip of Mortham's cause was tried,  
And, ere the charging squadrons mix'd,  
His plea was cast, his doom was fix'd.  
I watch'd him through the doubtful fray  
That changed as March's moody day,  
Till, like a stream that bursts its bank,  
Fierce Rupert thundered on our flank.  
'Twas then, midst tumult, smoke, and strife,  
Where each man fought for death or life ;  
'Twas then I fired my petronel,  
And Mortham, steed and rider, fell.  
One dying look he on me cast,  
Of wrath and anguish — 'twas his last."

*Had marched and fought beneath his sway.* That is, in the bucaniering time, spoken of in *Canto I.* 16.

*With reverted face.* So as to keep his eyes on Mortham, stopping often and staring at him.

XXIII. *A guilty hope, a guilty fear.* He hoped that he might never see Bertram again, but feared that he might. The sweat on the brow is a sign of fear.

XXIV. *Pursuit were vain ; i.e. you cannot overtake him ; let him fly far, and so get rid of him.* True, justice requires his arrest, that he may pay the penalty of the murder, but justice must sleep in civil war. Mortham, he says, died in battle.

*An embassy of weight.* For Rokeby's coming to Barnard Castle as a prisoner now at large, see st. 31—

" Redmond, his page, arrived to say  
He reaches Barnard's towers to-day."

*His the old faith*; i.e. the Roman Catholic faith, and his Saint would be the one in the calendar for the day of his birth, whose name he also would take.

XXV. *Dastard ball*. Cowardly, meanly shrinking from danger; here of a man shooting from behind your back.

*Sit . . . dog*. Both optative. 'May fear and shame sit on your crest, and may foul suspicion follow your name, as a dog follows his master.'

XXVII. *To make good*. 'To secure, defend.'

"I'll either die, or *make good* the place."—DRYDEN.

*Elmin-tree*. Generally spelt *elmen*, made of elm.

*May ring discovery and despair*. "Opposed to this animated picture of ardent courage and ingenuous youth, that of a guilty conscience, which immediately follows, is indescribably terrible, and calculated to achieve the highest and noblest purposes of dramatic fiction."—*Critical Review*.

XXVIII. "The contrast of the beautiful morning and the prospect of the rich domain of Mortham, which Oswald was come to seize, with the dark remorse and misery of his mind, is powerfully represented."—*Monthly Review*.

*Brackenbury's dismal tower*. "This tower has been already mentioned. It is situated near the north-eastern extremity of the wall which encloses Barnard Castle, and is traditionally said to have been the prison. By an odd coincidence it bears a name which we naturally connect with imprisonment, from its being that of Sir Robert Brackenbury, lieutenant of the Tower of London under Edward IV. and Richard III. There is, indeed, some reason to conclude that the tower may actually have derived the name from that family, for Sir Robert Brackenbury himself possessed considerable property not far from Barnard Castle."

*Or call on hell, in bitter mood,  
For one sharp death-shot from the wood.*

This would imply that Bertram was dead.

XXIX. *Overpast that dreadful space*. When they had gone beyond the limit of the wood.

*Brignall Wood*. About half a mile from Greta Bridge to the south is the East Wood; the North Wood about a mile south-west from the same place.

XXXI. *Rupert and that bold Marquis fled*. Rupert had fled across into Lancashire, and so south to Shropshire, to recruit

again ; the Marquis of Newcastle, with about eighty gentlemen, disgusted at the turn of affairs, had withdrawn beyond seas.

*Nobles and knights, so proud of late,  
Must fine for freedom and estate.*

After the battle of Marston Moor the Marquis of Newcastle retired beyond sea in disgust, and many of his followers laid down their arms, and made the best composition they could with the Committees of Parliament. Fines were imposed upon them in proportion to their estates and degrees of delinquency, and these fines were often bestowed upon such persons as had deserved well of the Commons. In some circumstances it happened that the oppressed cavaliers were fain to form family alliances with some powerful person among the triumphant party.

*Rokeby, prisoner at large ; i.e. not confined in a prison like that of Brackenbury Tower, but unconfined and at liberty.*

*Unless that maid compound with thee. 'Come to an agreement with thee to marry thee.'*

## GLOSSARY TO CANTO II.

### ABBREVIATIONS.

<i>adj.</i> = adjective.	G. = German.
<i>adv.</i> = adverb.	Gk. = Greek.
<i>n.</i> = noun.	Goth. = Gothic.
<i>p.p.</i> = past participle.	Icel. = Icelandic.
<i>v.a.</i> = verb active or transitive.	It. = Italian.
<i>v.n.</i> = verb neuter or intransitive.	L. = Latin.
<i>c.p.</i> = compare.	L. L. = Low (mediaeval) Latin.
<b>A.S.</b> = Anglo-Saxon.	M. E. = Middle English (of 13th-15th cent.).
Du. = Dutch.	N. = Norwegian.
Fr. = French.	O.H.G. = Old High German.

The numbers following the words show the Stanza in each Canto.

**ague**, (xi.) *n.* O. Fr. *ague*, fem. of *agu*. Fr. *aigne*, 'acute.' L. *acuta*, *febris* being understood. A fever-fit, generally caused by stagnant marshes, and frequent in fen lands. Here used metaphorically.

**alarm bell**, (xxv.) *n.* Here with the first letter elided. 'An alarm bell.' *Alarum* is the Northern E. form of *alarm*. Fr. *alarme*, It. *all' arme*, 'To arms.' So 'a bell to call to arms.'

**alley'd**, (xvii.) *participial adj.* An alley (Fr. *allée*, 'a passage') is an enclosed path in a garden.

**aspen**, (xi.) *n.* A tree of the poplar kind, *populus tremula*, which has become proverbial for the trembling of its leaves, which move with the slightest breath of air.

**attach**, (xx.) *v.a.* Fr. *attacher*, 'to fasten.' 'To bind or fasten.' In law, to seize or arrest a man on a criminal charge. Cp. SHAKS. 2 *Henry IV.* iv. 2. 109—"Of capital treason I attach you both."

**avouch**, (xxiii.) *v.a.*, from L. *advocare*, which was to call upon a feudal lord to defend the right of his tenant, when it was impugned. *Advocati* in Roman law-courts were often present to guarantee the respectability of the accused. Hence

*avouch* comes to be ‘to maintain,’ ‘to affirm openly, assert positively.’ In that sense it is used here.

**baleful**, (ix.) *adj.* A.S. *bealu, bealo*, ‘evil;’ Icel. *böl*, ‘misfortune,’ ‘mischief,’ ‘that which causes ruin.’ The adjective means ‘pernicious,’ ‘deadly,’ ‘destructive.’

**battled**, (iii. xxviii.) *v. part.* ‘Furnished with battlements;’ that is, a notched parapet formed by a series of rising parts called coins or merlons, separated by openings called embrasures. The latter were for shooting from, the former to protect the shooters.

**bay**, (xvii.) *v.n.* ‘To bark,’ of a dog. M.E. *abayen*, Fr. *abai, aboyer*.

**bedeck**, (xxiv.), *v.a.* ‘To cover,’ ‘to adorn.’

**beetling**, (vii.) *pres. part.* of *v.n. beetle*, from M.E. *bitel*. *Bitel-browed*. From A.S. *bitan*, ‘to bite.’ Originally ‘sharp,’ and so ‘prominent.’ ‘To be prominent,’ ‘to overhang,’ ‘to jut out.’—Cp. SHAKS. *Hamlet*, i. 4. 71—

“The dreadful summit of the cliff  
That beetles o'er his base into the sea.”

**behest**, (xviii.) *n.* A.S. *behaes*, ‘a promise;’ *haes*, ‘a command.’ ‘An order,’ ‘a command.’ See *hest* in Canto I. xxvii. and Glossary.

**bowers**, (iii.) *n.* M.E. *bour*, A.S. *bír*, ‘a lady’s chamber,’ from *bían*, ‘to dwell.’ (1) ‘A chamber;’ (2) ‘an arbour,’ ‘a shady recess among trees.’

**brawling**, (viii.) *pres. part.* of *brawl*. Allied to *brag*, ‘to boast;’ Welsh *brawl*, ‘a boast.’ (1) ‘To quarrel noisily,’ ‘to bully.’ “I do the wrong, and first begin to *brawl*.”—SHAKS. *Richard III*. i. 3. 324. (2) ‘To roar,’ as water. “The brook that *brawls* along this wood.”—*As You Like It*, ii. 1. 32.

**bulwark**, (vi.) *n.* (Lit. ‘a work built of the *boles* or trunks of trees.’ Danish *bulværk*, G. *bollwerk*.) In fortification, ‘a rampart,’ ‘a mound of earth,’ capable of resisting cannon-shot. Generally ‘that which protects and secures against injury.’ Here ‘a protection.’ “The royal navy of England hath ever been . . . the floating *bulwark* of our island.”—BLACKSTONE.

**buskin**, (xxvi.) *n.* A half-boot, or high shoe covering the foot and leg to the middle, and tied under the knee, like our gaiters. “The hunted red-deer’s undressed hide  
Their hairy *buskins* well supplied.”—SIR W. SCOTT.

**canopy**, (xvii.) *n.* From Gk. *κωνωπεῖον*, 'a bed with mosquito curtains' (*κώνωψ*, 'a gnat,' 'mosquito'). A covering over a throne or a bed; or in architecture, for a cover over an altar, or pulpit, or monument.

**career**, (xxii.) *v.n.* Fr. *carrière*, from L. *carrus*, 'a car.' Of Gaulish origin. As *carrière* meant 'a racecourse,' and in earlier English *career* had the same meaning, the noun has been used as a verb to describe rapid movement. Here we may paraphrase, "A thousand thoughts *race* through his brain."

**chafe**, (vii.) *v.* M.E. *chafsen*, O.Fr. *chausfer*, from the L. *calefacere*, 'to warm.' (1) 'To excite by friction.' "He *chafes* her lips."—SHAKS. *Venus and Adonis*, 477. (2) 'To excite anger or passion,' 'to fret, provoke.' "Her intercession *chafed* her so."—SHAKS. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iii. 1. 233. (3) 'To cause to rage,' as the wind the ocean; or 'to rage,' as, "The Tiber *chafing* with her shores."—*Julius Caesar*, i. 2. 101.

**channell'd**, (ii.) *p.p.* of *channel*, *v.a.* 'to groove,' 'to form a channel.' *Channel* is 'a bed of water,' from O.Fr. *chanel*, L. *canalis*, 'a water-pipe,' 'a conduit,' whence also our *canal*, and *kennel*, 'a gutter in the street.'

**charnel**, (xviii.) *n.* 'A house for the dead.' (O.Fr. *charnel*, L. *carnalis*; *caro*, 'flesh.') In olden time the bones and skeletons were kept in houses provided for the purpose, instead of being buried away. There is an example of this in the church of the Cappucini in Rome. Under the church are four vaulted chambers, forming their cemetery. The earth was originally brought from Jerusalem. The walls are covered with bones and skulls fantastically arranged; several skeletons are standing erect in the robes of the order. Whenever one of the friars dies, he is buried in the oldest grave, from which the bones of the last occupant are removed to this general *ossuarium*.

**chase**, (xxix.) *n.* Here the abstract for the concrete. 'The hunters in the chase.'

**compound**, (xxx.) *v.n.* In this passage 'to settle amicably,' 'to come to terms of agreement'—that is, for Wilfrid's marrying Matilda.

**courser**, (xxiii.) *n.* L. *cursor*, 'a swift horse.'

**coy**, (xxx.) *adj.* O.Fr. *coi*, from L. *quietus*. 'Shy,' 'reserved,' 'shrinking from familiarity.'

**crevice**, (viii.) *n.* Fr. *crevasse*, from *crever*, L. *crepare*, 'to crack,' 'to burst.' 'A cleft, rent, fissure.' "I pry'd me through

a crevice in the wall."—SHAKS. *Titus Andronicus*, v. I. 114. *Crevasse* is used of breaks in glaciers made by passing over steep rock.

**crouch**, (x.) *v.n.* M.E. *crooch*, a Southern E. form of *crook*, 'to bend down,' 'to stoop low,' 'to lie close to the ground,' as a dog *crouches* to his master.

**dank**, (ix.) *adj.* See Canto I. vi. and Glossary.

**darksome**, (viii.) *adj.*, 'gloomy,' 'obscure.'

**dastard**, (xxv.) *adj.*, 'sluggard!' Connected with *daze*, Swed. *dasa*, 'to lie idle.' Icel. *dasi*, 'a lazy fellow.'

**den**, (x.) *n.*, 'a narrow valley.' A.S. *denu*, 'a valley.'

**despite**, (xix.) *n.*, 'in spite of himself,' 'notwithstanding its being his own guilt.' Fr. *dépit*, L. *despectus*, *p.p.* of *despicere*, 'despise.'

**destined**, (ii.) *p.p.* of *destine*, 'ordained.' L. *destinare*, root *stan-*, our *stand*, 'to place down, make secure.' 'To ordain, or appoint for a place.' So here 'the appointed hour.'

**dingle**, (ix.) *n.*, 'a narrow dale or valley amongst hills.' A variant of 'dimple.' "Dingle, or bushy dell."—MILTON, *Comus*, 312.

**ditty**, (xxx.) *n.* M.E. *dite*, O.F. *dicté*, from L. *dictatum*, from *dicto*, frequentative of *dico*, 'to say.' (1) 'A saying frequently repeated ;' (2) 'A song, or a little poem to be sung.'

**dog**, (xiii. xxv.) *v.a.*, 'to hunt,' 'to follow close,' as a dog his master; 'to follow on the scent,' as a hound. Cp. "I have dogged him, like his murderer."—SHAKS. *Twelfth Night*, iii. 2. 81.

**drench**, (xxi.) *v.a.* A.S. *drenca*, 'to give to drink.' 'To wet thoroughly,' 'to soak.' "As to *fell* is to *make to fall*, so *drench* is to *make to drink*."—TRENCH. "Drenches with Elysian dew."—MILTON, *Comus*, 996.

**eddy**, (xxviii.) *v.a.*, 'to move circularly in an eddy.' See Canto I. xiii. and Glossary.

**elmin-tree**, (xxvii.) *n.*, 'an elm.' A.S. *elm*, L. *ulmus*.

**emerge**, (xv.) *v.n.*, 'to come out of,' usually of coming out of water.

**fine**, (xxx.) *v.a.*, 'to make you pay a sum of money, as a punishment for a breach of law.'

**flare**, (viii.) *v.n.* N. *flara*, 'to flicker.' Mostly used of a sudden light, but here of flickering stalks waving to and fro.

**fond**, (xix.) *adj.* M.E. *fonne*, 'to be foolish, silly.' Sc. *fon*, 'to play the fool.' So a fond tale or a foolish tale.

**frantic**, (vii.) *adj.* M.E. *frenetik*, Fr. *frénétique*, from the Gk. *φρενητικός*, 'suffering from inflammation of the brain.' 'Mad,' 'raving,' 'furious.' Cp. our word *frenzy*.

**grisly**, (x.) *adj.* (A.S. *gryslie*, G. *grässlich*, 'dreadful,' 'frightful.') 'Terrible,' 'frightful,' 'grim.' "So spake the *grisly* Terror."—MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 704. Cp. *vb. agrise*, 'to shudder,' 'to terrify.' "The kinges herte of pitee gan *agrise*."—CHAUCER, *Man of Lawes Tale*, 614.

**harbinger**, (xi.) *n.* (A.S. *heribyrgan*, M.E. *herbergeour*, 'one who provides lodging.') 'One sent on to prepare harbourage or lodging for his employer.' So 'a forerunner.'

"I'll be myself your *harbinger*, and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach."

—SHAKS. *Macbeth*, i. 4. 45.

**harness**, (xxvi.) *n.* Welsh *harnais*, *haiarnas*, from *haiarn*, 'iron'; Fr. *harnais*, G. *harnisch*, probably from the English. The whole equipment of a knight or horseman; the furniture of a military man; defensive armour.

**instant**, (xxvi.) *adj.* used almost adverbially. 'Immediate,' 'quick,' 'making no delay.' "Instant he flew with hospitable haste."—POPE.

**jade**, (xxix.) *v.a.*, 'to tire out.' From *jade*, *n.*, 'a sorry, worthless hag'; possibly from Icel. *jalda*, 'a mare.' Lowland Scotch *yand*, 'a jade.'

**jet**, (xv.) *v.n.* M.E. *jetten*, 'to strut; ' Fr. *jetter*, 'to throw; ' L. *actare*, 'to fling,' 'to project,' 'to jut out.'

**knoll**, (vi.) *n.* M.E. *knol*, A.S. *cnol*, 'a top or summit; ' Welsh *cnol*, 'a hillock.' 'The crown of the hill,' but more generally 'a little round hill, a small elevation.' Du. *knol*, 'a turnip,' because of its roundness.

**lag**, (xvii.) *v.*, 'to trail behind,' 'to flag.' (Welsh *llag*, 'loose,' 'slack; ' Gaelic *lag*, 'feeble,' 'faint.')

**lair**, (xxx.) *n.*, 'a lying place,' 'a den or retreat of wild beasts.' (A.S. *leger*, 'a couch,' 'a bed; ' *legen*, *p.p.* of *liegan*, 'to lie down; ' G. *lager*, 'a camp,' 'a lair for beasts.')

**lattice**, (vi.) *n.* See Canto i. 29, and Glossary.

**levin**, (xiv.) *n.*, ‘lightning.’ A.S. *ligen*, ‘flaming;’ M.E. *levene*. Spenser uses the word—

“ Hey ho—the thunder,  
In which the lightsome *levin* shrouds.”

—*Shepherd’s Calendar*, August.

**list**, (xi.) *v.a.* Short form of *listen*, ‘to hearken.’ A.S. *hlystan*, Icel. *hlusta*, ‘to listen;’ *hlust*, ‘an ear;’ Welsh *clust*, ‘the ear;’ Gk. *κλύειν*, ‘to hear.’ “ If with too credent ears you *list* his songs.”—SHAKS. *Hamlet*, i. 3. 30.

**lurk**, (xix.) *v.n.* Danish *luske*, ‘to lurk,’ ‘skulk;’ G. *lauern*, ‘to lurk,’ ‘to be in ambush.’ ‘To lie hid, concealed, or unperceived,’ ‘to lie in wait.’ “ Let us lay wait for blood, let us *lurk* privily for the innocent.”—*Proverbs* i. 11.

**mermaid**, (xi.) *n.* A.S. *mere*, ‘a lake,’ *mægden*, ‘maiden.’ ‘A fabled creature of the sea, having the upper part like that of a woman, and the lower like a fish.’

**mien**, (xix.) *n.*, ‘face,’ ‘countenance.’ Fr. *mine*, G. *miene*.

**mine**, (ii.) *v.a.*, ‘to excavate,’ ‘to dig a passage.’ From L.L. *minare*, ‘to lead,’ ‘prepare.’ So ‘to follow up a vein of ore or of coal.’

**motion**, (xxi.) *v.n.*, ‘to make a motion or gesture with hand or head, for guidance or direction.’

**niche**, (xvii.) *n.* Fr. *niche*, It. *nicchio*. ‘A recess in a wall for a statue.’ Here a recess for the porter to sit in when on duty, like the niches for the mounted guards at the Horse Guards in Whitehall.

**niggard**, (vii.) *adj.* M.E. *nigun*, N. *nyggja*, ‘to gnaw,’ ‘rub,’ ‘scrape;’ Swedish *njuggh*, ‘scanty;’ Icel. *hnöggr*, ‘stingy;’ A.S. *hneaw*, ‘sparing,’ ‘stinting,’ ‘meanly covetous.’

**noble**, (xxvi.) *n.* A gold coin, value 6s. 8d., struck in the reign of Edward III. It increased afterwards to 10s., and a coin of the former value of the noble was issued in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV., under the name Angel.

**offices**, (xvii.) *n.* The outbuildings attached to a large house, as kitchens, ‘pantries, breweries, stables.’ “ Let *offices* stand at a distance, with some low galleries to pass from them to the palace itself.”—BACON’s *Essays*, 45, “On Building.”

**pace**, (xxv.) *n.* Fr. *pas*, L. *passus*, 'a step.' The space naturally measured by the change of foot in walking. The ordinary military pace is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet. The Roman *passus* was 5 feet, or about 4 feet 10 inches English measure. That was in all probability the measure of one foot in walking—that is, from one setting down of the right foot to its next setting down.

**page**, (xxiv.) *n.* Properly 'a boy,' then 'a serving boy,' 'an attendant.' Probably from the Gk. *παις*, *παιδος*, or its diminutive *παιδιον*, 'a child,' 'boy,' or 'a servant, slave.' It. *paggio*, Fr. *page*.

**parry**, (xxi.) *v.* L. *parare*, 'to make ready,' but with an idea of *pushing*, as in *separare*, 'to push apart,' *comparare*, 'to bring things side by side;' It. *parare*, Fr. *parer*; 'to ward off,' 'to stop,' 'to push aside.'

**pennon**, (viii.) *n.* It. *pennone*, Fr. *pennon*, 'a pointed flag or streamer,' formerly borne at the end of a lance. From the L. *penna*, *pinna*, not in the sense of a feather, but a thing that flaps like a bird's wing. Cp. *pennant*, 'a streamer on a ship-mast.'

**precarious**, (xv.) *adj.* (L. *precarius*, obtained by begging or entreaty, from *precor*, 'to pray.') Depending on the will of another, liable to be changed or lost by the will of another. And so 'uncertain,' 'unsettled,' 'doubtful.'

**prevent**, (iv.) *v.a.* L. *prævenio*, 'to come before.' Fr. *prévenir*. So 'to anticipate, be beforehand with.' Then 'to stop, thwart, impede.' Here 'to go before,' 'to be earlier than.' Cp. Psalm cxix. 147, 148 (A.V.)—"I *prevented* the dawning of the morning, and cried: I hoped in thy word. Mine eyes *prevent* the night watches, that I might meditate on thy word." The Fr. *prévenir*, in addition to the English meaning, means also 'to predispose,' 'to bias,' 'to warn,' 'to give notice.'

**proffer**, (xxx.) *v.* L. *profero*, 'to bring forward.' Fr. *proferer*; 'to hold out' a thing, that a person may take it.

**rapier**, (xxi.) *n.* A small sword, for thrusting. Fr. *rapide*, from Spanish *raspar*, 'to rasp,' 'to scrape.'

**rate**, (xxii.) *v.a.*, 'to scold, reprove, censure strongly.' M.E. *raten* (Chaucer). Icel. *hrat*, 'rubbish.' N. *rata*, 'to reject as bad.' "Reviling and *rating* him as though he had been a dog." —Fox, *Martyrs*.

"As if he did a dogge in kene<sup>4</sup> *rate*  
That durst not barke."

—SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, iii. 9. 14.

**riven**, (vii.) *p.p.* of *rive*, *v.* Icel. *rifa*, 'a rent, cleft; ' *rifna*, 'riven,' 'cracked.' Danish *rive*, 'to rend,' 'to tear.' Akin to *reave*, *rip*, *reap*. 'To split,' 'to cleave,' 'to rend in pieces.' Used indifferently as transitive and intransitive. Cp. "A bolt that should but *rive* an oak."—SHAKS. *Coriolanus*, v. 3. 153.

"The soul and body *rive* not more in parting  
Than greatness going off."

—*Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 13. 5.

**roadstead**, (xii.) *n.*, 'a place where ships may *ride* at anchor,' as Yarmouth *Roads*. M.E. *roode*, *rode*, both for ships and horses. A.S. *riud*, 'a road,' also 'a raid.'

**rosary**, (ix.) *n.* A string of beads used by Roman Catholics, on which they count their prayers. In each rosary there are five or fifteen divisions, each containing ten small beads and one large one; the small for Ave Marias, the big one for Paternosters.

**roundelay**, (xvi.) *n.* Fr. *rondelet*, diminutive of O.Fr. *rondel*, later *rondeau*, 'a rime, or sonnet,' which ends as it begins. Of *rondelet* we make *roundelay*, as if it were compounded with *lay*, 'a song.'

**rout, route**, (viii.) *n.*, (1) 'a defeat; ' (2) 'a troop or crowd.' "Fr. *route*, a rowt, defeature; also a rowt, herd, flock, troope; also a rutt, way, path."—COTGRAVE, A.D. 1650. L. *rupta*, fem. *p.p.* of *rumpere*, 'to break.' This came to mean (1) 'a defeat,' 'a flying mass of broken troops; ' (2) 'a fragment of an army,' 'a troop; ' (3) 'a way broken or cut through a forest,' 'a way, route.' From the same *rupta* comes *rut*, left by a wheel, and *routine*, 'a beaten track,' lit. 'a small path.'

**ruffian**, (xxi.) *n.* It. *ruffiano*, Sp. *rufian*, E. *ruffian*, is properly 'a swaggerer,' 'a swasher, or bully.' 'A brutal, boisterous fellow,' 'a robber,' 'a murderer.' In It. it means 'a pander.'

**sable**, (ix.) *adj.*, 'dark,' 'black.' Originally from the colour of the *sable* (*Mustela zibellina*), found in the northern parts of Asia, and hunted for its fur. The Polish name is *sabol*; Russian, *sobole*. The fur is very lustrous, and is a dark brown, or black.

**scale**, (xiv.) *v.a.* 'to climb,' as by a ladder, 'to clamber up.' L. *scala*, 'a ladder,' from *scando*, 'to climb, mount.'

**scare**, (xiv.) *v.a.* 'to frighten,' 'to strike with sudden terror.' Icel. *skjarr*, 'shy,' 'timid; ' *skirra*, 'to drive away,' 'shrink.' M.E. *skerrin*.

**scud**, (xi.) *n.*, 'a driving along,' 'loose vapoury clouds driven swiftly by the wind.' From *scud*, *v.* Danish, *skyde*, 'to shoot.' Du. *schudden*, 'to toss.' Here 'violent rain driven by the wind.'

**scutcheon**, (xvii.) *n.* Short form of *escutcheon*. O.Fr. *escusson*, from *escu*. L. *scutum*, 'a shield.' Fr. *écusson*. 'A shield for armorial bearings.'

**shallop**, (xii.) *n.* From the Fr. *chaloupe*, our *sloop*. Spanish, *chalupa*, 'a flat-bottomed boat.' 'A small light vessel, with a small mainmast and foremast, with lug-sails.'

**shroud**, (xiii.) *v.a.*, 'to conceal with some covering,' 'to hide,' 'veil.' From A.S. *scrud*, *n.*, 'a garment.' Icel. *skrith*. Originally a *shred* of stuff, 'a piece cut or torn off.' The word is often used for the winding-sheet for the burial of a dead body. Cp. "Or happy *shrouded* in a hermit's cell."—WORDS-WORTH.

**sidelong**, (xiv.) *adv.*, 'obliquely,' 'in the direction of the side.'

**skirt**, (v.) *v.a.*, 'to border,' 'surround.' From the noun *skirt*, M.E. *skyrt*. Icel. *skyrla*, 'a shirt,' kind of *kirtle*. Danish *skiort*, 'a shirt or petticoat.' The *skirt* of a lady's dress. Cp. "Here in the *skirts* of the forest, like fringe on a petticoat."—*As You Like It*, iii. 2. 354.

**spare-built**, (xxii.) *adj.*, 'lean,' 'thin,' 'without much flesh.' "That *spare* Cassius."—*Julius Cæsar*, i. 2. 201. So Falstaff, "Give me the *spare* men, and *spare* me the great ones."—*2 H. Henry IV*, iii. 2. 288.

**spell**, (xviii.) *n.* A.S. *spel*, *spell*, 'a saying,' 'story,' 'narrative,' 'charm,' 'incantation.' O.H.G. *spel*, 'narrative.' Icel. *spjall*, 'a saying.' Goth. *spill*, 'a fable.' An incantation, consisting of some words of occult power; hence any charm. SHAKS. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 2, in the fairies' song—

"Never harm,  
Nor *spell*, nor charm—  
Come our lovely lady nigh."

**splinter**, (viii.) *v.a.*, 'to split into long pieces,' *splint* being a nasalised form of *split*. So *splints* for a broken limb are split wood.

**spray**, (vii. viii.) *n.* (1) Of 'water flying in small drops or particles.' A.S. *spregan*, 'to pour.' (2) 'The sprig of a tree.'

A.S. *spree*, 'a branch.' Icel. *spruk*, 'a twig ;' allied to *sprig*, 'a small branch or shoot,' or the small branches of a tree collectively, as here.

**sprite**, (xi.) *n.*, sometimes falsely spelt *spright*, 'a spirit.' Used chiefly for a 'goblin,' 'fairy,' 'elf.' SHAKS. *Tempest*, i. 2. 381, in Ariel's song—"And sweet *sprites* the burthen bear."

**stalk**, (xviii.) *v.n.*, 'to walk on stalks or lengthened legs ;' i.e. 'on tip-toe,' 'cautiously lifting the feet,' 'to walk warily ;' allied to *stealc*, 'high.' M.E. *stallan*, A.S. *staelcan*.

**stifle**, (xii.) *v.a.*, 'to deaden, 'suffocate.' Icel. *stifla*, 'to dam,' 'to choke.' " *Stife*, a suffocating vapour. Northumberland."—HALLIWELL. Other meanings—'to smother by stopping respiration' (as Othello killed Desdemona); 'to suppress, 'conceal,' as to *stifle* a passion, to *stifle* a report. Here a suppressed, deadened tone.

**straggle**, (ix.) *v.n.*, 'to wander from the direct course,' 'to wander at large,' 'to ramble.' Frequentative of M.E. *straken*, 'to roam,' 'wander.'

**strand**, (ix.) *n.* A.S. *strand*, Icel. *strönd*, gen. *strandar*, 'margin,' 'edge,' 'shore.' The shore or beach of the sea, or a great river. M.E. and Scotch, 'a small brook or rivulet,' which seems to be the meaning here.

**stripling**, (xix.) *n.* Icel. *stripr*, originally 'a tall, slender youth, that shoots up suddenly ;' then 'a boy just passing into manhood,' like the L. *adolescens*. Cp. David, *1 Sam.* xvii. 56—"Enquire thou whose son this *stripling* is."

**surmise**, (xxviii.) *n.* O.Fr. *surmise*, 'an accusation,' from *surmettre*, 'to put upon.' L. *supermittere*; 'suspicion,' 'conjecture,' 'the imagination of something on slight evidence.'

**swarthy**, (ix.) *adj.* M.E. *swart*, A.S. *sweart*, Icel. *svartr*, G. *schwarz*, Goth. *swarts*, 'black,' 'dark,' 'dusky.' A good description of yews. (Original sense, 'blackened by heat.' Root-stem *swar*, 'to glow.')

**tender**, (xxx.) *v.a.* Fr. *tendre*, L. *tendere*, 'to hold out,' 'to offer in words.'

**tendril**, (viii.) *n.*, 'a spiral shoot of a plant that winds round another body for support.' O.Fr. *tendrillon*, from the verb *tendre*.

**totter**, (xv.) *v.*, 'to be unsteady,' 'to be on the point of falling.' A.S. *tealt*, 'unsteady;' *tealtrian*, 'to totter.'

**transitory**, (xiii.) *adj.* From the L. *transeō*, 'to pass over.' 'Passing without continuing,' 'speedily vanishing.' So *transient*, 'passing,' 'of short duration.'

**trench**, (ii.) *n.* O.Fr. *trencher*, Mod. Fr. *trancher*, "to cut, carve, slice, hew."—COTGRAVE. A ditch or cavity cut out, to carry off water, or to interrupt the approach of an enemy. It may be made by the hands, or by natural force, as here, where the bed of the Tees is worn away through the rock by the force of water.

**verge**, (xv.) *n.*, 'the extreme edge,' 'the border,' 'the brink.' "You are now within a foot of the extreme *verge*."—*King Lear*, iv. 6. 26.

**warder**, (ii.) *n.*, 'a guard,' 'a keeper.' A.S. *ward*, 'a guard, watchman, defender.'

**warp**, (xiv.) *v.a.* Icel. *varpa*, 'to cast, throw.' Hence 'to twist out of shape,' 'to turn from a true course,' 'to deviate.' Thus wood is warped out of its shape by the drying of the sun. *Warp'd roots*, twisted, not straight.

"Methinks  
My favour here begins to *warp*."  
—SHAKS. *Winter's Tale*, i. 2. 365.

**wear**, (ii.) *v.a.* M.E. *weren*, A.S. *werian*, 'to wear.' Goth. *wasjan*, 'to clothe.' 'To wear, put on clothes,' 'to consume or use up by wear,' 'to destroy,' 'to efface.' From this comes the other meaning, 'to wear away by friction or attrition,' 'to destroy by degrees.' Cp. *Job* xiv. 19, "The waters *wear* the stones."

**ween**, (iv.) *v.n.*, 'to suppose, think.' M.E. *wenien*. A.S. *wēnian*, 'to imagine;' *wēn*, *n.*, 'expectation.' Goth. *wens*, 'conjecture;' originally 'a striving after.'

**wilding**, (ix.) *adj.*, 'wild,' 'uncultivated.' "Was gay with *wilding* flowers."—TENNYSON.

**wise**, (xvii.) *n.* A.S. *wise*, G. *weise*. 'Manner,' 'way of acting.' It is used as a suffix in words like *slantwise*, 'in a slanting way,' *likewise* 'in a similar way.' It is the same as *guise* from the French form of the word. Gothic *wise*, 'in Gothic style.'

**wont**, (x.) *v.n.*, 'to be accustomed to,' 'to use.' "An yearely solemn feast she *wontes* to make."—SPENSER, *Faerie Queen*, ii. 2. 42. From the old word *wone*, *p.p.* of *won*, 'to dwell.' M.E. *p.p.* of *wonien*; A.S. *wunian*, 'to dwell, be used to ;' G. *wohnen*, *gewohnt*. So that which is customary is in German *gewöhnlich*.

**wrench**, (xxi.) *v.a.* M.E. *wrenche*; A.S. *wrence*, 'guile,' 'fraud,' originally 'crookedness ;' lit. 'a twist.' 'To pull with a twist,' 'to wrest,' 'to force by violence.' "A sapling pine he *wrenched* from out the ground."—DRYDEN.

*ENGLISH SCHOOL-CLASSICS*

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# SCOTT'S POEMS

## Rokeby

*WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY*

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Part II.

CANTOS III. & IV.

RIVINGTONS  
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# ROKEBY

## CANTO THIRD.

(*Words marked with an asterisk \* will be found in the Glossary.*)

### I.

THE hunting tribes of air and earth  
Respect the brethren of their birth ;  
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,\*  
Less cruel chase to each assign'd.  
The falcon, poised on soaring wing,  
Watches the wild-duck by the spring ;  
The slow-hound\* wakes the fox's lair ;  
The greyhound\* presses on the hare ;  
The eagle pounces on the lamb ;  
The wolf devours the fleecy dam :  
E'en tiger fell,\* and sullen bear,  
Their likeness and their lineage\* spare,  
Man, only, mars\* kind Nature's plan,  
And turns the fierce pursuit on man ;  
Plying\* war's desultory\* trade,  
Incursion, flight, and ambuscade,  
Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,  
At first the bloody game begun.

### II.

The Indian, prowling\* for his prey,  
Who hears the settlers track his way,  
And knows in distant forest far  
Camp his red brethren of the war ;  
He, when each double\* and disguise  
To baffle\* the pursuit he tries,

Low crouching\* now his head to hide,  
 Where swampy streams through rushes glide,  
 Now covering with the wither'd leaves  
 The foot-prints that the dew receives :  
 He, skill'd in every silvan guile,  
 Knows not, nor tries, such various wile,  
 As Risingham, when on the wind  
 Arose the loud pursuit behind.  
 In Redesdale his youth had heard  
 Each art her wily dalesmen dared,  
 When Rook-edge, and Redswair high,  
 To bugle rung and blood-hound's cry,  
 Announcing Jedwood-axe and spear,  
 And Lid'sdale riders in the rear ;  
 And well his venturous life had proved  
 The lessons that his childhood loved.

## III.

Oft had he shown, in climes afar,  
 Each attribute of roving war ;  
 The sharpen'd ear, the piercing eye,  
 The quick resolve in danger nigh ;  
 The speed, that in the flight or chase,  
 Outstripp'd the Charib's rapid race ;  
 The steady brain, the sinewy limb,  
 To leap, to climb, to dive, to swim ;  
 The iron frame, inured to bear  
 Each dire inclemency of air.  
 Nor less confirm'd to undergo  
 Fatigue's faint chill, and famine's throe.\*  
 These arts he proved, his life to save,  
 In peril oft by land and wave,  
 On Arawaca's desert shore,  
 Or where La Plata's billows roar.  
 When oft the sons of vengeful Spain  
 Track'd the marauder's\* steps in vain.  
 These arts, in Indian warfare tried,  
 Must save him now by Greta's side.

## IV.

'Twas then, in hour of utmost need,  
 He proved his courage, art, and speed.

Now slow he stalk'd with stealthy pace,  
 Now started forth in rapid race,  
 Oft doubling back in mazy train,  
 To blind\* the trace the dews retain ;  
 Now climb\* the rocks projecting high,  
 To baffle the pursuer's eye ;  
 Now sought the stream, whose brawling sound  
 The echo of his footsteps drown'd.  
 But if the forest verge he nears,  
 There trample steeds, and glimmer spears ;  
 If deeper down the copse he drew,  
 He heard the rangers'\* loud halloo,  
 Beating each cover\* while they came,  
 As if to start the silvan game.  
 'T was then--like tiger close beset  
 At every pass with toil and net,  
 'Counter'd, where'er he turns his glare,  
 By clashing arms and torches' flare,  
 Who meditates, with furious bound,  
 To burst on hunter, horse, and hound,—  
 'T was then that Bertram's soul arose,  
 Prompting to rush upon his foes :  
 But as that crouching tiger, cow'd\*  
 By brandish'd steel and shouting crowd,  
 Retreats beneath the jungle's\* shroud,  
 Bertram suspends his purpose stern,  
 And couches\* in the brake\* and fern,  
 Hiding his face, less foemen spy  
 The sparkle of his swarthy eye.

## V.

Then Bertram might the bearing trace  
 Of the bold youth who led the chase ;  
 Who paused to list for every sound,  
 Climb every height to look around,  
 Then rushing on with naked sword,  
 Each dingle's bosky\* depths explored.  
 'T was Redmond—by the azure eye ;  
 'T was Redmond—by the locks that fly  
 Disorder'd from his glowing cheek ;  
 Mien, face, and form, young Redmond speak.  
 A form more active, light, and strong,  
 Ne'er shot the ranks of war along ;

The modest, yet the manly mien,  
 Might grace the court of maiden queen;  
 A face more fair you well might find,  
 For Redmond's knew the sun and wind,  
 Nor boasted, from their tinge when free,  
 The charm of regularity;  
 But every feature had the power  
 To aid the expression of the hour:  
 Whether gay wit, and humour sly,  
 Danced laughing in his light-blue eye;  
 Or bended brow, and glance of fire,  
 And kindling cheek, spoke Erin's ire;  
 Or soft and sadden'd glances show  
 Her ready sympathy with woe;  
 Or in that wayward\* mood of mind,  
 When various feelings are combined,  
 When joy and sorrow mingle near,  
 And hope's bright wings are check'd by fear,  
 And rising doubts keep transport down,  
 And anger lends a short-lived frown;  
 In that strange mood which maids approve  
 Even when they dare not call it love;  
 With every change his features play'd,  
 As aspens\* show the light and shade.

## VI.

Well Risingham young Redmond knew:  
 And much he marvell'd that the crew,  
 Roused to revenge bold Mortham dead,  
 Were by that Mortham's foeman led;  
 For never felt his soul the woe,  
 That wails a generous foeman low,  
 Far less that sense of justice strong,  
 That wreaks\* a generous foeman's wrong.  
 But small his leisure now to pause;  
 Redmond is first, whate'er the cause:  
 And twice that Redmond came so near  
 Where Bertram couch'd\* like hunted deer,  
 The very boughs his steps displace,  
 Rustled agaifst the ruffian's face,  
 Who, desperate, twice prepared to start,  
 And plunge his dagger in his heart!

But Redmond turn'd a different way,  
 And the bent boughs resumed their sway,  
 And Bertram held it wise, unseen,  
 Deeper to plunge in coppice\* green.  
 Thus, circled in his coil, the snake,  
 When roving hunters beat the brake,  
 Watches with red and glistening eye,  
 Prepared, if heedless step draw nigh,  
 With forked tongue and venom'd fang  
 Instant to dart the deadly pang ;  
 But if the intruders turn aside,  
 Away his coils unfolded glide,  
 And through the deep savannah\* wind,  
 Some undisturb'd retreat to find.

## VII.

But Bertram, as he backward drew,  
 And heard the loud pursuit renew,  
 And Redmond's hollo on the wind,  
 Oft mutter'd in his savage mind—  
 “ Redmond O'Neale ! were thou and I  
 Alone this day's event to try,  
 With not a second here to see,  
 But the grey cliff and oaken tree,—  
 That voice of thine, that shouts so loud,  
 Should ne'er repeat its summons proud !  
 No ! nor e'er try its melting power  
 Again in maiden's summer bower.”  
 Eluded, now behind him die,  
 Faint and more faint, each hostile cry ;  
 He stands in Scargill wood alone,  
 Nor hears he now a harsher tone  
 Than the hoarse cushat's\* plaintive cry,  
 Or Greta's sound that murmurs by ;  
 And on the dale, so lone and wild,  
 The summer sun in quiet smiled.

## VIII.

He listen'd long with anxious heart,  
 Ear bent to hear, and foot to start, •  
 And, while his stretch'd attention glows.  
 Refused his weary frame repose.

"T was silence all—he laid him down,  
 Where purple heath profusely strown,  
 And throatwort,\* with its azure bell,  
 And moss and thyme his cushion swell.  
 There, spent with toil, he listless eyed  
 The course of Greta's playful tide;  
 Beneath, her banks now eddying dun,\*  
 Now brightly gleaming to the sun,  
 As, dancing over rock and stone,  
 In yellow light her currents shone,  
 Matching in hue the favourite gem  
 Of Albin's mountain-diadem.  
 Then, tired to watch the current's play,  
 He turn'd his weary eyes away,  
 To where the bank opposing show'd  
 Its huge, square cliffs through shaggy wood.  
 One, prominent above the rest,  
 Rear'd to the sun its pale grey breast;  
 Around its broken summit grew  
 The hazel rude, and sable yew;  
 A thousand varied lichens dyed  
 Its waste and weather-beaten side,  
 And round its rugged basis lay,  
 By time or thunder rent away,  
 Fragments, that, from its frontlet torn,  
 Were mantled\* now by verdant thorn.  
 Such was the scene's wild majesty,  
 That fill'd stern Bertram's gazing eye.

## IX.

In sullen mood he lay reclined,  
 Revolving, in his stormy mind,  
 The felon deed, the fruitless guilt,  
 His patron's blood by treason spilt;  
 A crime, it seem'd, so dire and dread,  
 That it had power to wake the dead.  
 Then, pondering on his life betray'd  
 By Oswald's art to Redmond's blade,  
 In treacherous purpose to withhold,  
 So seem'd it, Mortham's promised gold,  
 A deep and full revenge he vow'd  
 On Redmond, forward, fierce, and proud;

Revenge on Wilfrid—on his sire  
 Redoubled vengeance, swift and dire!—  
 If, in such mood, (as legends say,  
 And well believed that simple day,)  
 The Enemy of Man has power  
 To profit by the evil hour,  
 Here stood a wretch, prepared to change  
 His soul's redemption for revenge!  
 But though his vows, with such a fire  
 Of earnest and intense desire  
 For vengeance dark and fell,\* were made,  
 As well might reach hell's lowest shade,  
 No deeper clouds the grove embrown'd,\*  
 No nether\* thunders shook the ground;—  
 The demon knew his vassal's heart,  
 And spared temptation's needless art.

## X.

Oft, mingled with the direful theme,  
 Came Mortham's form—Was it a dream?  
 Or had he seen, in vision true,  
 That very Mortham whom he slew?  
 Or had in living flesh appear'd  
 The only man on earth he fear'd?—  
 To try the mystic cause intent,  
 His eyes, that on the cliff were bent,  
 Counter'd at once a dazzling glance,  
 Like sunbeam flash'd from sword or lance.  
 At once he started as for fight,  
 But not a foeman was in sight;  
 He heard the cughat's murmur hoarse,  
 He heard the river's sounding course;  
 The solitary woodlands lay,  
 As slumbering in the summer ray.  
 He gazed, like lion roused, around,  
 Then sunk again upon the ground.  
 'T was but, he thought, some fitful beam,  
 Glanced sudden from the sparkling stream;  
 Then plunged him from his gloomy train  
 Of ill-connected thoughts again,  
 Until a voice behind him cried,  
 "Bertram! well met on Greta side."

## XI.

Instant\* his sword was in his hand,  
 As instant sunk the ready brand;\*  
 Yet, dubious still, opposed he stood  
 To him that issued from the wood :  
 "Guy Denzil!—is it thou?" he said;  
 "Do we two meet in Scargill shade?—  
 Stand back a space!—thy purpose show,  
 Whether thou com'st as friend or foe.  
 Report hath said, that Denzil's name  
 From Rokeby's band was razed\* with shame."—  
 "A shame I owe that hot O'Neale,  
 Who told his knight, in peevish\* zeal,  
 Of my marauding on the clowns  
 Of Calverley and Bradford downs.  
 I reck not. In a war to strive,  
 Where, save the leaders, none can thrive,  
 Suits ill my mood; and better game  
 Awaits us both, if thou'rt the same  
 Unscrupulous, bold Rizingham,  
 Who watched with me in midnight dark,  
 To snatch a deer from Rokeby-park.  
 How think'st thou?"—“ Speak thy purpose out;  
 I love not mystery or doubt.”—

## XII.

“Then, list.—Not far there lurk a crew  
 Of trusty comrades, stanch\* and true,  
 Glean'd from both factions—Roundheads, freed  
 From cant of sermon and of creed;  
 And Cavaliers, whose souls, like mine,  
 Spurn\* at the bonds of discipline.  
 Wiser, we judge, by dale and wold,\*  
 A warfare of our own to hold,  
 Than breathe our last on battle-down,  
 For cloak or surplice,\* mace\* or crown.  
 Our schemes are laid, our purpose set,  
 A chief and leader lack we yet.—  
 Thou art a wanderer, it is said;  
 For Mortham's death, thy steps way-laid,\*  
 Thy head at price—so say our spies,  
 Who range the valley in disguise.

Join then with us:—though wild debate  
 And wrangling\* rend our infant state,  
 Each to an equal loth to bow,  
 Will yield to chief renown'd as thou.”—

## XIII.

“Even now,” thought Bertram, passion-stirr'd,  
 “I call'd on hell, and hell has heard!  
 What lack I, vengeance to command,  
 But of *stanch* comrades such a band?  
 This Denzil, vow'd to every evil,  
 Might read a lesson to the devil.  
 Well, be it so! each knave and fool  
 Shall serve as my revenge's tool.”—  
 Aloud, “I take thy proffer, Guy,  
 But tell me where thy comrades lie.”—  
 “Not far from hence,” Guy Denzil said;  
 “Descend, and cross the river's bed,  
 Where rises yonder cliff so grey.”—  
 “Do thou,” said Bertram, “lead the way.”  
 Then mutter'd, “It is best make sure;  
 Guy Denzil's faith was never pure.”  
 He follow'd down the steep descent,  
 Then through the Greta's streams they went;  
 And, when they reach'd the farther shore,  
 They stood the lonely cliff before.

## XIV.

With wonder Bertram heard within  
 The flinty rock a murmur'd din;  
 But when Guy pull'd the wilding spray,\*  
 And brambles, from its base away,  
 He saw, appearing to the air,  
 A little entrance, low and square,  
 Like opening cell of hermit\* lone,  
 Dark, winding through the living stone.  
 Here entered Denzil, Bertram here;  
 And loud and louder on their ear,  
 As from the bowels of the earth,  
 Resounded shouts of boisterous mirth.  
 Of old, the cavern strait and rude,  
 In slaty rock the peasant hew'd;

And Brignall's woods, and Scargill's wave,  
 E'en now, o'er many a sister cave,  
 Where, far within the darksome rift,\*  
 The wedge and lever ply their thrift.  
 But war had silenced rural trade,  
 And the deserted mine was made  
 The banquet-hall and fortress too,  
 Of Denzil and his desperate crew.—  
 There Guilt his anxious revel kept ;  
 There, on his sordid pallet, slept  
 Guilt-born Excess, the goblet drain'd  
 Still in his slumbering grasp retain'd ;  
 Regret was there, his eye still cast  
 With vain repining\* on the past ;  
 Among the feasters waited near  
 Sorrow, and unrepentant Fear,  
 And Blasphemy, to frenzy driven,  
 With his own crimes reproaching heaven ;  
 While Bertram show'd amid the crew,  
 The Master-Fiend that Milton drew.

## XV.

Hark ! the loud revel wakes again,  
 To greet the leader of the train.  
 Behold the group by the pale lamp,  
 That struggles with the earthy damp.  
 By what strange features Vice hath known,  
 To single out and mark her own !  
 Yet some there are, whose brows retain  
 Less deeply stamp'd her brand and stain.  
 See yon pale stripling ! when a boy,  
 A mother's pride, a father's joy !  
 Now, 'gainst the vault's rude walls reclined,  
 An early image fills his mind :  
 The cottage, once his sire's, he sees,  
 Embower'd upon the banks of Tees ;  
 He views sweet Winston's woodland scene,  
 And shares the dance on Gainford-green.  
 A tear is springing—but the zest  
 Of some wild tale, or•brutal jest,  
 Hath to loud laughter stirr'd the rest.

On him they call, the aptest mate  
 For jovial song and merryfeat :\*  
 Fast flies his dream—with dauntless air,  
 As one victorious o'er Despair,  
 He bids the ruddy cup go round,  
 Till sense and sorrow both are drown'd ;  
 And soon, in merry wassail,\* he,  
 The life of all their revelry,  
 Peals\* his loud song !—The muse has found  
 Her blossoms on the wildest ground,  
 'Mid noxious weeds at random strew'd,  
 Themselves all profitless and rude.—  
 With desperate merriment he sung,  
 The cavern to the chorus rung ;  
 Yet mingled with his reckless glee\*  
 Remorse's bitter agony.

## XVI.

## Song.

O, Brignall banks are wild and fair,  
 And Greta woods are green,  
 And you may gather garlands there,  
 Would grace a summer queen.  
 And as I rode by Dalton-hall,  
 Beneath the turrets high,  
 A maiden on the castle wall  
 Was singing merrily,—

## CHORUS.

“ O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
 And Greta woods are green ;  
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there,  
 Than reign our English queen.”—

“ If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,  
 To leave both tower and town,  
 Thou first must guess what life lead we,  
 That dwell by dale and down ?  
 And if thou canst that riddle read,  
 As read full well you may,  
 Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,  
 As blithe\* as Queen of May.”—

## CHORUS.

Yet sung she "Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are green;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,  
Than reign our English queen."

## XVII.

"I read\* you, by your bugle-horn,  
And by your palfrey good,  
I read you for a ranger sworn,  
To keep the king's greenwood."—  
"A Ranger,\* lady, winds his horn,  
And 't is at peep of light;  
His blast\* is heard at merry morn,  
And mine at dead of night."—

## CHORUS.

"Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are gay;  
I would I were with Edmund there,  
To reign his Queen of May!"

"With burnish'd\* brand and musketoon,  
So gallantly you come,  
I read you for a bold Dragoon,  
That lists the tuck\* of drum."—  
"I list no more the tuck of drum,  
No more the trumpet hear;  
But when the beetle sounds his hum,  
My comrades take the spear."

## CHORUS.

"And, O! though Brignall banks be fair,  
And Greta woods be gay,  
Yet mickle\* must the maiden dare,  
Would reign my Queen of May!"

## XVIII.

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,  
A nameless death I'll die!  
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,  
Were better mate than I!"

And when I'm with my comrades met,  
 Beneath the greenwood bough,  
 What once we were we all forget,  
 Nor think what we are now.

## CHORUS.

“ Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
 And Greta woods are green,  
 And you may gather garlands there  
 Would grace a summer queen.”

When Edmund ceased his simple song,  
 Was silence on the sullen throng,  
 Till waked some ruder mate their glee  
 With note of coarser minstrelsy.  
 But, far apart, in dark divan,\*  
 Denzil and Bertram many a plan,  
 Of import foul and fierce, design'd,  
 While still on Bertram's grasping mind  
 The wealth of murder'd Mortham hung ;  
 Though half he fear'd his daring tongue,  
 When it should give his wishes birth,  
 Might raise a spectre\* from the earth !

## XIX.

At length his wondrous tale he told :  
 When, scornful, smiled his comrade bold ;  
 For, train'd in license of a court,  
 Religion's self was Denzil's sport ;  
 Then judge in what contempt he held  
 The visionary\* tales of old !\*  
 His awe for Bertram scarce repress'd  
 The unbeliever's sneering jest.  
 “ “I were hard,” he said, “ for sage or seer,  
 To spell the subject of your fear ;  
 Nor do I boast the art renown'd,  
 Vision and omen to expound.  
 Yet, faith if I must needs afford  
 To spectre watching treasured hoard,  
 As bandog\* keeps his master's roof,  
 Bidding the plunderer stand aloof,  
 This doubt remains—thy goblin gaunt\*  
 Hath chosen ill his ghostly haunt :

For why his guard on Mortham hold,  
 When Rokeby castle hath the gold  
 Thy patron won on Indian soil,  
 By stealth, by piracy, and spoil?"—

## XX.

At this he paused—for angry shame  
 Lower'd on the brow of Rissingham.  
 He blush'd to think, that he should seem  
 Asserter of an airy dream,  
 And gave his wrath another theme.  
 "Denzil," he says, "though lowly laid,  
 Wrong not the memory of the dead;  
 For, while he lived, at Mortham's look  
 Thy very soul, Guy Denzil, shook!  
 And when he tax'd\* thy breach of word  
 To yon fair Rose of Allensford,  
 I saw thee crouch\* like chasten'd\* hound,  
 Whose back the huntsman's lash hath found.  
 Nor dare to call his foreign wealth  
 The spoil of piracy or stealth;  
 He won it bravely with his brand,  
 When Spain waged warfare with our land.  
 Mark, too—I brook no idle jeer,  
 Nor couple Bertram's name with fear;  
 Mine is but half the demon's lot,  
 For I believe, but tremble not.—  
 Enough of this.—Say, why this hoard\*  
 Thou deem'st at Rokeby castle stored;  
 Or think'st that Mortham would bestow  
 His treasure with his faction's foe?"

## XXI.

Soon quench'd was Denzil's ill-timed mirth;  
 Rather he would have seen the earth  
 Give to ten thousand spectres birth,  
 Than venture to awake to flame  
 The deadly wrath of Rissingham.  
 Submiss\* he answer'd,—"Mortham's mind,  
 Thou know'st, to joy was ill inclined.

In youth, 't is said, a gallant free,  
 A lusty\* reveller was he;  
 But since return'd from over sea,  
 A sullen and a silent mood  
 Hath numb'd the current of his blood.  
 Hence he refused each kindly call  
 To Rokeby's hospitable hall,  
 And our stout knight, at dawn of morn  
 Who loved to hear the bugle-horn,\*  
 Nor less, when eve his oaks embrown'd,  
 To see the ruddy cup go round,  
 Took umbrage\* that a friend so near  
 Refused to share his chase and cheer;  
 Thus did the kindred barons jar,  
 Ere they divided in the war.  
 Yet, trust me, friend, Matilda fair  
 Of Mortham's wealth is destined heir."—

## XXII.

" Destined to her ! to yon slight maid !  
 The prize my life had wellnigh paid,  
 When 'gainst Laroche, by Cayo's wave,  
 I fought my patron's wealth to save !—  
 Denzil, I knew him long, yet ne'er  
 Knew him that joyous cavalier,  
 Whom youthful friends and early fame  
 Call'd soul of gallantry and game.  
 A moody\* man, he sought our crew,  
 Desperate and dark, whom no one knew ;  
 And rose, as men with us must rise,  
 By scorning life and all its ties.  
 On each adventure rash he roved,  
 As danger for itself he loved ;  
 On his sad brow nor mirth nor wine  
 Could e'er one wrinkled knot untwine ;  
 Ill was the omen if he smiled,  
 For 't was in peril stern and wild ;  
 But when he laugh'd, each luckless mate\*  
 Might hold our fortune desperate. •  
 Foremost he fought in every broil,  
 Then scornful turned him from the spoil ;

Nay, often strove to bar\* the way  
 Between his comrades and their prey ;  
 Preaching, even then, to such as we,  
 Hot with our dear-bought victory,  
 Of mercy and humanity.

## XXIII.

“ I loved him well—his fearless part,  
 His gallant leading, won my heart.  
 And after each victorious fight,  
 ’T was I that wrangled for his right,  
 Redeem’d his portion of the prey  
 That greedier mates had torn away :  
 In field and storm thrice saved his life,  
 And once amid our comrades’ strife.—  
 Yes, I have loved thee ! Well hath proved  
 My toil, my danger, how I loved !  
 Yet will I mourn no more thy fate,  
 Ingrate\* in life, in death ingrate.  
 Rise if thou canst ! ” he look’d around,  
 And sternly stamp’d upon the ground—  
 “ **Rise**, with thy bearing\* proud and high,  
 Even as this morn it met mine eye,  
 And give me, if thou dar’st, the lie ! ”  
 He paused—then, calm and passion-freed,  
 Bade Denzil with his tale proceed.

## XXIV.

“ Bertram, to thee I need not tell,  
 What thou hast cause to wot\* so well,  
 How Superstition’s nets were twined  
 Around the Lord of Mortham’s mind !  
 But since he drove thee from his tower,  
 A maid he found in Greta’s bower,  
 Whose speech, like David’s harp, had sway,  
 To charm his evil fiend away.  
 I know not if her features moved  
 Remembrance of the wife he loved ;  
 But he would gaze upon her eye,  
 Till his mood soften’d to a sigh.  
 He, whom no living mortal sought  
 To question of his secret thought,

Now every thought and care confess'd  
 To his fair niece's faithful breast ;  
 Nor was there aught of rich and rare,  
 In earth, in ocean, or in air,  
 But it must deck Matilda's hair.  
 Her love still bound him unto life ;  
 But then awoke the civil strife,  
 And menials\* bore, by his commands,  
 Three coffers, with their iron bands,  
 From Mortham's vault, at midnight deep,  
 To her lone bower in Rokeby-Keep,\*  
 Ponderous with gold and plate of pride,  
 His gift, if he in battle died."—

## XXV.

"Then Denzil, as I guess, lays train,  
 These iron-banded chests to gain ;  
 Else, wherefore should he hover here,  
 Where many a peril waits him near,  
 For all his feats of war and peace,  
 For plunder'd boors, and harts of greese ?\*  
 Since through the hamlets as he fared,  
 What hearth has Guy's marauding spared,  
 Or where the chase\* that hath not rung  
 With Denzil's bow, at midnight strung ?"  
 "I hold my wont—my rangers go,  
 Even now to track a milk-white doe.  
 By Rokeby-hall she takes her lair,  
 In Greta wood she harbours fair,  
 And when my huntsman marks her way,  
 What think'st thou, Bertram, of the prey ?  
 Were Rokeby's daughter in our power,  
 We rate her ransom at her dower."—

## XXVI.

"'Tis well!—there's vengeance in the thought,  
 Matilda is by Wilfrid sought ;  
 And hot-brain'd Redmond, too, 't is said,  
 Pays lover's homage to the maid.  
 Bertram she scorn'd—If met by chance,  
 She turn'd from me her shuddering glance.

Like a nice\* dame, that will not brook  
 On what she hates and loathes to look;  
 She told to Mortham she could ne'er  
 Behold me without secret fear,  
 Foreboding evil;—She may rue\*  
 To find her prophecy fall true!—  
 The war has weeded Rokeby's train,  
 Few followers in his halls remain;  
 If thy scheme miss, then, brief and bold,  
 We are enow to storm\* th' hold;\*  
 Bear off the plunder, and the dame,  
 And leave the castle all in flame.”

## XXVII.

“ Still art thou Valour's venturous son!  
 Yet ponder first the risk to run:  
 The menials of the castle, true,  
 And stubborn to their charge, though few;  
 The wall to scale—the moat to cross—  
 'The wicket-grate\*—the inner fosse'—  
 —“ Fool! if we blench\* for toys like these,  
 On what fair guerdon can we seize?  
 Our hardiest venture, to explore  
 Some wretched peasant's fenceless door,  
 And the best prize we bear away,  
 The earnings of his sordid day.”—  
 “ A while thy hasty taunt forbear:  
 In sight of road more sure and fair,  
 Thou wouldest not choose, in blindfold wrath,  
 Or wantonness, a desperate path?  
 List, then;—for vantage\* or assault,  
 From gilded vane\* to dungeon-vault,  
 Each pass of Rokeby-house I know:  
 There is one postern,\* dark and low,  
 That issues at a secret spot,  
 By most neglected or forgot.  
 Now, could a spial\* of our train  
 On fair pretext admittance gain,  
 That sally-port\* might be unbarr'd:  
 Then, vain were battlement and ward!”—

## XXVIII.

“ Now speak’st thou well ;—to me the same,  
 If force or art shall urge the game ;  
 Indifferent, if like fox I wind,  
 Or spring like tiger on the hind.—  
 But, hark ! our merry-men so gay  
 Troll\* forth another roundelay.”—

## Song.

“ A weary lot is thine, fair maid,  
 A weary lot is thine !  
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
 And press the rue\* for wine !  
 A lightsome eye, a soldier’s mien,  
 A feather of the blue,  
 A doublet of the Lincoln green,—  
 No more of me you knew,  
 My love !  
 No more of me you knew.

“ This morn is merry June, I trow,  
 The rose is budding fain ;  
 But she shall bloom in winter snow,  
 Ere we two meet again.”  
 He turn’d his charger as he spake,  
 Upon the river shore,  
 He gave his bridle-reins a shake,  
 Said, “ Adieu for evermore,  
 My love !  
 And adieu for evermore.”

## XXIX.

“ What youth is this, your band among,  
 The best for minstrelsy and song ?  
 In his wild notes seem aptly met  
 A strain of pleasure and regret.”—  
 “ Edmund of Winston is his name ;  
 The hamlet sounded with the fame  
 Of early hopes his childhood gave,—  
 Now center’d all in Brignall cave ! •  
 I watch him well—his wayward course  
 Shows oft a tincture of remorse.

Some early love-shaft grazed his heart,  
 And oft the scar will ache and smart  
 Yet is he useful;—of the rest,  
 By fits, the darling and the jest,  
 His harp, his story, and his lay,  
 Oft aid the idle hours away :  
 When unemploy'd, each fiery mate  
 Is ripe for mutinous\* debate.  
 He tuned his strings e'en now—again  
 He wakes them, with a blither strain.”

## XXX.

## Song.

## ALLEN-A-DALE.

Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning,  
 Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,  
 Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,  
 Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.  
 Come, read me my riddle ! come, hearken my tale !  
 And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances\* in pride,  
 And he views his domains upon Arkindale side.  
 The mere\* for his net, and the land for his game,  
 The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame ;  
 Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,  
 Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale !

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted\* a knight,  
 Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright ;  
 Allen-a-Dale is no Baron or lord,  
 Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word ;  
 And the best of our nobles his bonnet\* will vail,\*  
 Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come ;  
 The mother, she ask'd of his household and home :  
 “ Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,  
 My hall,” quoth bold Allen, “ shows gallanter still ;  
 “ Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,  
 And with all its bright spangles ! ” said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone;  
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone;  
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry:  
He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye.  
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,  
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale!

## XXXI.

“Thou see'st that, whether sad or gay,  
Love mingles ever in his lay.  
But when his boyish wayward fit  
Is o'er, he hath address and wit;  
O! 't is a brain of fire, can ape  
Each dialect, each various shape.”—  
“Nay, then, to aid thy project, Guy—  
Soft! who comes here?”—“My trusty spy.  
Speak, Hamlin! hast thou lodged our deer?”—  
“I have—but two fair stags are near.  
I watch'd her, as she slowly stray'd  
From Eglinton up Thorsgill glade;  
But Wilfrid Wycliffe sought her side,  
And then young Redmond, in his pride,  
Shot down to meet them on their way:  
Much, as it seem'd, was theirs to say:  
There's time to pitch both toil and net,  
Before their path be homeward set.”  
A hurried and a whisper'd speech  
Did Bertram's will to Denzil teach:  
Who, turning to the robber band,  
Bade four, the bravest, take the brand.



## NOTES

### CANTO III.

THE canto begins with an explanation of Bertram's powers of escaping pursuit—how they were first evolved in his native Redesdale, and sharpened, in his bucaniering time, in the Caribbean Islands and in Chili, and Peru and La Plata—

“When oft the sons of vengeful Spain  
Track'd the marauder's steps in vain.”

This is followed by a description of how he escaped in the pursuit recorded in the last canto. In it is given a vivid description of Redmond, of the features by which he was recognized.

“Mien, face, and form, young Redmond speak.”

I have given other details in the notes.

In stanza viii. there is a lovely description of the course of Greta's playful tide, which drew the approval of Mr. Ruskin, whose comment you will find in the notes *ad locum*.

While pondering on Mortham's form, and on revenge on Redmond, on looking up, he encountered a dazzling glance, as of a sunbeam flashed from sword or lance, and a voice behind him cried, “Bertram! well met.” The voice was that of Guy Denzil, who told him how he had got together a motley band, composed of Roundheads and Cavaliers, for carrying on a warfare on their own account. None of them could get the leadership, yet they wanted a leader, and Denzil offered the place to Bertram, who accepted it, thinking that each knave and fool might serve as a tool for his revenge. Denzil led him along the valley to a cave, where they were collected together. There they found a revel had been going on, and waked again to greet their new leader. The faces of most of them were such as Vice had known to single out and mark for her own. But there were some who bore less of that brand, and among them a young stripling, who showed some longing for his home. He was a singer, and sang in their revels several songs.

Meanwhile Denzil told how Mortham, after the loss of his wife, found a comfort in knowing Matilda, Rokeby's daughter, probably because she was like in feature to the wife that he had lost. Her love still bound him to life, and her speech, like David's harp, had sway

“To charm his evil fiend away.”

When the civil strife began, he sent to her lone bower in Rokeby-keep three coffers with iron bands, his gift if he died in battle.

Then they laid plans how to get at this treasure, and secure it for themselves.

I. *Nature, who loves the claim of kind,  
Less cruel chase to each assigned.*

A poetical version of the common proverb, ‘Dog does not bite dog.’

*The slow-hound wakes the fox's lair.* The slow-hound is the sleuth-hound, which is defined as a bloodhound. Sleuth is the track of man or beast, as known by the scent; and so the name sleuth-hound may be given to any hound—staghound or fox-hound, for instance—which can track by scent. The foxhound is, in England at least, the most important of the Hound group. It is the old English hound, sufficiently crossed with the greyhound to give him lightness and speed, without impairing his scent. The pace of the foxhound is very rapid. One was known to run a course of four miles one furlong and one hundred and thirty-two yards in a trifle over eight minutes. Of the correctness of their scent, no one who has seen the hounds put off, and watched the unerring way they pursue the fox, can have any doubt.

It may be noticed that the common fox and the hound both belong to the dog family, who ought to be the brethren of their birth. To the same family belong the wolf and the jackal,

*Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,  
At first the bloody game begun.*

See *Genesis x. 8, 9*: “And Cush begat Nimrod: he began to be a mighty one in the earth. He was a mighty hunter before the Lord: wherefore it is said, Even as Nimrod the mighty hunter before the Lord.”

War is regarded as a species of hunting.

II. *The Indian, prowling for his prey,  
Who hears the settlers track his way.*

“The patience, abstinence, and ingenuity, exerted by the North American Indians, when in pursuit of plunder or ven-

geance, is the most distinguished feature in their character ; and the activity and address which they display in their retreat is equally surprising."

*Red brethren.* The American Indians are thus distinguished by their complexion, which is like copper.

*Double.* Returning upon his track, and effacing his footprints.

*He, skilled in every silvan guile.* He, the Indian, though skilled in this doubling, and in all kinds of evasion in the woods, does not come up to Bertram's wiles.

*In Redesdale his youth had heard  
Each art her wily dalesmen dared,  
When Rook-edge, and Redswair high,  
To bugle rung and blood-hound's cry.*

"What manner of cattle-stealers they are that inhabit these valleys in the marches of both kingdoms, John Lesley, a Scotche man himself, and Bishop of Ross, will inform you. They sally out of their own borders in the night, in troops, through unfre-quented by-ways and many intricate windings. All the day-time they refresh themselves and their horses in lurking holes they had pitched upon before, till they arrive in the dark in those places they have a design upon. As soon as they have seized upon the booty, they, in like manner, return home in the night, through blind ways, and fetching many a compass. The more skilful any captain is to pass through those wild deserts, crooked turnings, and deep precipices, in the thickest mists, his reputation is the greater, and he is looked upon as a man of an excellent head. And they are so very cunning, that they seldom have their booty taken from them, unless sometimes when, by the help of blood-hounds following them exactly upon the tract, they may chance to fall into the hands of their adversaries. When being taken, they have so much persuasive eloquence, and so many smooth insinuating words at command, that if they do not move their judges, nay, and even their adversaries (not-withstanding the severity of their natures), to have mercy, yet they incite them to admiration and compassion."—CAMDEN'S *Britannia*.

"The inhabitants of the valleys of Tyne and Reed were in ancient times so inordinately addicted to these depredations, that in 1564 the Incorporated Merchant-Adventurers of Newcastle made a law that none born in these districts should be admitted apprentice. The inhabitants are stated to be so generally addicted to rapine, that no faith should be reposed in those proceeding from 'such lewde and wicked progenitors.' This regulation continued to stand unrepealed until 1771. A beggar, in an old play, describes himself as 'born in Redesdale, in Northumberland, and come of a wight-riding surname, called

the Robsons, good honest men and true, *saving a little shifting for their living, God help them!*—a description which would have applied to most Borderers on both sides."

"Reidswair, famed for a skirmish to which it gives name, is on the very edge of the Carter-fell, which divides England from Scotland. The Rooken is a place upon Reedwater. Bertram, being described as a native of these dales, where the habits of hostile depredation long survived the union of the crowns, may have been, in some degree, prepared by education for the exercise of a similar trade in the wars of the Bucaniers."

*Lid'sdale*, or *Liddisdale*, in the south corner of Roxburghshire, parallel to the end of the Cheviot Hills. The Liddis stream falls into the Esk at Liddel Moat. This refers to the old Border raids.

III. *Charib*. The inhabitants of the Caribbean Islands, Barbadoes, Martinique, Dominica, Guadaloupe, Antigua, and others.

*Arawaca*. Apparently Arauco, on the coast of Chili, on the Pacific Ocean.

*La Plata*. A broad river, with its estuary in the Atlantic Ocean. On it is the city of Buenos Ayres, now the capital of the Argentine Republic. The name is also applied to the whole of the flat land up to the Andes.

IV. *Stalk'd, stealthy, started*, gain weight from the alliteration.

*Hiding his face, lest foemen spy  
The sparkle of his swarthy eye.*

"After one of the recent battles, in which the Irish rebels were defeated, one of their most active leaders was found in a bog, in which he was immersed up to the shoulders, while his head was concealed by an impending ledge of turf. Being detected and seized, notwithstanding his precaution, he became solicitous to know how his retreat had been discovered. 'I caught,' answered the Sutherland Highlander, by whom he was taken, 'the sparkle of your eye.' Those who are accustomed to mark hares upon their form usually discover them by the same circumstance."

V. *Dingle, n.* A narrow dale or valley between hills.

"I know each lane, and every alley green,  
*Dingle*, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,  
And every *bosky* bourn from side to side."

—MILTON, *Comus*, 311-313.

*'Twas Redmond.* This stanza is a splendid description of a noble character, beginning with a slight sketch of the man's look, the blue eyes, the long hair, the mien, face and form ; and then going on to show what there is in a face that, though not of regular features, is so significant of the inward character, its activity, its expressiveness, its capabilities of humour, of sensitiveness, of sympathy, ending with a summary of the whole in the final lines—

“ With every change his features play'd,  
As aspens show the light and shade.”

*Her ready sympathy.* *Her* refers to Erin. It is a true description of the Irish.

**VI. Mortham's foeman.** Rokeby and Mortham were at feud with each other, so Redmond would naturally be on Rokeby's side. It only shows that Redmond has a keen sense of justice, and wished to arrest Bertram, Mortham's servant, for the supposed murder of Mortham, his master.

*Deep savannah.* Deep in grass, which would conceal the snake. For *savannah*, see Glossary.

**VII. Scargill wood.** Called the Gill Wood, on the right bank of Gill Beck, which runs into the Greta.

*The hoarse cushat's plaintive cry.* The woodpigeon or ring-dove, whose cry is plaintive, but not hoarse.

**VIII. His stretch'd attention glows.** His brain is in a fever with the strain of watching.

*'Twas silence all.* “ Nature becomes dear to Scott, finally, in that perfect beauty, denied alike in cities and in men, for which every modern heart had begun at last to thirst, and Scott's, in its freshness and power, of all men's, most earnestly. And in this love of beauty, observe that (as I said we might except) the love of colour is a leading element, his healthy mind being incapable of losing, under any modern false teaching, its brilliancy of hue. Though not so subtle a colourist as Dante, which, under the circumstances of the age, he could not be, he depends quite as much upon colour for his power or pleasure. And in general, if he does not mean to say much about things, the one character which he will give is colour, using it with the most perfect mastery and faithfulness, up to the point of possible modern perfection.”

After giving several instances of this, Mr. Ruskin says :

“ I need not multiply examples. I will therefore add only two passages,” of which this stanza of the third canto is the first. This is his comment upon it :

“ Note, first, what an exquisite chord is given in the succession

of this passage. It begins with purple and blue; then passes to gold, or cairngorm colour (topaz colour); then to pale grey, through which the yellow passes into black; and the black, through broken dyes of lichen, into green. Note, secondly—what is indeed so manifest throughout Scott's landscape, as hardly to need pointing out—the love of rocks, and true understanding of their colours and characters, opposed as it is in every conceivable way to Dante's hatred and misunderstanding of them. I have already traced in various places most of the causes of this great difference; namely, first, the ruggedness of northern temper; then the really greater beauty of the northern rocks, as noted when we were speaking of the Apennine limestone; then the need of finding beauty among them, if it were to be found anywhere—no well-arranged colours being any more to be seen in dress, but only in rock lichens; and finally, the love of irregularity, liberty, and power, springing up in glorious opposition to laws of prosody, fashion, and the five orders.” [Five orders of architecture—Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, Tuscan, Composite.]—*Modern Painters*, iii. 281, 282.

*Eddying dun.* At a turning-point in the river, when the stream is driven back from the bank; *dun*, as on the shady side.

*The favourite gem  
Of Albion's mountain-diadem.*

The cairngorm is a yellow or brown variety of rock-crystal, or crystallized silica, found in great perfection on the Cairngorm range, in Scotland, where Banff, Inverness, and Aberdeen meet, not far from Balmoral. They are regular hexagonal crystals, with a pyramidal top, like quartz, and are much used for brooches, seals, and other ornaments. The colour is due to a little oxide of iron or manganese.

*Albin*, for *Albion*. A name given to the island, in all probability from the white (Latin *albus*; Celtic *albain*) cliffs of our south coast, the first object seen by the early emigrants. It was an ancient name for Britain, but gradually became restricted to Scotland.

*Tired to watch.* A cramped expression for *tired of watching*, to fit the metre.

IX.      *Here stood a wretch, prepared to change  
His soul's redemption for revenge!*

“It is agreed by all the writers upon magic and witchcraft, that revenge was the most common motive for the pretended compact between Satan and his vassals. The ingenuity of Reginald Scot has very happily stated how such an opinion came to root itself, not only in the minds of the public and of the judges, but even in that of the poor wretches themselves

who were accused of sorcery, and were often firm believers in their own power and their own guilt."

*Embrown'd*; *lit.* 'made brown,' but here as darkened. Cf. "Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch a broader, browner shade."—GREY.

*No nether thunders.* No earthquake.

*The demon knew his vassal's heart.* Cp. MILTON, *P. L.* iv. 285—"The Fiend saw undelighted all delight."

X. 'Countered, for encountered, 'met.'

*Then plunged him from his gloomy train*; *i.e.* left these ghostly fancies, and plunged again into his wild dreams of vengeance.

XI. *Peevish.* See Glossary, also for *marauding*.

*Of my marauding on the downs  
Of Calverley and Bradford downs.*

"The troops of the King, when they first took the field, were as well disciplined as could be expected from circumstances. But as the circumstances of Charles became less favourable, and his funds for regularly paying his forces decreased, habits of military license prevailed among them in greater excess. Lacy the player, who served his master during the Civil War, brought out, after the Restoration, a piece called *The Old Troop*, in which he seems to have commemorated some real incidents which occurred in his military career. The names of the officers of the Troop sufficiently express their habits. We have *Flea-flint*, *Plunder-Master-General*, *Captain Ferret-farm*, and *Quarter-master Burn-drop*. The officers of the Troop are in league with these worthies, and connive at their plundering the country for a suitable share in the booty. All this was undoubtedly drawn from the life, which Lacy had an opportunity to study. The moral of the whole is comprehended in a rebuke given to the lieutenant, whose disorders in the country are said to prejudice the King's cause more than his courage in the field could recompense. The piece is by no means void of farcical humour."

*Bradford*, in West Riding of Yorkshire; *Calverley*, a village on the road from Bradford to Leeds.

XII. *Roundheads.* A name formerly given by the Cavaliers or adherents of Charles I., during the English civil war, to members of the Puritan or Parliamentary party, who distinguished themselves by having their hair closely cut, while the Cavaliers wore theirs in long ringlets.

*Cloak*, worn by the Puritans; *surplice*, the white gown used by the clergy; *mace*, borne before the Speaker of the House of Commons; *crown* of King Charles I. For *surplice* and *mace*, see Glossary.

*Thy head at price.* A price to be given to any one who should kill him, and cut off his head as a proof of his death.

XIII. *I call'd on hell, and hell has heard.*

“I but half wished  
To see the devil, and he's here already.”—OTWAY.

XIV. *Brignall's woods, and Scargill's wave,  
E'en now, o'er many a sister cave.*

“The banks of the Greta, below Rutherford Bridge, abound in seams of greyish slate, which are wrought in some places to a very great depth under ground, thus forming artificial caverns, which, when the seam has been exhausted, are gradually hidden by the underwood which grows in profusion upon the romantic banks of the river. In times of public confusion, they might be well adapted to the purposes of banditti.”

*pallet.* From Fr. *paille*, ‘straw.’ A small and poor or rude bed. SHAKS. 2 *Henry IV.* iii. 1. 10, “Upon uneasy *pallets* stretching thee.”

*The Master-Fiend.* See above, st. ix.

The last dozen lines of this stanza are very fine, as a description of the inhabitants of the cave; so also the next stanza.

XV. “We should here have concluded our remarks on the characters of the drama, had not one of its subordinate personages been touched with a force of imagination, which renders it worthy even of prominent regard and attention. The poet has just presented us with the picture of a gang of banditti, on which he has bestowed some of the most gloomy colouring of his powerful pencil. In the midst of this horrible group, is distinguished the exquisitely natural and interesting portrait which follows— “‘See yon pale stripling!’ &c.”—*Critical Review*.

*Winston.* On the Tees, six miles from Barnard Castle, on the east.

*Gainford.* Also on the Tees, two miles further.

XVI. *O, Brignall banks are wild and fair.* This song is written in iambic lines of four accents, alternating with lines of three accents. It is a very common measure in ballads and hymns.

Scott revisited Rokeby in 1812, for the purpose of refreshing his memory; and Mr. Morritt says, “I had, of course, had

many previous opportunities of testing the almost conscientious fidelity of his local descriptions ; but I could not help being singularly struck with the lights which this visit threw on that characteristic of his compositions. The morning after he arrived he said, ' You have often given me materials for romance—now I want a good robber's cave and an old church of the right sort.' We rode out, and he found what he wanted in the ancient slate quarries of Brignall and the ruined Abbey of Eglinton. I observed him noting down even the peculiar little wild flowers and herbs that accidentally grew around and on the side of a bold crag near his intended cave of Guy Denzil ; and could not help saying, that as he was not to be upon oath in his work, daisies, violets, and primroses would be as poetical as any of the humble plants he was examining. I laughed, in short, at his scrupulousness ; but I understood him when he replied, ' that in nature herself no two scenes were exactly alike, and that whoever copied truly what was before his eyes, would possess the same variety in his descriptions, and exhibit apparently an imagination as boundless as the range of nature in the scenes he recorded ; whereas—whoever trusted to imagination, would soon find his own mind circumscribed, and contracted to a few favourite images.'—*Life of Scott*, vol. iv. p. 19.

*Dalton Hall.* Four miles south of Wycliffe.

For *palfrey*, Canto I. xix., see Glossary of Canto I.

XVIII. *The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead.* Called the *jack-a-lantern*, Friar Rush, will-o'-the-wisp, an *ignis fatuus*, which leads you astray, a sort of meteor that appears in moist land.

XIX. *Visionary.* Existing in imagination only, not real ; having no solid foundation.

*On Indian soil.* The Western Indies, as before in the Caribbean Islands.

XX. *When Spain waged warfare with our land.* "There was a short war with Spain in 1625-6, which will be found to agree pretty well with the chronology of the poem. But probably Bertram held an opinion very common among the maritime heroes of the age, that 'there was no peace beyond the Line.' The Spanish *guarda-costas* were constantly employed in aggressions upon the trade and settlements of the English and French ; and, by their own severities, gave room for the system of bucaniering, at first adopted in self-defence and retaliation, and afterwards persevered in from habit and thirst of plunder."

*For I believe, but tremble not.* *St. James* ii. 19, "The devils believe, and tremble."

XXI. *Submiss.* Obsolete. ‘Submissive,’ ‘humble,’ ‘obsequious.’

*Since he has returned.*

*Our stout knight; i.e. Rokeby.*

*Jar.* ‘To quarrel,’ ‘to dispute.’ *Jar*, as a noun, ‘clash, collision,’ ‘conflict.’

“The slaughter’d chiefs, the mortal *jar*,  
The havoc of the feudal war,  
Shall never, never be forgot.”—SIR W. SCOTT.

XXII. *By Cayo’s wave.* There are a number of small islands, in the old Bahama Channel to the north of Cuba, that are called by this name Cay. In Black’s map one of these is marked “Cayo.”

*As* = ‘as if.’

*But when he laughed.*

“There was a laughing devil in his sneer,  
That raised emotions both of rage and fear;  
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,  
Hope withering fled—and mercy sigh’d farewell.”—BYRON.

XXIII. *Our comrade’s strife.* “The laws of the Bucaniers, and their successors the Pirates, however severe and equitable, were, like other laws, often set aside by the stronger party. Their quarrels about the division of the spoil fill their history, and they as frequently arose out of mere frolic, or the tyrannical humour of their chiefs. An anecdote of Teach, (called Black-beard,) shows that their habitual indifference for human life extended to their companions, as well as their enemies and captives.

“One night, drinking in his cabin with Hands, the pilot, and another man, Blackbeard, without any provocation, privately draws out a small pair of pistols, and cocks them under the table, which, being perceived by the man, he withdrew upon deck, leaving Hands, the pilot, and the captain together. When the pistols were ready, he blew out the candles, and, crossing his hands, discharged them at his company. Hands, the master, was shot through the knee, and lamed for life; the other pistol did no execution.”—JOHNSON’S *History of Pirates*. Lond. 1724, 8vo, vol. i. p. 38.”

XXV. *Harts of greese.* ‘Deer in season.’ *Greese* seems to be derived from Latin *gressus*, ‘a step;’ so it may mean here that deer have got new tines to their antlers. See Glossary.

*A milk-white doe.* i.e. Matilda.

XXVI. *The war has weed’d Rokeby’s train.* Has lessened its number, so that there are not many to overcome.

XXVIII. The abruptness as to the song is unavoidable. The music of the drinking party could only operate as a sudden interruption to Bertram's conversation, however naturally it might be introduced among the feasters, who were at some distance. This song too is iambic, of alternate lines of four and three accents.

*A doublet of the Lincoln green.* The doublet was a close garment, and fitted tightly to the body; the skirts reaching a little below the girdle. Of Lincoln green shows that he must have been an archer.

*Budding fain.* "Fain, in old English and in Scotch, expresses, I think, a propensity to give and receive pleasurable emotions, a sort of fondness, which may, without harshness, I think, be applied to a rose in the act of blooming."—SCOTT.

*Adieu for evermore.* "The last verse of this song is taken from the fragment of an old Scottish ballad, of which I only recollect two verses when the first edition of *Rokeby* was published. Mr. Thomas Sheridan kindly pointed out to me an entire copy of this beautiful song, which seems to express the fortunes of some follower of the Stuart family :

"The soldier frae the war returns,  
And the merchant frae the main,  
But I hae parted wi' my love,  
And ne'er to meet again,  
My dear,  
And ne'er to meet again.

“ When day is gone and night is come,  
 And a’ are boun’ to sleep,  
 I think on them that’s far awa  
 The lee-lang night, and weep,  
 My dear,  
 The lee-lang night, and weep.”

*Lee-lang* = ‘livelong.’

XXX. *The Baron of Ravensworth.* The ruins of Ravensworth Castle stand in the North Riding, in Yorkshire, about three miles from the town of Richmond, and adjoining to the waste called the Forest of Arkingarth. It belonged originally to the powerful family of Fitz-Hugh, from whom it passed to the Lords Dacre of the South.

*Rere-cross on Stanmore.* “ This is a fragment of an old cross, with its pediment, surrounded by an intrenchment, upon the very summit of the waste ridge of Stanmore, near a small house of entertainment called the Spittal. It is called Rere-cross, or Kee-cross, of which Holinshed gives us the following explanation:

‘At length a peace was concluded betwixt the two kings vnder these conditions, that Malcolme should enjoy that part of Northumberland which lieth betwixt Tweed, Cumberland, and Stainmore, and doo homage to the Kinge of England for the same. In the midst of Stainmore there shall be a crosse set up, with the Kinge of England’s image on the one side, and the Kinge of Scotland’s on the other, to signifie that one is march to England, and the other to Scotland. This crosse was called the Roi-crosse, that is, the crosse of the King.’”—HOLINSHED. Lond. 1808, 4to, v. 280.

The song of Allan-a-dale is mostly anapaestic (u u -), in lines of twelve syllables with four accents, with some variations, as in the first three lines, which seem at first dactylic, and in others which begin with an iambus. 8, 11, 12, 14, 17, 18, 21, 23, 24, 28, 29, 30 are full anapaestics.

XXXI. *Hast thou lodged our deer?* “ The duty of the ranger, or pricker, was first to lodge or harbour the deer; i.e. to discover his retreat, and then to make his report to his prince, or master:

“ ‘ Before the King I come report to make,  
 Then husht and peace for noble Tristrame’s sake . . .  
 My liege, I went this morning on my quest,  
 My hound did stick, and seem’d to vent some beast.  
 I held him short, and drawing after him,  
 I might behold the hart was feeding trym ;  
 His head was high, and large in each degree,  
 Well paulmed eke, and seem’d full sound to be.

Of colour browne, he beareth eight and tenne,  
Of stately height, and long he seemed then.  
His beam seem'd great, in good proportion led,  
Well barred and round, well pearled neare his head.  
He seemed fayre tweene black and berrie brounde  
He seemes well fed by all the signes I found.  
For when I had well marked him with eye,  
I stept aside, to watch where he would lye.  
And when I had so wayted full an houre,  
That he might be at layre and in his loure,  
I cast about to harbour him full sure ;  
My hound by sent did me thereof assure . . .  
‘ Then if he ask what slot or view I found,  
I say the slot or view was long on ground ;  
The toes were great, the joynt bones round and short,  
The shinne bones large, the dew-claws close in port :  
Short ioynted was he, hollow-footed eke,  
An hart to hunt as any man can seeke.’ ”

—*The Art of Venerie*, p. 97.

Our deer is Matilda ; the fair stags are Wilfrid and Redmond.

## GLOSSARY TO CANTO III.

### ABBREVIATIONS.

<i>adj.</i> = adjective.	G. = German.
<i>adv.</i> = adverb.	Gk. = Greek.
<i>n.</i> = noun.	Goth. = Gothic.
<i>p.p.</i> = past participle.	Icel. = Icelandic.
<i>v.a.</i> = verb active or transitive.	It. = Italian.
<i>v.n.</i> = verb neuter or intransitive.	L. = Latin.
<i>cp.</i> = compare.	L.L. = Low (medieval) Latin.
A.S. = Anglo-Saxon.	M.E. = Middle English (of 13th cent.).
Du. = Dutch.	N. = Norwegian. (15th cent.).
Fr. = French.	O.H.G. = Old High German.

The numbers following the words show the Stanza in each Canto.

**Aspen, n.** See Canto II. xi. and Glossary.

**baffle,** (ii.) *v.* Formerly written *baffull*. It. *befia*. O.Fr. *beffe*, 'scorning,' 'derision.' From this O.Fr. *beffler*, 'to make a fool of;' Fr. *baſouer*; English, *baffle*, 'to disgrace,' 'vilify,' 'to hold up to scorn,' 'to elude,' 'foil,' 'check,' 'frustrate.'

**ban-dog,** (xix.) *n.*; *lit.* 'a band-dog.' A large, fierce dog, generally a mastiff, usually kept chained.

**bar,** (xxii.) *v.a.* M.E. *barre*. Breton, *bar*, 'a branch of a tree.' 'To fasten with a bar,' or 'as with a bar;' 'to bar a door,' 'to hinder,' 'to obstruct,' 'to prevent.'

**bearing,** (xxiii.) *n.* 'The manner in which a man bears or comports himself,' 'carriage,' 'behaviour.' "I knew him by his bearing."—SHAKS. *Much Ado About Nothing*, ii. 1. 166.

**belted,** (xxx.) *p.p.* of *belt*. A verb derived from the noun *belt*, 'a girdle.' A.S. *belt*, Icel. *belti*, L. *balteus*, O.H.G. *balz*. In heraldry, a belt is a badge or mark of the knightly order, given to a person when he is raised to knighthood.

**blast,** (xvii.) *n.* A.S. *blæſt*, 'a puff of wind;' Icel. *blástr*, 'a breath.' 'A blowing,' or 'a sudden gust of wind;' 'the sound made by blowing a "wind instrument," as a horn or a trumpet.'

**blind**, (iv.) *v.a.*, 'to deprive of sight,' 'to dim the perception,' 'to make a man morally or intellectually blind,' 'to conceal,' 'to obscure to the eye or the mind.' *Exodus* xxiii. 8—"Thou shalt take no gift: for a gift *blindeth* the wise." Here 'to make it impossible to see in what direction he had gone,' by obscuring the way.

**blithe**, (xvi.) *adj.* A.S. *blithe*. Icel. *blidhr*, 'gentle,' 'mild.' Goth. *bleiths*, 'merciful.' 'Gay,' 'merry,' 'sprightly,' 'joyous.'

**bosky**, (v.) *adj.*, 'covered with underwood.' It. *bosco*, Fr. *bois*.

**brake**, (iv.) *n.* A.S. *brace*, 'fern' (cp. *bracken*), probably allied to Danish *brak*. G. *brach*, 'fallow.' 'A place covered with underwood, shrubs, and brambles.' Cp. SHAKS. *Mids. Night's Dream*, iii. 1. 4—"This green plot shall be our stage; this hawthorn-brake our tiring-room."

**bugle-horn**, (xxi.) *n.*, 'the horn of a bugle,' 'a young ox,' 'steer.' From L. *buculus*, for *boviculus*, the diminutive of *bos*. Gk. *βοῦς*. The word is said to be still in use in the south of England. In M.E. *bugle*=buffalo. "These are the beasts which ye shall eat of: oxen, shepe and gootes, hert, roo, and bugle."—Bible 1551, *Deut.* xiv. 4, 5.

**burnish**, (xvii.) *v.a.* M.E. *burnisen*, *burnen*, 'to polish by friction,' 'to make smooth and lustrous.' Fr. *brunir*, O.Fr. *burnir*, 'to embrown,' 'to polish;' from *brun*.

**chasten**, (xx.) *v.a.* Fr. *châtier*, O.Fr. *chastier*, from L. *castigare*, 'to chastise.' 'To correct,' 'chastise,' by punishment. Here 'well-trained' under the lash. "If he commit iniquity, I will chasten him with the rod of men."—2 Sam. vii. 4.

**chase**, (xxv.) *n.* An open space stored with game, and belonging to a private proprietor.

**clomb**, (iv.) *v.a.* and *n.*, preterite of M.E. *climben*, now *climb*. A.S. *climban*. G. *klimmen*. Now only used in poetry; in prose *climbed*.

"Till *clomb* above the eastern bar  
The horned moon."

—COLERIDGE, *Anc. Mar.* (part iii.)

**coppice**, (vi.) *n.* A wood of small growth of underwood and brushwood, cut down for fuel, and then shooting out again. O.Fr. *copris*, *copeau*, 'wood newly cut.' Fr. *couper*. L.L. *colpus*, for *colaphus*, 'stroke,' 'blow.'

**couch**, (iv. vi.) *v.a.* and *n.*, 'to lie down,' 'place,' 'set.' M.E. *couchen*. Fr. *coucher*. L. *collocare*, 'to put together.'

**cow**, (iv.) *v.a.* Danish, *kue*. Icel. *kilga*, 'to tyrannise over,' 'to depress with fear,' 'to sink a man's courage.' "It hath *cowed* my better part of man."—SHAKS. *Macbeth*, v. 8. 18.

**crouch**, (ii.) *v.n.*, 'to bend,' 'crook yourself.' See Canto II. x. and Glossary.

**cushat**, (vii.) *n.* The ring-dove or wood-pigeon. Saxon, *cusceote*. *Columba palumbus*.

**desultory**, (i.) *adj.*; *lit.* 'leaping,' 'consisting of leaps.' So 'unconnected,' 'unmethodical,' passing from one to another subject with no order or connection. From L. *desultorius*, from *desultor*, 'a rider in the circus who leaps down or from one horse to another.'

**divan**, (xviii.) *n.* Persian *divān*, 'a council chamber,' 'a raised seat.' Among the Turks a court of justice, or a council-room. It is in that sense that it is used here.

**double**, (ii.) *v.n.*, 'to turn back, or retrace your steps in running.'

**dun**, (viii.) *adj.* Of a dark colour, of a dull brown, 'dark,' 'gloomy.' A.S. *dunn*, whence *dunian*, 'to obscure.'

"On this side Night,  
In the *dun* air sublime."

—MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, iii. 72.

**eld**, (xix.) *n.*, 'old time.' A.S. *yldu*, 'antiquity,' from *eld*, 'old.'

**feat**, (xv.) *n.* Fr. *fait*. L. *factum*, 'a deed well done.' "An exploit, any extraordinary act of strength." "Feats of arms." "Feats of horsemanship."

**fell**, (ix.) *adj.* A.S. *fel*. O.Du. *fel*. It. *fello*, 'sharp,' 'fierce,' 'cruel.' Probably of Celtic origin. 'Barbarous,' 'savage,' 'fierce.'

**gaunt**, (xix.) *adj.* N. *gand*, 'a slender stick,' 'a tall and thin man.' 'Attenuated,' as from fasting, 'lean,' 'slender.' So John of Gaunt playing on his name—

"Therein fasting, hast thou made me *gaunt*;  
*Gaunt* am I for the grave, *gaunt* as a grave."  
—King Richard II. ii. 1. 81, 82.

**glee**, (xv.) *n.*, 'joy,' 'merriment.' A.S. *gleó*, *glíw*, 'sport.' Icel. *glý*, 'gladness.'

**greyhound**, (i.) *n.* A tall, fleet dog for the chase, remarkable for keenness of sight. There are several varieties, the Irish and Scotch, and the smooth-skinned Italian. A.S. *gríghund*. Icel. *greyhundr*. Sc. *grew*.

**harts of greese**, (xxv.) *n.* Scott's note is, "Deer in season." *Greese*, spelt as *greece*, *grieze*, *grize*, seems to come from *L. gressus*, 'a step.' Cp. SHAKS. *Othello*, i. 3. 200, "As a *grize* or step," and *Timon*, iv. 3. 16—

"For ev'ry *grize* of fortune  
Is smooth'd by that below."

**hermit**, (xiv.) *n.* 'An anchoret,' 'a recluse,' 'one who lives in solitude.' Fr. *ermite*. Gk. *ερημίτης*, 'a dweller in the desert.'

**hoard**, (xx.) *n.* 'A hidden store,' 'a store laid up,' 'hidden treasure.' A.S. *hord*. Icel. *hodd*. Goth. *huzd*. The last shows that the original sense is a thing housed.

**hold**, (xxvi.) *n.* 'The stronghold,' 'the strongest part in a castle.'

**ingrate**, (xxiii.) *adj.* 'Ungrateful,' 'unthankful.' L. *ingratus*.

**instant**, (xi.) *adj.* used as an *adv.* 'At once,' 'at the instant.' L. *instans*, 'close upon,' from *insto*, 'to dog at heel.'

**inured**, (iii.) *p.p.* of *inure*. See Canto I. 8 and Glossary.

**jungle**, (iv.) *n.* Sanscrit *jangala*, *adj.* 'dry, desert, waste land.' In English applied to land covered with forest trees, thick brushwood, or coarse rank vegetation.

**keep**, (xxiv.) *n.* The stronghold of a castle, where prisoners are kept; or according to some, where the family keep or live for safety, as the strongest part of the castle.

**kind**, (i.) *n.* 'Kin,' 'of the same race or blood,' 'of the same class.' A.S. *cynd*, 'race;' *cyn*, 'family.' Gk. *γένος*. L. *genus*, *gigno*, from stem *γεν-*.

**lineage**, (i.) *n.* 'Descent,' 'race,' 'descendants from one progenitor.' Fr. *lignage*, from *ligne*. L. *linea*. (Hence *lineal*.)

**lower, lour**, (xx.) *v.n.* 'To frown,' 'be gloomy,' 'sullen.' Cp. Du. *loeren*, 'to frown.' G. *lauern*, 'to spy,' 'lie in wait,' and the Scotch *gloure*.

"This *louring* tempest of your home-born hate."

—SHAKS. *Richard II.* i. 3. 187.

**lusty**, (xxi.) *adj.* 'Full of life and vigour,' 'merry,' 'jovial.' "Making thee young and *lusty*, as an eagle."—*Ps. ciii. 5*; (Prayer-book.) A.S., Du., and G. *lust*. Icel. *lyst*, 'pleasure.' Cp. G. *lustig*.

**mace**, (xii.) *n.* O. Fr. *mace*. Fr. *masse*. It. *mazza*, 'a mallet or club, with a knob or head.' A weapon of war used in

Europe as late as the sixteenth century by knights, and cavalry, and by fighting priests, who by the Canon Law could not use a sword. Later, an ornamental staff of silver, or other metal, borne before magistrates and other persons in authority. It is borne before the Speaker of the House of Commons. Thus Cromwell, suppressing the Long Parliament, "commanded the mace to be taken away, saying, What shall we do with this bauble? Here, take it away."—KNIGHT'S *Popular History*, iv. 159.

**mantled**, (viii.) *p.p.* of *mantle*, *v.* formed from the noun. 'Covered' (by them). Fr. *mante*, *manteau*; It. *manto*; L.L. *mantellum*, 'a cloak,' 'a loose outer garment.' "Well covered with night's black mantle."—SHAKS. *3 Henry VI.* iv. 2. 22.

**mar**, (i.) *v.a.* M.E. *merren*, 'to injure.' From an Aryan stem, *mar*, 'to grind.' O.Fr. *marri*, 'fretful;' *marrir*, 'to complain.' So the term is applied to ill-usage. "Thy prison that *marreth* thee."—CHAUCER, *Rom. of the Rose*. Hence the modern sense, 'to injure,' 'impair,' 'disfigure,' 'deform.' It is also a synonym of *spoil* and *blemish*. Cp. "His visage was so *marred* more than any man."—ISA. iii. 14. "I pray you, *mar* no more trees by writing love songs on their barks."—SHAKS. *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 276.

**marauder**, (iii.) *n.* 'One who wanders in quest of plunder.' Fr. *maraud*, 'a rogue,' 'knave,' 'vagabond;' *marauder*, 'to play the rogue.'

**mate**, (xxii.) *n.* Icel. *maki*, Du. *maet*. 'A comrade,' 'companion,' 'match,' 'equal.' "Your pride is yet no *mate* with mine."—TENNYSON.

**mazy**, (iv.) *adj.*, 'like a maze, with winding paths,' 'perplexed with turns,' 'intricate.' "To run the ring, and trace the *mazy* round."—DRYDEN.

**mere**, (xxx.) *n.*, 'a pool,' 'a lake.' A.S. *mere*, 'a lake.' Icel. *marr*, Goth. *marei*, L. *mare*, 'sea.' The original sense is 'dead,' 'a pool of stagnant water.' Common name in English lakes. Windermere, Grasmere, Rostherne Mere.

**mickle**, (xvii.) *adj.*, 'much,' 'great.' Icel. *mikill*, Goth. *mikils*, Gk. *μέγας*, *μεγάλη*, L. *magnus*.

**moody**, (xxii.) *adj.*, 'fretful,' 'peevish,' 'given to fits of temper.' A.S. *mbd*, Du. *moed*, G. *muth*, 'courage.' Goth. *mods*, Icel. *modr*, 'wrath.'

**musketoon**, (xvii.) *n.*, 'a short thick musket;' the shortest kind of blunderbuss. Fr. *mousqueton*, L.L. *muschetta*, 'a bolt shot from a balista.'

**mutinous**, (xxix.) *adj.*, 'given to mutiny,' 'rebellious,' 'seditious.' From the old word *mutine*, O. Fr. *mutiner*; O. Fr. *mutin*, 'turbulent,' 'seditious.' "If thou canst *mutine* in a matron's bones."—SHAKS. *Hamlet*, iii. 4. 83.

**nether**, (ix.) *adj.*, 'under,' 'lower,' as opposed to upper. M. E. *nethere*, Icel. *nethri*, 'lower.' G. *nieder*, A. S. *neothra*, 'beneath.'

**nice**, (xxvi.) *adj.*, 'dainty,' 'delicate,' 'precise,' 'over-scrupulous,' 'foolishly attached.' From O. Fr. *nice*, 'foolish,' 'simple.' "Comme pucelle *nice* et sotte."—*Roman de Rou*, 6920. Spanish *nevio*, L. *nescius*, 'ignorant.' The proverb, "More *nice* than wise," shows the older meaning. "Curious, not knowing: not exact, but *nice*."—POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, 286. 'Fastidious.' "And to taste think not I shall be *nice*."—MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, v. 432.

**noxious**, (xv.) *adj.*, 'hurtful,' 'pernicious.' L. *noxius*, from *noxere*, 'to harm.' Cp. *innocent*, 'harmless.'

**numbed**, (xxi.) *p. p. of numb, v. a.* M. E. *nome*, 'to deprive of sensation,' 'to deaden,' 'to stupefy.' From Goth. and A. S. *niman*, 'to take away'; *numen*, 'taken away.' Icel. *numinn*, 'bereft,' *p. p. of nema*, 'to take.' The more common form of the transitive verb is *benumb*, from A. S. *beniman*, *benummen*, G. *benehmen*, *benommen*. Cp. "For lazy winter *numbs* the labouring hand."—DRYDEN.

**peal**, (xv.) *v. n.*, 'to make a great noise.'

**peevish**, (xi.) *adj.*, 'fretful,' 'whimpering,' 'hard to please.' Originally 'making a plaintive cry,' from Lowland Scotch *peu*. Fr. *piauler*, 'to chirp, pule.' In Craven a *peevish* wind is a piercing, very cold wind. "She is *peevish*, sullen, froward."—SHAKS. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iii. 1. 68.

**ply**, (i.) *v. n.* M. E. *plien*, 'to bend,' 'to give way,' 'to work steadily,' 'to busy one's self.' Fr. *plier*, 'to fold, bend, plait.' L. *plicare*, Gk. *πλέκειν*.

**postern**, (xxvii.) *n.*, 'a back door,' or 'a small gate,' but generally at the back of the premises; or a private gate in a park, only used by the owner. Fr. *poterne*, O. Fr. *posterne*, It. *postiera*, deemed to be a corruption of the L. L. *posterala* for *porterala*. This, however, was applied to a back gate, and is doubtless a derivation from L. *post*, 'behind.' "Posterne, yate, posticum, posterula."—*Prompt. Parv.*

**pounce**, (i.) *v. n.*, 'to seize with the claws.' Originally a term from hawking; a hawk's claws were called *pounces*. (Halliwell, s. v.) Spanish *punzar*, from L. L. *punctiare* (not found), but

regularly formed from L. *punctus*, p.p. of *pungere*, 'to pierce.' Hence *punch*, a tool.

**prance**, (xxx.) *v.n.* M.E. *prancen*, *prauncen*. Used of a horse. It means 'to make a show,' 'to show off.' Cp. M.E. *pranken*, 'to trim.' O.Du. *pronken*, 'to make a show,' 'to strut about.' "Now rule thy *prancing* steed."—GAY.

**prowl**, (ii.) *v.n.* M.E. *prollen*, 'to search after continuously.' "I *prolle*, I go here and there to seke a thyng."—PALSGRAVE. "Though ye *prolle* ay, ye schul it never fynde."—CHAUCER, *Ch. Yeman's Tale*, 401. "*Prolym*, scrutari."—*Prompt. Parv.* Connected with *prog*, *progue*, 'to go a-begging,' 'to steal.' So 'to *prigge*' is 'to steal.'

"That man in the gown, in my opinion,  
Looks like a *progg*ing knave."

—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *Spanish Curate*, iii. 3.

"As when a *prowling* wolf . . .

Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold."

—MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 183.

**ranger**, (iv.) *n.* So called because it is his duty to range up and down the forest, to see to the game, and supervise the keepers in their several beats. Wedgwood, however, thinks that the name was taken from the O.Fr. name for a guardian of a forest, *ramageur*. The right of cutting branches from the trees in the forest was called *ramage*, from the L.L. *ramagium*, from L. *ramus*, 'a branch.' Hence *ramageur* was the man who had to look after the woods, and to receive the money for the *ramage*. O.Fr. had *raim*, *rains*, *rainche*, for 'branch' or 'stick,' which may account for *range* from *ramage*. In the same way our word *change* is *cambio* in Italian.

**raze**, (xi.) *v.a.* 'to scrape,' 'to efface,' 'to lay even with the ground.' L. *rado*, *rasum*, 'to scrape.' Fr. *raser*, 'to shave.' *Raze* here is used for what we call 'erase'; the man's name is, so to say, *scraped out* of the list of Rokeby's band.

**read**, (xvii.) *v.a.* (from A.S. *redan*, 'to advise,' 'command,' 'interpret,' 'read.' *Ic rede the*, 'I advise thee'; *Ic rede swesn*, 'I interpret a dream'; *rēd*, 'counsel.' Icel. *ratha*. G. *rathen*, 'to advise,' 'to conjecture'), 'to advise,' 'command,' or 'conjecture'; 'to make out the meaning of something presented from without,' 'to interpret a dream or a riddle,' 'to gather the sense of written or printed characters.' Here it is to make out, from the dress, &c., that is seen, the office of the man addressed.

"An armed corse did lie,

In whose dead face he *read* great magnanimity."

—SPENSER.

"Who is't can *read* a woman?"—SHAKS. *Cymb.* v. 5. 48.

**reckless**, (xv.) *adj.* A.S. *riccelcís*, 'careless,' 'heedless.' From the verb 'to reck.' M.E. *rekken*, A.S. *rican*, O.H.G. *ruoh*, 'care,' 'heed;' *rohhjan*, 'to regard,' 'care,' 'care for.'

**repine**, (xiv.) *v.n.*, 'to fret yourself,' 'to be discontented,' 'to wish that what you have done could be undone (*re*, 'back,' and *pine*).

**rift**, (xiv.) *n.*, 'a cleft,' 'chink,' 'crack.' From *rive*, *v.a.*, 'to rend asunder by force,' natural or human. M.E. *riuen*. Icel. *rifa*, *p.p.* *rífinn* (riven), 'to rive.' G. *reiben*, 'to grate,' 'rub.' Gk. *ἐπείπειν*, 'to tear down.'

**rue**, (xxvi.) *v.a.* M.E. *rewen*, 'to be sorry for,' 'to grieve,' 'lament.' A.S. *hreowan*, *reowan*, G. *reute*. Icel. *hryggr*, 'sorrowful.' From the verb comes a noun *ruth*. M.E. *reuth*, 'sorrow.'

"Thy will  
Chose freely what it now so justly *rues*."

—MILTON, *P. L.* iv. 72.

**rue**, (xxviii.) *n.*, 'a strong-smelling plant,' of repute formerly as a charm, and still used as a stimulant. Its flowers used to be put on the judge's desk and the prisoner's dock in the Old Bailey, as a stimulant in the foul atmosphere of the court. Fr. *rue*, L. *ruta*, Gk. *ρύτη*.

**sallyport**, (xxvii.) *n.*, 'a postern-gate,' or other passage for the troops to sally out by. To *sally*, is to rush out suddenly. From L. *salire*, 'to leap.'

**savannah**, (vi.) *n.*, 'an extensive open plain or meadow.' From the Spanish *sabana*, 'a sheet for a bed.'

**slowhound**, (i.) *n.*, 'sleuth hound,' 'bloodhound.' See note *ad locum*.

**spectre**, (xviii.) *n.*, 'an apparition,' 'a ghost,' 'a phantom.' From the L. *spectrum*, 'a vision ;' *specere*, 'to see.'

**spial**, (xxvii.) 'a spy.' A corrupt form of *espial*, which is sometimes used for *spy*, but more generally for the act of spying. Fr. *espier*. It. *spiare*. G. *spähen*, 'to spy.' It. *spione*. Fr. *espion*, 'a spy.'

**spray**, xiv.) *n.* The word has two meanings—'the fine drops from a fountain,' especially where there is a breeze; or 'the spray of the sea,' waves breaking on the rocks (Norse *spreie*, Du. *spreiden*, 'to scatter'); and 'the twigs or shoots of plants.' Icel. *sprök*, 'a stick.' Danish, *sprag*, 'a sprig.'

**spurn**, (xii.) *v.* M.E. *spurnen*, Icel. *sperna*, 'to kick,' 'to reject with disdain,' 'to express contempt by turning your back, and kicking with a raised heel.' Allied to *spur*. A.S. *spura*, 'a spur;' *spurran*, 'to kick.' Icel. *spori*, G. *sporn*, Fr. *éperon*. The L. *sperno*, 'to despise,' a cognate form. "Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides."—SHAKS. *K. John*, ii. I. 24.

**stanch**, (xii.) *adj.*, 'firm,' 'sound,' 'not leaky,' 'to be relied upon.' The verb *stanch* is used of stopping the flow of blood. O.Fr. *estancher*, 'to stanch the flow of liquid.' LL. *stancare*, a variant of *stagnare*, 'to cease to flow.' From this we get the idea of 'firm,' 'reliable.' So we speak of a *stanch* Conservative, or a *stanch* teetotaler. "A *stanch* Churchman."—ADDISON.

**storm**, (xxvi.) *v.a.* 'To assault,' 'to attack by open force.' The verb is taken from the noun. A.S. *storm*, lit. 'that which lays low.' Icel. *storm*. Du., Swed., Danish, *storm*. G. *sturm*, 'a tempest,' 'a violent civil commotion,' 'tumultuous force.'

**submiss**, (xxi.) *adj.* = 'submissive,' which is more frequently used; 'yielding to the will or power of another,' 'recognizing another's superiority,' 'obedient,' 'humble.' From L. *submissus*.

**surplice**, (xii.) *n.*, here simply church and crown. From L.L. *superpellicum*, the white garment worn by the clergy above the *pelisse* or coat of fur; thus a symbol of the clergy, as *cloak* is the law and lawyers, *mace* is the House of Commons, and the *crown* is the king.

**tax**, (xx.) *v.a.* M.E. *taxen*. Fr. *taxer*. L. *taxare*, 'to handle,' 'value,' 'appraise,' 'tax.' From L. *tangere*, 'to touch.' Gk. *τάσσω*. Stem *tag-*, of which *taxare* is the frequentative. Here Mortham brings a *charge* against Denzil. "We are more heavily *taxed* by our idleness, pride, and folly, than we are *taxed* by the Government."—FRANKLIN.

**throatwort**, (viii.) *n.* The *campanula latifolia*, or Canterbury bell, which grows in profusion upon the beautiful banks of the Greta, about three miles above the Greta bridge.

**throe**. Canto I. 2 and Glossary.

**troll**, (xxviii.) *v.n.* 'To sing.' It also means 'to roll or trundle.' "To troll a song may be to roll it out with rise and fall of voice, but it is more probably the equivalent of the G. *trallen*, *trällern*; Swiss *trallen*, *tralallen*, 'to sing a tune,' 'to sound notes without words;' from *tra-la-la*."—WEDGWOOD.

**tuck**, (xvii.) *n.* 'The beat of a drum.'

**umbrage**, (xxi.) *n.*, *lit.* 'a shade,' 'shadow,' 'suspicion of injury, or of offence.' So *took umbrage* means 'he felt himself insulted.' From L. *umbra*, *umbraticum*, 'shade.' Fr. *ombrage*, 'shade ;' *ombrageux*, 'distrustful,' 'suspicious,' 'shy.' *Faire ombre à quelqu'un*, 'to give umbrage.' The *adj.* *umbrageous* is only used for shady ; its Fr. equivalent loses that notion.

**vail**, (xxx.) *v.a.* 'To lower.' From Fr. *avaler*, 'to let down,' 'to swallow.' Here it would mean 'to take off,' 'raise his bonnet.'

**vane**, (xxvii.) *n.* A thin slip on a spindle at the top of a spire, or the highest point in a house, to show from what quarter the wind blows. A weathercock, properly a streamer. A.S. *fana*, 'a small flag.' G. *fahne*, 'a flag.' Icel. *fáni*. Goth. *fana*. Orig. 'a bit of cloth,' allied to L. *pannus*.

**vantage**, (xxvii.) *n.* A state in which one has better means or chances of action or defence than another. It is a short form of M.E. *avantage*, Fr. *avantage*, It. *avantage*, from Fr. *avant*, It. *avanti*, a combination of the Latin *ab* and *ante*.

**vassal**, (ix.) *n.* One who held, in feudal times, lands from a superior, and who vowed fidelity and homage to him. From this comes its present use for a bondman of any kind. Here it is a vassal of the Devil. Fr. *vassal*. Breton *gwaz*, 'a servant.' Welsh and Cornish, *gwaz*, 'a youth,' 'a servant.'

**wassail**, (xv.) *n.*, 'a drinking bout,' 'a festive meeting, where healths are drunk.' A.S. *wes hæl*, 'be health' (cp. *hale*).

"The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,  
Keeps *wassail*."—SHAKS. *Hamlet*, i. 4. 9.

The liquor used on such occasions, especially about Christmas or New Year, consists of ale, sweetened with sugar, and flavoured with nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves, and roasted apples.

**waylaid**, (xii.) *p.p.* of *waylay*, 'to lie in wait by the wayside to intercept a man.' Here to capture a criminal ; generally to carry off booty.

**wayward**, (v.) *adj.*, 'perverse,' 'full of whims,' 'froward.' M.E. *wayward*, for *awayward*. Thus *wayward* is *away-ward*, *adv.* 'away from a thing.'

**wend**, (xvi.) *v.n.* See Canto I. 22 and Glossary.

**wicket-grate**, (xxvii.) *n.*, 'a wicket-gate, with a grating to examine the visitor by.'

**wold**, (xii.) *n.* See Canto I. 22 and Glossary.

**wot**, (xxiv.) *v.a.*, ‘to know.’ M. E. *witen*, pres. I *wot*, thou *wost* (later *wottest*), he *wot*. A. S. *witan*, Icel. *vita*, Goth. *witan*, G. *wissen*, ‘to know,’ allied to L. *videre*. Gk. *ἰδεῖν*, ‘to see,’ pf. *οἶδα*, ‘I know.’

**wrangling**, (xii.) *n.* ‘Angry dispute,’ ‘altercation.’ From the verb *wrangle* (frequentative from *wring*. A. S. *wringan*, ‘to press’), ‘to wrestle,’ ‘to brawl.’ “A scorn of *wrangling*, and a zeal for truth.”—POPE, *Epitaph on Trumbal*.

**wreak**. (vi.) *v.a.* ‘To hurl or drive,’ ‘to revenge.’ A. S. *wrecan*, ‘to punish.’ Icel. *reka*, ‘to drive,’ ‘repel.’ Goth. *vrikan*, ‘to persecute.’ “On me let Death *wreak* all his rage.”—MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, iii. 241.

**zest**, (xv.) *n.*, ‘relish,’ ‘that which gives a pleasant taste.’ Gk. *σχιστός*, ‘cloven,’ ‘parted.’ ‘The woody skin quartering the walnut;’ from this applied to the skin of a lemon or an orange, used to give a piquant flavour to negus or punch. Fr. *zeste*, ‘rind,’ ‘peel.’

## *ROKEBY*

### CANTO FOURTH.

*(Words marked with an asterisk \* will be found in the Glossary.)*

#### I.

WHEN Denmark's raven soar'd on high,  
Triumphant through Northumbrian sky,  
Till, hovering near, her fatal croak\*  
Bade Reged's Britons dread the yoke,  
And the broad shadow of her wing  
Blacken'd each cataract\* and spring,  
Where Tees in tumult leaves his source,  
Thundering o'er Caldron and High-Force ;  
Beneath the shade the Northmen came,  
Fix'd on each vale a Runic\* name,  
Rear'd high their altar's rugged stone,  
And gave their Gods the land they won.  
Then, Balder, one bleak garth\* was thine,  
And one sweet brooklet's silver line,  
And Woden's Croft\* did title gain  
From the stern Father of the Slain ;  
But to the Monarch of the Mace,  
That held in fight the foremost place,  
To Odin's son, and Sifia's spouse,  
Near Stratforth high they paid their vows,  
Remember'd Thor's victorious fame,  
And gave the dell the Thunderer's name.

#### II.

Yet Scald\* or Kemper\* err'd I ween,  
Who gave that soft and quiet scene,

With all its varied light and shade,  
 And every little sunny glade,  
 And the blithe\* brook that strolls along  
 Its pebbled bed with summer song,  
 To the grim God of blood and scar,  
 The grisly\* King of Northern War.  
 O, better were its banks assign'd  
 To spirits of a gentler kind!  
 For where the thicket-groups recede,  
 And the rath\* primrose decks the mead,  
 The velvet grass seems carpet meet  
 For the light fairies' lively feet.  
 Yon tufted knoll,\* with daisies strown,  
 Might make proud Oberon a throne,  
 While, hidden in the thicket nigh,  
 Puck should brood o'er his frolic sly ;  
 And where profuse the wood-vetch clings  
 Round ash and elm, in verdant rings,  
 Its pale and azure-pencill'd flower  
 Should canopy Titania's bower.

## III.

Here rise no cliffs the vale to shade ;  
 But, skirting\* every sunny glade,\*  
 In fair variety of green  
 The woodland lends its silvan\* screen.  
 Hoary, yet haughty, frowns the oak,  
 Its boughs by weight of ages broke ;  
 And towers erect, in sable\* spire,  
 The pine-tree scathed\* by lightning-fire ;  
 The drooping ash and birch, between,  
 Hang their fair tresses o'er the green,  
 And all beneath, at random\* grow  
 Each coppice\* dwarf of varied show,  
 Or, round the stems profusely twined,  
 Fling summer odours on the wind.  
 Such varied group Urbino's hand  
 Round him of Tarsus nobly plann'd,  
 What time he bade proud Athens own  
 On Mars's Mount the God Unknown !  
 Then grey Philosophy stood nigh,  
 Though bent by age, in spirit high :

There rose the scar-seam'd veteran's spear,  
 There Grecian Beauty bent to hear,  
 While Childhood at her foot was placed,  
 Or clung delighted to her waist.

## IV.

"And rest we here," Matilda said,  
 And sat her in the varying shade.  
 "Chance-met,\* we well may steal an hour,  
 To friendship due, from fortune's power.  
 Thou, Wilfrid, ever kind, must lend  
 Thy counsel to thy sister-friend ;  
 And, Redmond, thou, at my behest,\*  
 No farther urge thy desperate 'quest.\*  
 For to my care a charge is left,  
 Dangerous to one of aid bereft ;\*  
 Wellnigh an orphan, and alone,  
 Captive her sire, her house o'erthrown."  
 Wilfrid, with wonted kindness graced,  
 Beside her on the turf she placed ;  
 Then paused, with downcast look and eye,  
 Nor bade young Redmond seat him nigh.  
 Her conscious diffidence he saw,  
 Drew backward, as in modest awe,  
 And sat a little space removed,  
 Unmark'd to gaze on her he loved.

## V.

Wreathed in its dark-brown rings, her hair  
 Half hid Matilda's forehead fair,  
 Half hid and half reveal'd to view  
 Her full dark eye of hazel hue.  
 The rose, with faint and feeble streak,  
 So slightly tinged the maiden's cheek,  
 That you had said her hue was pale ;  
 But if she faced the summer gale,  
 Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,  
 Or heard the praise of those she loved,  
 Or when of interest was express'd  
 Aught that waked feeling in her breast,  
 The mantling\* blood in ready play  
 Rivall'd the blush of rising day.

There was a soft and pensive grace,  
 A cast of thought upon her face,  
 That suited well the forehead high,  
 The eyelash dark, and downcast eye;  
 The mild expression spoke a mind  
 In duty firm, composed, resign'd;  
 'T is that which Roman art has given,  
 To mark their maiden Queen of Heaven.  
 In hours of sport, that mood gave way  
 To Fancy's light and frolic\* play;  
 And when the dance, or tale, or song,  
 In harmless mirth sped time along,  
 Full oft her doating\* sire would call  
 His Maud the merriest of them all.  
 But days of war and civil crime,  
 Allow'd but ill such festal time,  
 And her soft pensiveness of brow  
 Had deepen'd into sadness now.  
 In Marston field her father ta'en,  
 Her friends dispersed, brave Mortham slain,  
 While every ill her soul foretold,  
 From Oswald's thirst of power and gold,  
 And boding\* thoughts that she must part  
 With a soft vision of her heart,—  
 All lower'd around the lovely maid,  
 To darken her dejection's shade.

## VI.

Who has not heard—while Erin yet  
 Strove 'gainst the Saxon's iron bit—  
 Who has not heard how brave O'Neale  
 In English blood imbrued\* his steel,  
 Against St. George's cross blazed high  
 The banners of his Tanistry,  
 To fiery Essex gave the foil,  
 And reign'd a prince on Ulster's soil?  
 But chief arose his victor pride,  
 When that brave Marshal fought and died,  
 And Avon-Duff to ocean bore  
 His billows red with Saxon gore.  
 'T was first in that disastrous\* fight,  
 Rokeby and Mortham proved their might.

There had they fallen 'mongst the rest,  
 But pity touch'd a chieftain's breast ;  
 The Tanist he to great O'Neale ;  
 He check'd his followers' bloody zeal,  
 To quarter\* took the kinsmen bold,  
 And bore them to his mountain-hold,  
 Gave them each silvan joy to know,  
 Slieve-Donard's cliffs and woods could show,  
 Shared with them Erip's festal cheer,  
 Show'd them the chase of wolf and deer,  
 And, when a fitting time was come,  
 Safe and unransom'd sent them home,  
 Loaded with many a gift, to prove  
 A generous foe's respect and love.

## VII.

Years speed away. On Rokeby's head  
 Some touch of early snow was shed ;  
 Calm he enjoy'd, by Greta's wave,  
 The peace which James the Peaceful gave,  
 While Mortham, far beyond the main,  
 Waged his fierce wars on Indian Spain.—  
 It chanced upon a wintry night,  
 That whiten'd Stanmore's stormy height,  
 The chase was o'er, the stag was kill'd,  
 In Rokeby-hall the cups were fill'd,  
 And by the huge stone chimney sate  
 The Knight in hospitable state.  
 Moonless the sky, the hour was late,  
 When a loud summons shook the gate,  
 And sore for entrance and for aid  
 A voice of foreign accent pray'd.  
 The porter answer'd to the call,  
 And instant rush'd into the hall  
 A Man, whose aspect and attire  
 Startled the circle by the fire.

## VIII.

His plaited hair in elf-locks\* spread  
 Around his bare and matted head ;  
 On leg and thigh, close stretch'd and trim,  
 His vesture show'd the sinewy limb ;

In saffron dyed, a linen vest  
 Was frequent folded round his breast ;  
 A mantle long and loose he wore,  
 Shaggy with ice, and stain'd with gore.  
 He clasp'd a burden to his heart,  
 And, resting on a knotted dart,  
 The snow from hair and beard he shook,  
 And round him gazed with wilder'd\* look.  
 Then up the hall, with staggering\* pace,  
 He hasten'd by the blaze to place,  
 Half lifeless from the bitter air,  
 His load, a Boy of beauty rare.  
 To Rokeby, next, he louted\* low,  
 Then stood erect his tale to show,  
 With wild majestic port and tone,  
 Like envoy of some barbarous throne.  
 "Sir Richard, Lord of Rokeby, hear !  
 Turlough O'Neale salutes thee dear ;  
 He graces\* thee, and to thy care  
 Young Redmond gives, his grandson fair.  
 He bids thee breed him as thy son,  
 For Turlough's days of joy are done ;  
 And other lords have seized his land,  
 And faint and feeble is his hand ;  
 And all the glory of Tyrone  
 Is like a morning vapour flown.  
 To bind the duty on thy soul,  
 He bids thee think on Erin's bowl !  
 If any wrong the young O'Neale,  
 He bids thee think of Erin's steel.  
 To Mortham first this charge was due,  
 But, in his absence, honours you.—  
 Now is my master's message by,  
 And Ferraught will contented die."

## IX.

His look grew fix'd, his cheek grew pale,  
 He sunk when he had told his tale ;  
 For, hid beneath his mantle wide,  
 A mortal wound was in his side.  
 Vain was all aid—in terror wild,  
 And sorrow, scream'd the orphan Child.

Poor Ferraught raised his wistful\* eyes,  
 And faintly strove to soothe his cries ;  
 All reckless of his dying pain,  
 He blest and blest him o'er again !  
 And kiss'd the little hands outspread,  
 And kiss'd and cross'd the infant head,  
 And, in his native tongue and phrase,  
 Pray'd to each saint to watch his days ;  
 Then all his strength together drew,  
 The charge to Rokeby to renew.  
 When half was falter'd from his breast,  
 And half by dying signs express'd,  
 " Bless the O'Neale !" he faintly said,  
 And thus the faithful spirit fled.

## X.

'T was long ere soothing might prevail  
 Upon the child to end the tale ;  
 And then he said, that from his home  
 His grandsire had been forced to roam,  
 Which had not been if Redmond's hand  
 Had but had strength to draw the brand,  
 The brand of Lenaugh More the Red,  
 That hung beside the grey wolf's head.—  
 'T was from his broken phrase descried,  
 His foster-father was his guide,  
 Who, in his charge, from Ulster bore  
 Letters and gifts a goodly store ;  
 But russians\* met them in the wood,  
 Ferraught in battle boldly stood,  
 Till wounded and o'erpowered at length,  
 And stripp'd of all, his failing strength  
 Just bore him here—and then the child  
 Renew'd again his moaning wild.

## XI.

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,  
 Is like the dewdrop on the rose ;  
 When next the summer breeze comes by,  
 And waves the bush, the flower is dry.  
 Won by their care, the orphan child  
 Soon on his new protector smiled,

With dimpled cheek and eye so fair,  
 Through his thick curls of flaxen hair,  
 But blitest laugh'd that cheek and eye,  
 When Rokeby's little Maid was nigh ;  
 'T was his, with elder brother's pride,  
 Matilda's tottering steps to guide ;  
 His native lays in Irish tongue,  
 To soothe her infant ear he sung,  
 And primrose twined with daisy fair,  
 To form a chaplet\* for her hair.  
 By lawn, by grove, by brooklet's strand,  
 The children still were hand in hand,  
 And good Sir Richard smiling eyed\*  
 The early knot so kindly tied.

## XII.

But summer months bring wilding\* shoot  
 From bud to bloom, from bloom to fruit ;  
 And years draw on our human span,  
 From child to boy, from boy to man ;  
 And soon in Rokeby's woods is seen  
 A gallant boy in hunter's green.  
 He loves to wake the felon\* boar,  
 In his dark haunt on Greta's shore,  
 And loves, against the deer so dun,\*  
 To draw the shaft, or lift the gun :  
 Yet more he loves, in autumn prime,  
 The hazel's spreading bows to climb,  
 And down its cluster'd stores to hail,  
 Where young Matilda holds her veil.  
 And she, whose veil receives the shower,  
 Is alter'd too, and knows her power ;  
 Assumes a monitress's pride,  
 Her Redmond's dangerous sports to chide ;  
 Yet listens still to hear him tell  
 How the grim wild-boar fought and fell,  
 How at his fall the bugle\* rung,  
 Till rock and greenwood answer flung ;  
 Then blesses her, that man can find  
 A pastime of such savage kind !

## XIII.

But Redmond knew to weave his tale  
So well with praise of wood and dale,  
And knew so well each point to trace,  
Gives living interest to the chase,  
And knew so well o'er all to throw  
His spirit's wild romantic glow,  
That, while she blamed, and while she fear'd,  
She loved each venturous tale she heard.  
Oft, too, when drifted snow and rain  
To bower and hall their steps restrain,  
Together they explored the page  
Of glowing bard or gifted sage;\*  
Oft, placed the evening fire beside,  
The minstrel art alternate tried,  
While gladsome harp and lively lay  
Bade winter-night flit fast away:  
Thus, from their childhood, blending still  
Their sport, their study, and their skill,  
An union of the soul they prove,  
But must not think that it was love.  
But though they dared not, envious Fame  
Soon dared to give that union name;  
And when so often, side by side,  
From year to year the pair she eyed,  
She sometimes blamed the good old Knight,  
As dull of ear and dim of sight,  
Sometimes his purpose would declare,  
That young O'Neale should wed his heir.

## XIV.

The suit\* of Wilfrid rent disguise  
And bandage from the lovers' eyes;  
'T was plain that Oswald, for his son,  
Had Rokeby's favour wellnigh won.  
Now must they meet with change of cheer,  
With mutual looks of shame and fear;  
Now must Matilda stray apart,  
To school her disobedient heart:

And Redmond now alone must rue  
 The love he never can subdue.  
 But factions rose, and Rokeby sware,  
 No rebel's son should wed his heir ;  
 And Redmond, nurtured while a child  
 In many a bard's traditions wild,  
 Now sought the lonely wood or stream,  
 To cherish there a happier dream,  
 Of maiden won by sword or lance,  
 As in the regions of romance ;  
 And count the heroes of his line,  
 Great Nial of the Pledges Nine,  
 Shane-Dymas wild, and Geraldine,  
 And Connan-more, who vow'd\* his race  
 For ever to the fight and chase,  
 And cursed him, of his lineage born,  
 Should sheathe the sword to reap the corn,  
 Or leave the mountain and the wold,  
 To shroud\* himself in castled hold.\*  
 From such examples hope he drew,  
 And brighten'd as the trumpet blew.

## XV.

If brides were won by heart and blade,  
 Redmond had both his cause to aid,  
 And all beside of nurture rare  
 That might beseem\* a baron's heir.  
 Turlough O'Neale, in Erin's strife,  
 On Rokeby's Lord bestow'd his life,  
 And well did Rokeby's generous Knight  
 Young Redmond for the deed requite.\*  
 Nor was his liberal care and cost\*  
 Upon the gallant stripling lost :  
 Seek the North-Riding broad and wide,  
 Like Redmond none could steed bestride ;  
 From Tynemouth search to Cumberland,  
 Like Redmond none could wield a brand ;\*  
 And then, of humour kind and free,  
 And bearing him to each degree  
 With frank and fearless courtesy,  
 There never youth was form'd to steal  
 Upon the heart like brave O'Neale.

## XVI.

Sir Richard loved him as his son ;  
And when the days of peace were done,  
And to the gales of war he gave  
The banner of his sires to wave,  
Redmond, distinguish'd by his care,  
He chose that honour'd flag to bear.  
And named his page, the next degree,  
In that old time, to chivalry.  
In five pitch'd fields he well maintain'd  
The honour'd place his worth obtain'd,  
And high was Redmond's youthful name  
Blazed in the roll of martial fame.  
Had fortune smiled on Marston fight,  
The eve had seen him dubb'd\* a knight ;  
Twice, 'mid the battle's doubtful strife,  
Of Rokeby's Lord he saved the life,  
But when he saw him prisoner made,  
He kiss'd and then resign'd his blade,  
And yielded him an easy prey  
To those who led the Knight away ;  
Resolved Matilda's sire should prove  
In prison, as in fight, his love.

## XVII.

When lovers meet in adverse hour,  
'T is like a sun-glimpse through a shower,  
A watery ray, an instant seen  
The darkly closing clouds between.  
As Redmond on the turf reclined,  
The past and present fill'd his mind :  
" It was not thus," Affection said,  
" I dream'd of my return, dear maid !  
Not thus, when from thy trembling hand  
I took the banner and the brand,  
When round me, as the bugles blew,  
Their blades three hundred warriors drew,  
And, while the standard I unroll'd,  
Clash'd their bright arms, with clamour bold.  
Where is that banner now ?—its pride  
Lies 'whelm'd\* in Ouse's sullen tide !

Where now these warriors?—in their gore,  
 They cumber\* Marston's dismal moor!  
 And what avails a useless brand,  
 Held by a captive's shackled\* hand,  
 That only would his life retain,  
 To aid thy sire to bear his chain!"  
 Thus Redmond to himself apart;  
 Nor lighter was his rival's\* heart;  
 For Wilfrid, while his generous soul  
 Disdain'd to profit by control,  
 By many a sign could mark too plain,  
 Save with such aid, his hopes were vain.  
 But now Matilda's accents stole  
 On the dark visions of their soul,  
 And bade their mournful musing fly,  
 Like mist before the zephyr's sigh.

## XVIII.

"I need not to my friends recall,  
 How Mortham shunn'd my father's hall;  
 A man of silence and of woe,  
 Yet ever anxious to bestow  
 On my poor self whate'er could prove  
 A kinsman's confidence and love.  
 My feeble aid could sometimes chase  
 The clouds of sorrow for a space:  
 But oftener, fix'd beyond my power,  
 I mark'd his deep despondence lower.\*  
 One dismal cause, by all unguess'd,  
 His fearful confidence confess'd;  
 And twice it was my hap\* to see  
 Examples of that agony,  
 Which for a season can o'erstrain  
 And wreck the structure of the brain.  
 He had the awful power to know  
 The approaching mental overthrow,  
 And while his mind had courage yet  
 To struggle with the dreadful fit,  
 The victim writhed\* against its throes,\*  
 Like wretch beneath a murderer's blows.  
 This malady, I well could mark,  
 Sprung from some direful\* cause and dark;

But still he kept its source conceal'd,  
 Till arming for the civil field ;  
 Then in my charge he bade me hold  
 A treasure huge of gems and gold,  
 With this disjointed\* dismal\* scroll,  
 That tells the secret of his soul,  
 In such wild words as oft betray  
 A mind by anguish forced astray."—

## XIX.

*MORTHAM'S HISTORY.*

" Matilda ! thou hast seen me start,  
 As if a dagger thrill'd\* my heart,  
 When it has happ'd\* some casual phrase  
 Waked memory of my former days.  
 Believe, that few can backward cast  
 Their thoughts with pleasure on the past ;  
 But I !—my youth was rash and vain,  
 And blood and rage my manhood stain,  
 And my grey hairs must now descend  
 To my cold grave without a friend !  
 Even thou, Matilda, wilt disown\*  
 Thy kinsman, when his guilt is known.  
 And must I lift the bloody veil,  
 That hides my dark and fatal tale !  
 I must—I will—Pale phantom, cease !  
 Leave me one little hour in peace !  
 Thus haunted, think'st thou I have skill  
 Thine own commission to fulfil ?  
 Or, while thou point'st with gesture fierce,  
 Thy blighted\* check, thy bloody hearse,  
 How can I paint thee as thou wert,  
 So fair in face, so warm in heart !

## XX.

" Yes, she was fair !—Matilda, thou  
 Hast a soft sadness on thy brow ;  
 But hers was like the sunny glow,  
 That laughs on earth and all below !  
 We wedded secret—there was need—  
 Differing in country and in creed ;

And, when to Mortham's tower she came,  
 We mentioned not her race and name,  
 Until thy sire, who fought afar,  
 Should turn him home from foreign war,  
 On whose kind influence we relied  
 To soothe her father's ire and pride.  
 Few months we lived retired, unknown,  
 To all but one dear friend alone,  
 One darling friend—I spare his shame,  
 I will not write the villain's name !  
 My trespasses I might forget,  
 And sue in vengeance for the debt  
 Due by my brother worm to me,  
 Ungrateful to God's clemency,  
 That spared me penitential time,  
 Nor cut me off amid my crime.—

## XXI.

“A kindly smile to all she lent,  
 But on her husband's friend 't was bent  
 So kind, that from its harmless glee,  
 The wretch misconstrued villainy.  
 Repulsed in his presumptuous love,  
 A 'vengeful snare the traitor wove.  
 Alone we sat—the flask had flow'd,  
 My blood with heat unwonted glow'd,  
 When through the alley'd walk we spied  
 With hurried step my Edith glide,  
 Cowering\* beneath the verdant screen,  
 As one unwilling to be seen.  
 Words cannot paint the fiendish smile,  
 That curl'd\* the traitor's cheek the while !  
 Fiercely I questioned of the cause ;  
 He made a cold and artful pause,  
 Then pray'd it might not chafe\* my mood--  
 ‘There was a gallant in the wood !’  
 We had been shooting at the deer ;  
 My cross-bow (evil chance !) was near :  
 That ready weapon of my wrath  
 I caught, and, hasting up the path,  
 In the yew grove my wife I found,  
 A stranger's arms her neck had bound !

I mark'd his heart—the bow I drew—  
I loosed the shaft—'t was more than true ;  
I found my Edith's dying charms  
Lock'd in her murder'd brother's arms !  
He came in secret to enquire  
Her state, and reconcile her sire.

## XXII.

" All fled my rage—the villain first,  
Whose craft my jealousy had nursed ;  
He sought in far and foreign clime  
To 'scape the vengeance of his crime.  
The manner of the slaughter done  
Was known to few, my guilt to none ;  
Some tale my faithful steward framed—  
I know not what—of shaft mis-aim'd ;  
And even from those the act who knew,  
He hid the hand from which it flew.  
Untouch'd by human laws I stood,  
But God had heard the cry of blood !  
There is a blank upon my mind,  
A fearful vision ill-defined,  
Of raving till my flesh was torn,  
Of dungeon-bolts and fetters worn  
And when I waked to woe more mild,  
And question'd of my infant child—  
(Have I not written, that she bare  
A boy, like summer morning fair?)—  
With looks confused my menials\* tell  
That armed men in Mortham dell  
Beset\* the nurse's evening way,  
And bore her, with her charge, away.  
My faithless friend, and none but he,  
Could profit by this villany ;  
Him then, I sought, with purpose dread  
Of treble vengeance on his head !  
He 'scaped me— but my bosom's wound  
Some faint relief from wandering found ;  
And over distant land and sea  
I bore my load of misery.

## XXIII.

“T was then that fate my footsteps led  
 Among a daring crew and dread,  
 With whom full oft my hated life  
 I ventured in such desperate strife,  
 That even my fierce associates saw  
 My frantic\* deeds with doubt and awe.  
 Much then I learn’d, and much can show,  
 Of human guilt and human woe,  
 Yet ne’er have, in my wanderings, known  
 A wretch, whose sorrows match’d my own!—  
 It chanced, that after battle fray,  
 Upon the bloody field we lay;  
 The yellow moon her lustre shed  
 Upon the wounded and the dead,  
 While, sense in toil and wassail drown’d,  
 My ruffian comrades slept around,  
 There came a voice—its silver tone  
 Was soft, Matilda, as thine own—  
 ‘Ah, wretch! it said, ‘what makest thou here,  
 While unavenged my bloody bier,  
 While unprotected lives mine heir,  
 Without a father’s name and care?’

## XXIV.

“I heard—obey’d—and homeward drew;  
 The fiercest of our desperate crew  
 I brought at time of need to aid  
 My purposed vengeance, long delay’d.  
 But, humble be my thanks to Heaven,  
 That better hopes and thoughts has given,  
 And by our Lord’s dear prayer has taught,  
 Mercy by mercy must be bought!—  
 Let me in misery rejoice—  
 I’ve seen his face—I’ve heard his voice—  
 I claim’d of him my only child—  
 As he disown’d the theft, he smiled!  
 That very calm and callous\* look,  
 That fiendish sneer his visage took,

As when he said, in scornful mood,  
 ‘There is a gallant in the wood!’—  
 I did not slay him as he stood—  
 All praise be to my Maker given!  
 Long suffrance is one path to heaven.”

## XXV.

Thus far the woful tale was heard,  
 When something in the thicket stirr’d.  
 Up Redmond sprung; the villain Guy,  
 (For he it was that lurk’d so nigh,) Drew back—he durst not cross his steel  
 A moment’s space with brave O’Neale,  
 For all the treasured gold that rests  
 In Mortham’s iron-banded chests.  
 Redmond resumed his seat;—he said,  
 Some roe was rustling in the shade.  
 Bertram laugh’d grimly when he saw  
 His timorous comrade backward draw;  
 “A trusty mate art thou, to fear  
 A single arm, and aid so near!  
 Yet have I seen thee mark a deer.  
 Give me thy carabine—I’ll show  
 An art that thou wilt gladly know,  
 How thou mayst safely quell\* a foe.”

## XXVI.

On hands and knees fierce Bertram drew  
 The spreading birch and hazels through,  
 Till he had Redmond full in view;  
 The gun he levell’d\*—Mark like this  
 Was Bertram never known to miss,  
 When fair opposed to aim there sate  
 An object of his mortal hate.  
 That day young Redmond’s death had seen,  
 But twice Matilda came between  
 The carabine and Redmond’s breast,  
 Just ere the spring his finger press’d.  
 A deadly oath the russian swore,  
 But yet his fell\* design forbore:  
 “It ne’er,” he mutter’d, “shall be said,  
 That thus I scath’d\* thee, haughty maid !”

Then moved to seek more open aim,  
 When to his side Guy Denzil came :  
 " Bertram, forbear !—we are undone  
 For ever, if thou fire the gun.  
 By all the fiends, an armed force  
 Descends the dell, of foot and horse !  
 We perish if they hear a shot—  
 Madman ! we have a safer plot—  
 Nay, friend, be ruled, and bear thee back !  
 Behold, down yonder hollow track,  
 The warlike leader of the band  
 Comes, with his broadsword in his hand."  
 Bertram look'd up ; he saw, he knew  
 That Denzil's fears had counsell'd true,  
 Then cursed his fortune and withdrew,  
 Threaded\* the woodlands undescried,\*  
 And gain'd the cave on Greta side.

## XXVII.

They whom dark Bertram, in his wrath,  
 Doom'd to captivity or death,  
 Their thoughts to one sad subject lent,  
 Saw not nor heard the ambushment.  
 Heedless and unconcern'd they sate,  
 While on the very verge\* of fate ;  
 Heedless and unconcern'd remain'd,  
 When Heaven the murderer's arm restrain'd ;  
 As ships drift\* darkling\* down the tide,  
 Nor see the shelves\* o'er which they glide.  
 Uninterrupted thus they heard  
 What Mortham's closing tale declared.  
 He spoke of wealth as of a load,  
 By Fortune on a wretch bestow'd,  
 In bitter mockery of hate,  
 His cureless woes to aggravate\* ;  
 But yet he pray'd Matilda's care  
 Might save that treasure for his heir—  
 His Edith's son—for still he raved\*  
 As confident his life was saved ;  
 In frequent vision, he averr'd,\*  
 He saw his face, his voice he heard ;  
 Then argued calm—had murder been,  
 The blood, the corpses, had been seen ;

Some had pretended, too, to mark  
 On Windermere a stranger bark,  
 Whose crew, with jealous care, yet mild,  
 Guarded a female and a child.  
 While these faint proofs he told and press'd,  
 Hope seem'd to kindle in his breast ;  
 Though inconsistent, vague, and vain,  
 It warp'd\* his judgment, and his brain.

•

## XXVIII.

These solemn words his story close :—  
 “ Heaven witness for me, that I chose  
 My part in this sad civil fight,  
 Moved by no cause but England's right.  
 My country's groans have bid me draw  
 My sword for gospel and for law :—  
 These righted,\* I fling arms aside,  
 And seek my son through Europe wide.  
 My wealth, on which a kinsman nigh  
 Already casts a grasping eye,  
 With thee may unsuspected lie.  
 When of my death Matilda hears,  
 Let her retain her trust three years ;  
 If none, from me, the treasure claim,  
 Perish'd is Mortham's race and name.  
 Then let it leave her generous hand,  
 And flow in bounty o'er the land ;  
 Soften the wounded prisoner's lot,  
 Rebuild the peasant's ruin'd cot ;\*  
 So spoils, acquired by fight afar,  
 Shall mitigate\* domestic war.”

## XXIX.

The generous youths, who well had known  
 Of Mortham's mind the powerful tone,  
 To that high mind, by sorrow swerved,\*  
 Gave sympathy his woes deserved :  
 But Wilfrid chief, who saw reveal'd  
 Why Mortham wish'd his life conceal'd,  
 In secret, doubtless, to pursue  
 The schemes his wilder'd\* fancy drew.

Thoughtful he heard Matilda tell,  
 That she would share her father's cell,  
 His partner of captivity,  
 Where'er his prison-house should be ;  
 Yet grieved to think that Rokeby-hall,  
 Dismantled,\* and forsook by all,  
 Open to rapine and to stealth,  
 Had now no safe-guard for the wealth  
 Intrusted by her kinsman kind,  
 And for such noble use design'd.  
 "Was Barnard Castle then her choice,  
 Wilfrid enquired with hasty voice,  
 "Since there the victor's laws ordain,  
 Her father must a space remain ?"  
 A flutter'd hope his accents shook,  
 A flutter'd joy was in his look.  
 Matilda hasten'd to reply,  
 For anger flash'd in Redmond's eye ;--  
 "Duty," she said, with gentle grace,  
 "Kind Wilfrid, has no choice of place ;  
 Else had I for my sire assign'd  
 Prison less galling to his mind,  
 Than that his wild-wood haunts which sees  
 And hears the murmur of the Tees,  
 Recalling thus, with every glance,  
 What captive's sorrow can enhance ;\*  
 But where those woes are highest, there  
 Needs Rokeby most his daughter's care."

## XXX.

He felt the kindly check she gave,  
 And stood abash'd--then answer'd grave :--  
 "I sought thy purpose, noble maid,  
 Thy doubts to clear, thy schemes to aid.  
 I have beneath mine own command,  
 So wills my sire, a gallant band,  
 And well could send some horseman wight\*  
 To bear the treasure forth by night,  
 And so bestow\* it as you deem  
 In these ill days may safest seem."--  
 "Thanks, gentle Wilfrid, thanks," she said :  
 "O, be it not one day delay'd !  
 And, more, thy sister-friend to aid,

Be thou thyself content to hold,  
 In thine own keeping, Mortham's gold,  
 Safest with thee."—While thus she spoke,  
 Arm'd soldiers on their converse broke,  
 The same of whose approach afraid,  
 The russians left their ambuscade.  
 Their chief to Wilfrid bended low,  
 Then look'd around as for a foe.

"What mean'st thou, friend," young Wycliffe said,  
 "Why thus in arms beset the glade?"—  
 "That would I gladly learn from you ;  
 For up my squadron as I drew,  
 To exercise our martial game  
 Upon the moor of Barningham,  
 A stranger told you were waylaid,  
 Surrounded, and to death betray'd.  
 He had a leader's voice, I ween,  
 A falcon glance, a warrior's mien.  
 He bade me bring you instant aid ;  
 I doubted not, and I obey'd."

## XXXI.

Wilfrid changed colour, and, amazed,  
 Turn'd short, and on the speaker gazed ;  
 While Redmond every thicket round  
 Track'd earnest as a questing\* hound,  
 And Denzil's carabine he found ;  
 Sure evidence, by which they knew  
 The warning was as kind as true.  
 Wisest it seem'd, with cautious speed  
 To leave the dell. It was agreed,  
 That Redmond, with Matilda fair,  
 And fitting guard, should home repair ;  
 At nightfall Wilfrid should attend,  
 With a strong band, his sister-friend,  
 To bear with her from Rokeby's bowers  
 To Barnard Castle's lofty towers,  
 Secret and safe the banded\* chests  
 In which the wealth of Mortham rests.  
 This hasty purpose fix'd, they part,  
 Each with a grieved and anxious heart.



## NOTES

### CANTO IV.

THE canto begins with a description of scenery, suggested by place-names; but is chiefly devoted to Redmond's and Mortham's life. Matilda, Wilfrid, and Redmond are together on a tufted knoll in Thorsgill Dell. The fifth stanza is given to Matilda's praise. Then comes the relation of Redmond's first coming; how Rokeby and Mortham had fought their first battle against O'Neale, who was the victor; and how they would both have been killed had he not taken the two kinsmen to quarter. He not only gave them quarter, but brought them to his home, and entertained them well; and when the peace was made, sent them home without any ransom. This gave Turlough O'Neale the right to ask the protection for his grandson by Sir Richard Rokeby. He was to have applied to Mortham, and had papers for him, probably telling whose son he was, but found Mortham away. The papers were carried off by the ruffians who attacked the messenger, and wounded him so severely. Ferraught, the messenger, was the child's fosterfather, who gave him his blessing as he was dying.

The child soon got attached to his new home. He took to the little maid Matilda, and, being a little older, guided her tottering steps. They grew up together, and being such constant companions, it is not surprising that

"An union of the soul they prove,  
But must not think that is love."

Rokeby made him his page and his flag-bearer, and he followed him in five pitched battles. In the Marston fight afterwards he was so brave, that if their side had won he would have been made a knight. Twice in the battle he saved Rokeby's life, and when he saw him prisoner he kissed and then resigned his sword.

After this record we have Matilda again speaking to the two, and giving them Mortham's history. Mortham had given her

his confidence, and had put into her hands a treasure huge of gems of gold, and with it a disjointed scroll, containing his history, which she reads to the two. He had secretly married a charming wife, and lived in retirement, visited only by one intimate friend. This friend mistook the wife's courtesy and kindliness for love, and, when his infamous pursuit was repulsed by her, vowed vengeance. Noticing one day that she had left the house hurriedly, and was conversing with a stranger in the wood, he led Mortham that way, and hinted to him that the stranger was a gallant. Mortham shoots an arrow at the stranger's heart, and kills both him and his wife.<sup>1</sup> Too late, he finds that the supposed gallant is his wife's brother. Remorse at the deed drives him wild, and he is confined for a time in a madhouse. On recovering from his madness he makes enquiries about his infant son, and learns from his servants that nurse and child had been carried off by armed men. In desperation he joins a band of freebooters, but is recalled home by his wife, who appears to him in a vision.

At this point Redmond noticed something in the thicket near. It was Denzil, who dared not join steel with him, and slunk away. Bertram, creeping under the birch and underwood on hands and knees, with Denzil's carabine tried twice to shoot down Redmond; but both times Matilda came between, and he would not do her scathe, so withdrew at Denzil's counsel, who had seen the warlike leader of a band arriving sword in hand.

Mortham was confident that his son was still alive, and gave his treasure to Matilda to give him if he returned within three years after his death; if not, to spend it in bounties to the poor and other charities. While they were talking of conveying this to Barnard Castle, there came armed soldiers, who said that they were drilling on Barningham Moor, and a stranger, with a falcon eye and a warrior's mien, told how they were waylaid, and bade them bring them instant aid. Redmond at once began to search, and found Denzil's carabine in the thicket. So they returned home with the escort.

I. *When Denmark's raven soar'd on high,  
Triumphant through Northumbrian sky,  
Till, hovering near, her fatal croak  
Bade Reged's Britons dread the yoke.*

"About the year of God 866 the Danes, under their celebrated leaders Inguar (more properly Agnar) and Hubba, sons, it is said, of the still more celebrated Regnar Lodbrog, invaded Northumberland, bringing with them the magical standard, so often mentioned in poetry, called REAFEN, or Rumfan, from its bearing the figure of a raven:

“ ‘ Wrought by the sisters of the Danish king,  
Of furious Ivar in a midnight hour :  
While the sick moon, at their enchanted song  
Wrapt in pale tempest, labour’d through the clouds,  
The demons of destruction then, they say,  
Were all abroad, and mixing with the woof  
Their baleful power : The sisters ever sung,  
“ Shake, standard, shake this ruin on our foes.” ’ ”

—THOMSON and MALLET'S *Alfred*.

“ The Danes renewed and extended their incursions, and began to colonize, establishing a kind of capital at York, from which they spread their conquests and incursions in every direction. Stanmore, which divides the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland, was probably the boundary of the Danish kingdom in that direction. The district to the west, known in ancient British history by the name of Reged, had never been conquered by the Saxons, and continued to maintain a precarious independence until it was ceded to Malcolm, King of Scots, by William the Conqueror, probably on account of its similarity in language and manners to the neighbouring British kingdom of Strath-Clyde.” ”

*Reged* is the district to the north of the Solway Frith, including the present counties of Ayr (the southern part), Wigtown, Kirkcudbright, and Dumfries. The Northumbria of that time extended from the Humber to the Forth ; Strath-Clyde from the Ribble in Lancashire to the Clyde, including Reged.

*Blackened*. A metaphor from the blackness of the raven's wing.

*Where Tees in tumult leaves his source.* “ The Tees rises about the skirts of Cross Fell, in Cumberland, and falls over the cataracts named in the text before it leaves the mountains which divide the North Riding of Yorkshire from Cumberland,” or rather from Westmoreland. High Force is seventy-five feet in height, and is five miles above Middleton-on-Tees. Caldron Snout is at the foot of Crossfell. The word *Force* for a waterfall is Scandinavian ; Danish *fos*, Icelandic *foss*, *fors*.

*Beneath the shade the Northmen came,  
Fix'd on each vale a Runic name.*

“ The heathen Danes have left several traces of their religion in the upper part of Teesdale. Balder-garth, which derives its name from the unfortunate son of Odin, is a tract of waste land on the very ridge of Stanmore ; and a brook, which falls into the Tees near Barnard Castle, is named after the same deity. A field upon the banks of the Tees, about four miles north-west from Barnard Castle, is also termed Woden-Croft, from the supreme deity of the Edda. *Thorsgill*, of which a description is

attempted in stanza ii., is a beautiful little brook and dell, running up behind the ruins of Egliston Abbey. *Thor* was the Hercules of the Scandinavian mythology, a dreadful giant-queller, and in that capacity the champion of the gods, and the defender of Asgard, the northern Olympus, against the frequent attacks of the inhabitants of Jotunhem. There is an old poem in the Edda of Sœniund called the Song of Thrym, which turns upon the loss and recovery of the Mace, or Hammer, which was Thor's principal weapon, and on which much of his power seems to have depended."

For the *unfortunate* son of Odin, see notes on Canto II. st. 3.

For *mace*, see Canto III. 2 and its Glossary.

*Stratforth* ought to be Startforth, as *Stanmore* ought to be *Stainmoor*.

II. *Scald* is a bard, from the Danish *skjald*. *Kemper*, G. *kämpfer*, is one who contends for the mastery, probably here in song.

*Proud Oberon*. These are the characters of Shakespeare's play, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Oberon, the king of the fairies; Titania, the queen of the fairies; Puck, their page, and a mischief-maker. To tell it would take too much time, but get a Shakespeare and read it.

*Wood-vetch*. A climbing plant, that attaches itself to trees. Latin *vicia*, 'a vetch.' It belongs to the order Leguminosæ. It has pinnate leaves, with many pairs of leaflets, and its flowers are blue, purple, and yellow. *Pinnate* means shaped like a feather.

III. *Spire*. Like the spire of a church.

*Urbino*. Raphael, or in Italian Raffaello Sanzio, da Urbino, from the place of his birth, 1483-1520. He painted a picture of St. Paul preaching at Athens, *Acts of the Apostles* xvii. 16-34. Paul stands on the steps of a building, and addresses the people, who stand before him in a half-circle. His figure is very dignified; both arms are raised to heaven with an expression of earnest eloquence. The effect on the auditors is very varied. The different philosophical sects, of Stoics, Epicureans, and others, are easily distinguished. The Sophists dispute; others stand in doubt, or easy indifference, looking on, or lost in thought; others, full of faith, are penetrated by the truth.

*The God Unknown*, *Acts* xvii. 23.

*There Grecian Beauty bent to hear*. This is not likely. The Greek women did not go to such meetings, nor children.

IV. *Well-nigh an orphar*. Her mother was dead, and her father captive.

V. *A cast of thought.* ‘A touch of thought.’ The word in this sense is almost obsolete.

*Their maiden Queen of Heaven.* Minerva, a purely Roman goddess, but identified in later times with the Greek Pallas Athene.

VI. *Who has not heard how brave O’Neale  
In English blood imbrued his steel?*

“The O’Neale here meant, for more than one succeeded to the chieftainship during the reign of Elizabeth, was Hugh, the grandson of Con O’Neale, called Con Bacco, or the Lame. His father, Matthew O’Kelly, was illegitimate, and, being the son of a blacksmith’s wife, was usually called Matthew the Blacksmith. His father, nevertheless, destined his succession to him; and he was created, by Elizabeth, Baron of Dungannon. Upon the death of Con Bacco, this Matthew was slain by his brother. Hugh narrowly escaped the same fate, and was protected by the English. Shane O’Neale, his uncle, called Shane Dymas, was succeeded by Turlough Lynogh O’Neale; after whose death Hugh, having assumed the chieftainship, became nearly as formidable to the English as any by whom it had been possessed. He rebelled repeatedly, and as often made submissions, of which it was usually a condition that he should not any longer assume the title of O’Neale; in lieu of which he was created Earl of Tyrone. But this condition he never observed longer than until the pressure of superior force was withdrawn. His baffling the gallant Earl of Essex in the field, and over-reaching him in a treaty, was the induction to that nobleman’s tragedy. Lord Mountjoy succeeded in finally subjugating O’Neale; but it was not till the succession of James, to whom he made personal submission, and was received with civility at court. Yet, according to Morrison, ‘no respect to him could containe many weomen in those parts, who had lost husbands and children in the Irish warres, from flinging durt and stones at the earle as he passed, and from reuiling him with bitter words; yea, when the earle had been at court, and there obtaining his majestie’s direction for his pardon and performance of all conditions promised him by the Lord Mountjoy, was about September to returne, he durst not pass by those parts without direction to the shiriffes, to convey him with troops of horse from place to place, till he was safely imbarkeed and put to sea for Ireland.’”—*Itinerary*, p. 296.

*But chief arose his victor pride,  
When that brave Marshal fought and died.*

“The chief victory which Tyrone obtained over the English was in a battle fought near Blackwater, while he besieged a fort

garrisoned by the English, which commanded the passes into his country."

" This captain and his few warders did with no less courage suffer hunger, and, having eaten the few horses they had, lived vpon hearbes growing in the ditches and wals, suffering all extremities, till the lord-lieutenant, in the moneth of August, sent Sir Henry Bagnal, marshall of Ireland, with the most choice companies of foot and horse-troopes of the English army to victual this fort, and to raise the rebels siege. When the English entered the place and thicke woods beyond Armagh, on the east side, Tyrone (with all the rebels assembled to him) pricked forward with rage, enuy, and settled rancour against the marshall, assayled the English, and turning his full force against the marshall's person, had the successe to kill him, valiantly fighting among the thickest of the rebels. Whereupon the English being dismayed with his death, the rebels obtained a great victory against them. I terme it great, since the English, from their first arrial in that kingdome, neuer had received so great an ouerthrow as this, commonly called the Defeat of Blackewater; thirteene valiant capitaines and 1500 common souldiers (whereof many were of the old companies which had serued in Brittany vnder General Norreys) were slain in the field. The yielding of the fort of Blackewater followed this disaster, when the assaulted guard saw no hope of relief; but especially vpon messages sent to Captain Williams from our broken forces, retired to Armagh, professing that all their safety depended vpon his yielding the fort into the hands of Tyrone, without which danger Captaine Williams professed that no want or miserie should have induced him thereunto."—*FYNES MORYSON's Itinerary*, (London, 1617), fol. part ii. p. 24.

" Tyrone is said to have entertained a personal animosity against the knight-marshall, Sir Henry Bagnal, whom he accused of detaining the letters which he sent to Queen Elizabeth, explanatory of his conduct, and offering terms of submission. The river, called by the English Blackwater, is termed in Irish Avon-Duff, which has the same signification. Both names are mentioned by Spenser in his 'Marriage of the Thames and the Medway.' But I understand that his verses relate not to the Blackwater of Ulster, but to a river of the same name in the south of Ireland :

" 'Swift Avon-Duff, which of the Englishmen  
Is called Blackwater.' "

“*The Tanist he to great O'Neale.* “*Endox.* What is that which you call Tanist and Tanistry? These be names and terms never heard of nor known to us.

“*ren.* It is a custom amongst all the Irish, that presently

after the death of one of their chiese lords or captaines, they doe presently assemble themselves to a place generally appointed and knowne unto them, to choose another in his stead, where they do nominate and elect, for the most part not the eldest sonne, nor any of the children of the lord deceased, but the next to him in blood, that is the eldest and worthiest, as commonly the next brother unto him, if he have any, or the next cousin, or so forth, as any is elder in that kindred or sept ; and then next to them doe they choose the next of the blood to be Tanist, who shall next succeed him in the said captainy, if he live thereunto.

“*Eudox.* Do they not use any ceremony in this election, for all barbarous nations are commonly great observers of ceremonies and superstitions rites?

“*Iren.* They use to place him that shall be their captaine upon a stone, always reserved to that purpose, and placed commonly upon a hill. In some of which I have seen formed and engraven a foot, which they say was the measure of their first captaine’s foot ; whereon hee standing, receives an oath to preserve all the ancient former customes of the countrey inviolable, and to deliver up the succession peaceably to his Tanist, and then hath a wand delivered unto him by some whose proper ofifice that is ; after which descending from the stone, he turneth himself round, thrice forwards and thrice backwards.

“*Eudox.* But how is the Tanist chosen ?

“*Iren.* They say he setteth but one foot upon the stone, and receiveth the like oath that the captaine did.”—SPENSER’S *View of the State of Ireland*, in Todd’s edition, p. 505.

“The Tanist, therefore, of O’Neale, was the heir-apparent of his power. This kind of succession appears also to have regulated, in very remote times, the succession to the crown of Scotland. It would have been imprudent, if not impossible, to have asserted a minor’s right of succession in those stormy days, when the principles of policy were summed up in my friend Mr. Wordsworth’s lines—

“ ‘The good old rule  
Sufficeth them ; the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can.’ ”

*To quarter took.* See Glossary.

*Sliue Donald’s cliffs.* In County Down, on Dundrum Bay, 2,796 feet from the sea-level. *Sliue*, or *Sliabh*, is the Erse for ‘mountain.’

VII. *The peace which James the Peaceful gave.* “About this time the king brought to a conclusion the project he had framed

to civilize the Irish, and render their subjection durable and useful to the crown of England. He proceeded in his work by a steady, regular, and well-concerted plan. In particular, six of the counties of Ulster having fallen to the crown by the attainder of Tyrone, he resolved to plant in them new colonies. The property was divided into moderate shares, the largest not exceeding 2000 acres ; tenants were brought over from England and Scotland ; and by these means Ulster, from being the most wild and disorderly province of all Ireland, soon became the best cultivated and most civilized. To raise the funds needed for this enterprise and for the defence of the colonists, a new order of nobility, called baronetcy, was created. The patents were sold for £1095 apiece. Hence baronets bear on their shields the arms of Ulster, a bloody hand."—*Student's Hume*, p. 351.

VIII.            *His plaited hair in elf-looks spread  
Around his bare and matted head.*

"They have another custome from the Scythians, that is, the wearing of mantles, and long glibbes, which is a thicke curled bush of haire, hanging downe over their eyes, and monstrously disguising them, which are both very bad and hurtfull. . . . It (the mantle) is a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloke for a thief. First, the outlaw being for his many crimes and villanyes banished from the townes and houses of honest men, and wandring in waste places far from danger of law, maketh his mantle his house, and under it covereth himself from the wrath of heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of men. When it raineth, it is his pent-house ; when it bloweth, it is his tent ; when it freezeth, it is his tabernacle. In summer he can wear it loose, in winter he can wrap it close ; at all times he can use it ; never heavy, never cumbersome. Likewise for a rebel it is as serviceable ; for in his warre that he maketh, (if at least it deserve the name of warre,) when he still flyeth from his foe, and lurketh in the thicke woods and straite passages, waiting for advantages, it is his bed, yea, and almost his household stuff. For the wood is his house against all weathers, and his mantle is his couch to sleep in. Therein he wrappeth himself round, and coucheth himself strongly against the gnats, which, in that country doe more annoy the naked rebels while they keep the woods, and doe more sharply wound them, than all their enemies swords or speares, which can seldom come nigh them : yea, and oftentimes their mantle serveth them when they are neere driven, being wrapped about their left arme, instead of a target, for it is hard to cut thorough with a sword ; besides, it is light to beare, light to throw away,

and being (as they commonly are) naked, it is to them all in all. Lastly, for a thiese it is so handsome as it may seem it was first invented for him ; for under it he may cleanly convey any fit pillage that cometh handsomely in his way, and when he goeth abroad in the night in freebooting, it is his best and surest friend ; for lying, as they often do, two or three nights together abroad to watch for their booty, with that they can prettily shroud themselves under a bush or bankside till they may conveniently do their errand ; and when all is over, he can in his mantle passe through any town or company, being close hooded over his head, as he useth, from knowledge of any to whom he is indangered. Besides this, he or any man els that is disposed to mischief or villany, may, under his mantle, goe privily armed without suspicion of any, carry his head-piece, his skean, or pistol, if he please, to be always in readiness."—SPENSER'S *View of the State of Ireland*, Todd's Edition, p. 519.

"The javelins, or darts, of the Irish, which they threw with great dexterity, appear, from one of the prints already mentioned, to have been about four feet long, with a strong steel head and thick knotted shaft."

IX. *His tale to show.* A piece of Scott's recklessness for a rhyme. We do not show tales, but tell them.

*With wild majestic port and tone,  
Like envoy of some barbarous throne.*

"The Irish chiefs, in their intercourse with the English, and with each other, were wont to assume the language and style of independent royalty. Morrison has preserved a summons from Tyrone to a neighbouring chieftain, which runs in the following terms :

" 'O'Neale commendeth him unto you, Morish Fitz-Thomas ; O'Neale requesteth you, in God's name, to take part with him, and fight for your conscience and right ; and in so doing, O'Neale will spend to see you righted in all your affaires, and will help you. And if you come not at O'Neale betwixt this and to-morrow at twelve of the clocke, and take his part, O'Neale is not beholding to you, and will doe to the uttermost of his power to overthrow you, if you come not to him at furthest by Satturday at noone. From Knocke Dumayne in Calrie, the fourth of February, 1599.

" 'O'Neale requesteth you to come speake with him, and doth give you his word that you shall receive no harme neither in comming nor going from him, whether you be friend or not, and bring with you to O'Neale Gerat Fitzgerald.

"(Subscribed)

'O'NEALE.'

"Nor did the royalty of O'Neale consist in words alone. Sir John Harrington paid him a visit at the time of his truce with Essex, and, after mentioning his 'fern table, and fern forms, spread under the stately canopy of heaven,' he notices what constitutes the real power of every monarch, the love, namely, and allegiance of his subjects. 'His guards, for the most part, were beardless boys without shirts; who in the frost wade as familiarly through rivers as water-spaniels. With what charm such a master makes them love him, I know not; but if he bid come, they come; if go, they do go; if he say do this, they do it.'—*Nuge Antiqua*. Lond. 1784, 8vo, vol. i. p. 251.

*He graces thee.* 'Favours, honours thee.' "So you will grace me . . . with your fellowship."—TENNYSON.

*Erin's bowl.* Cp. st. vi. 'Shared with them Erin's festal cheer.'

X. *His foster-father was his guide.* "There was no tie more sacred among the Irish than that which connected the foster-father, as well as the nurse herself, with the child they brought up.

"Foster-fathers spend much more time, money, and affection on their foster-children than their own; and in return take from them clothes, money for their several professions, and arms, and, even for any vicious purposes, fortunes and cattle, not so much by a claim of right as by extortion; and they will even carry those things off as plunder. All who have been nursed by the same person preserve a greater mutual affection and confidence in each other than if they were natural brothers, whom they will even hate for the sake of these. When chid by their parents, they fly to their foster-fathers, who frequently encourage them to make open war on their parents, train them up to every excess of wickedness, and make them most abandoned miscreants; as, on the other hand, the nurses make the young women, whom they bring up for every excess. If a foster-child is sick, it is incredible how soon the nurses hear of it, however distant, and with what solicitude they attend it by day and night."—*Giraldus Cambrensis*, quoted by Camden, iv. 368.

"This custom, like many other Irish usages, prevailed till of late in the Scottish Highlands, and was cherished by the chiefs as an easy mode of extending their influence and connexion; and even in the Lowlands, during the last century, the connexion between the nurse and foster-child was seldom dissolved but by the death of one party."

XI. *The early knot so kindly tied.* "Tying the knot" is used of marriage.

XII. *Draw the shaft.* With the bow.

*Blesses her.* From the common expression of surprise, *Bless me!* Compare

“Bless us! what a word on  
A title-page is this!” (The word Tetrachordon.)

—MILTON, Sonnet 11.

XIV. *With change of cheer.* ‘Cheer’ is a state of gladness and joy; gaiety, animation.

*School.* ‘To train,’ ‘to discipline.’

*Alone.* Separated from Matilda.

*Factions rose.* Oswald was on the Parliament side, and so a rebel to the king; and no rebel’s son should wed his heir.

*Great Nial of the Pledges Nine.* “Neal Naighvallach, or Of the Nine Hostages, is said to have been Monarch of all Ireland, during the end of the fourth or beginning of the fifth century. He exercised a predatory warfare on the coast of England and of Bretagne, or Armorica; and from the latter country brought off the celebrated Saint Patrick, a youth of sixteen, among other captives, whom he transported to Ireland. Neal derived his epithet from nine nations or tribes, whom he held under his subjection, and from whom he took hostages. From one of Neal’s sons were derived the Kinel-eoguin, or Race of Tyrone, which afforded monarchs both to Ireland and to Ulster. Neal (according to O’Flaherty’s *Ogygin*) was killed by a poisoned arrow, in one of his descents on the coast of Bretagne.”

*Shane-Dymas wild.* “This Shane-Dymas, or John the Wanton, held the title and power of O’Neale in the earlier part of Elizabeth’s reign, against whom he rebelled repeatedly.

“This chieftain is handed down to us as the most proud and profligate man on earth. He was immoderately addicted to wine. He is said to have had 200 tuns of wine at once in his cellar at Dandram, but usquebaugh was his favourite liquor. He spared neither age nor condition of the fair sex. Altho’ so illiterate that he could not write, he was not destitute of address; his understanding was strong, and his courage daring. He had 600 men for his guard; 4000 foot, 1000 horse for the field. He claimed superiority over all the lords of Ulster, and called himself king thereof. When commissioners were sent to treat with him, he said, ‘That, tho’ the Queen were his sovereign lady, he never made peace with her *but at her lodging*; that she had made a wise Earl of Macartymore, but that he kept as good a man as he; that he cared not for so mean a title as Earl; that his blood and power were better than the best; that his ancestors were Kings of Ulster; and that he would give place to none.’ His kinsman, the Earl of Kildarg, having persuaded him of the folly of contending with the crown of England, he resolved

to attend the Queen, but in a style suited to his princely dignity. He appeared in London with a magnificent train of Irish Galloglasses, arrayed in the richest habiliments of their country, their heads bare, their hair flowing on their shoulders, with their long and open sleeves dyed with saffron. Thus dressed, and surcharged with military harness, and armed with battle-axes, they afforded an astonishing spectacle to the citizens, who regarded them as the intruders of some very distant part of the globe. But at Court his versatility now prevailed; his title to the sovereignty of Tyrone was pleaded from English laws and Irish institutions, and his allegations were so specious, that the Queen dismissed him with presents and assurances of favour. In England this transaction was looked on as the humiliation of a repenting rebel; in Tyrone it was considered as a treaty of peace between two potentates."—CAMDEN'S *Britannia*, by Gough (London, 1806), fol. vol. iv. p. 442.

"When reduced to extremity by the English, and forsaken by his allies, this Shane-Dymas fled to Clandeboy, then occupied by a colony of Scottish Highlanders of the family of Mac-Donell. He was at first courteously received; but by degrees they began to quarrel about the slaughter of some of their friends whom Shane-Dymas had put to death, and advancing from words to deeds, fell upon him with their broadswords, and cut him to pieces. After his death a law was made that none should presume to take the name and title of O'Neale."

*Geraldine.* "The O'Neales were closely allied with this powerful and warlike family; for Henry Owen O'Neale married the daughter of Thomas Earl of Kildare, and their son Con-More married his cousin-german, a daughter of Gerald Earl of Kildare. This Con-More cursed any of his posterity who should learn the English language, sow corn, or build houses, so as to invite the English to settle in their country. Others ascribe this anathema to his son Con-Bacco. Fearflatha O'Gnive, bard to the O'Neales of Clannaboy, complains in the same spirit of the towers and ramparts with which the strangers had *disfigured* the fair sporting fields of Erin."—See WALKER'S *Irish Bards*, p. 140.

XV. *In Erin's strife.* Cp. stanza vi.

XVI. *His page, the next degree  
In that old time to chivalry.*

"Originally, the order of chivalry embraced three ranks: 1. The Page; 2. The Squire; 3. The Knight—a gradation which seems to have been imitated in the mystery of free-masonry. But, before the reign of Charles I., the custom of serving as a squire had fallen into disuse, though the order of

the page was still, to a certain degree, in observance. This state of servitude was so far from inferring any thing degrading, that it was considered as the regular school for acquiring every quality necessary for future distinction."

XVIII. *A man of silence and of woe.* Reserved because of his woeful remembrances.

*The approaching mental overthrow.* A collapse of all the faculties from an overwrought brain, either from overwork, or from constantly brooding over some terrible calamity, as here.

XIX. *Pale phantom.* He has all the scene before his eyes.

XX. *Yes, she was fair.* That is, his wife.

*Secret, for secretly, or in secret.*

*Differing in country and in creed.* The country is not named, but it was Ireland; the one was a Protestant, the other a Catholic.

*Foreign war.* Probably the thirty years' war in Germany between the Protestants and Catholics, 1618-1648.

XXI. *Gallant.* Here a man who is unlawfully wooing a married woman.

XXII. *A daring crew and dread.* The time when he was with the Bucaniers.

*A voice; i.e.* his wife's voice.

XXIV. *Mercy by mercy must be bought.* "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

XXV. *Carabine.* From Fr. *carabine*, generally shortened into *carbine*. A gun, shorter in the barrel than the infantry musket or rifle, first introduced into England from Spain in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The best carbines are now rifled and breech-loading. They are used by the regular cavalry, except the Lancers, by the yeomanry cavalry, the Irish constabulary, and other corps.

XXVI. *Undescribed.* 'Not seen or found out.' See Glossary.

XXVII. *They.* Matilda, Redmond, and Wilfrid.

XXVIII. *My sword for gospel and for law.* He had fought for the Parliament against the king.

*A grasping eye.* A transferred epithet. His eye showed a grasping spirit.

XXIX. *By sorrow swerved*; lit. 'turned away,' but here rather 'upset.'

*Wilder'd.* See Glossary.

*Galling.* 'Vexing,' 'harassing,' 'annoying.'

XXX. *To exercise our martial game*  
*Upon the moor of Barningham.*

To drill the squadron. Barningham is a village about two miles south-east of Brignall, and five miles south-south-east of Barnard Castle.

*A stranger.* Plainly Mortham himself, from the "falcon glance."

## GLOSSARY TO CANTO IV.

### ABBREVIATIONS.

<i>adj.</i> = adjective.	G. = German.
<i>adv.</i> = adverb.	Gk. = Greek.
<i>n.</i> = noun.	Goth. = Gothic.
<i>p.p.</i> = past participle.	Icel. = Icelandic.
<i>v.a.</i> = verb active or transitive.	It. = Italian.
<i>v.n.</i> = verb neuter or intransitive.	L. = Latin.
<i>cp.</i> = compare.	L.L. = Low (medieval) Latin.
A.S. = Anglo-Saxon.	M.E. = Middle English (of 13th-15th cent.).
Du. = Dutch.	N. = Norwegian.
Fr. = French.	O.H.G. = Old High German.

The numbers following the words show the Stanza in each Canto.

**aggravate**, (xxvii.) *v.a.*, 'to make worse,' 'to intensify,' 'to exaggerate.' From the L. *aggravō*, or *adgravō*, 'to make heavier.'

**aver**, (xxvii.) *v.a.*, 'to declare to be true,' 'to affirm in a positive manner.' Fr. *avérir*. L.L. *averare*, 'to affirm to be true.' L. *verus*, 'true.' Cp. the similar word *verify*.

**banded**, (xxx.) *part.* of *v.a.* *band*, 'to bind a thing with a band.' A.S. *band*, Fr. *bande*, It. *banda*. From the verb *bind*, Goth. *bindan*, *band*, *bundun*. The word *band* is used in many senses. Here of a company of persons united by some common bond, or community of interest; as, a *band* of music, a *band* of soldiers. "Among the sons of man what multitudes  
Were *banded* to oppose his high decree."

—MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, v. 716.

**behest**, (iv.) *n.*, 'a command.' See Canto II. xviii. and Glossary.

**bereft**, (iv.) *p.p.* of *bereave*, 'to deprive of,' 'to strip.' A.S. *reasian*, 'to despoil,' 'to strip;'; *breasian*, 'deprived,' 'made destitute.'

**beseem**, (xv.) *v.n.*, 'to be fitting,' 'to befit.' M.E. *beseinen*, *be* prefix, *seinen*, 'to seem.' Icel. *sóma*, 'to honour, bear with,' allied with *samr*, 'fit,' *sóma*, 'to befit.'

**beset**, (xxii.) *v.a.*, 'to surround,' 'to inclose,' 'to hem in,' 'to besiege,' 'to perplex.' A.S. *bi* and *settan*, 'to set.' "Adam sore beset replied." —MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, x. 124.

**bestow**, (xxx.) *v.a.*, 'to find a fit place for,' 'to confer,' 'to give.' A.S. *stóew*, 'a place.' "I have no room where to *bestow* my fruits."—*Luke* xii. 17. "Though I *bestow* all my goods to feed the poor."—*I Cor.* xiii. 3.

**bid**, (xxviii.) for *bidden*, *p.p.* of *bid*, 'to order.'

**blighted**, (xix.) *p.p.* of *blight*, 'to blast.' That which has lost its colour. *Blight* is a hurt done to corn or trees which makes them look blasted. A.S. *blican*, 'to shine.' Icel. *blikan*, 'to become pale.' G. *bleich*, 'pale.'

**boding**, (v.) *adj.*, *pres. part.* of *bode* used as an adjective. 'Portending' good or bad. M.E. *boden*, *bodian*, 'to announce.' A.S. *bod*, 'a message;' *boda*, 'a messenger.'

**brand**, (xv.) *n.* (1) 'A burning fragment of wood.' Icel. *brandr*, G. *brand*, 'a firebrand.' (2) 'A sword,' as here, because it glitters, when waved about, like a flaming torch. Now obsolete, except in poetry.

**callous**, (xxiv.) *adj.*, 'thick-skinned.' Canto I. ix. and Glossary.

**cataract**, (i.) *n.*, 'a great waterfall.' From the Gk. *καραβόκτης*, 'a waterfall,' from *κατά*, 'down,' and *ρήγνυμι*, 'I break.'

**chafe**, (xxi.) *v.a.*, 'to fret, excite.' Canto II. vii. and Glossary.

**chance-met**, (iv.) 'having met by chance.' Not a dictionary word.

**chaplet**, (xi.) *n.*, 'a wreath for the head.' O.Fr. *chapelit*, 'a head-dress, wreath.' O.Fr. *chape*, 'a cope, hood.' L.L. *caput*, 'a cape,' 'a hooded cloak.'

**chide**, (xii.) *v.a.*, 'to scold,' 'to reprove,' 'to rebuke.' A.S. *cidan*, 'to chide.'

**coppice**, (iii.) *n.* See Canto III. vi. and Glossary.

**cost**, (xv.) *n.*, 'the price paid for a thing.' The verb comes from L. *constare*, 'to stand one in, cost.' O.Fr. *coster*, Fr. *coûter*.

**cot**, (xxviii.) *n.*, 'a small cottage,' 'a small house.'

**cower**, (xxi.) *v.n.*, 'to crouch, cringe, stoop, squat,' from fear of being seen. "Our dame sits *cowering* o'er a kitchen fire."—DRYDEN. M.E. *couren*. Icel. *kúra*. Danish *kure*, 'to doze, lie quiet.'

**croak**, (i.) *n.*, 'a low hoarse noise in the throat,' as a frog, or raven; 'to grumble,' 'to forebode.' A.S. *cracian*, G. *krähen*, 'to croak;' *krähe*, 'a crow.'

**croft**, (i.) *n.*, 'an enclosure adjoining a house,' and used for pasture or tillage. A.S. *croft*, 'a small farm, or field.'

**cumber**, (xvii.) *v.a.* M.E. *combre*, ‘to make a heap upon,’ ‘to block up,’ ‘to overburden.’ So *encumber*, ‘to hamper,’ ‘to embarrass.’ Fr. *combrer*, ‘to hinder;’ *encombrer*, ‘to block up,’ ‘to crowd.’ A corruption of L. *cumulus*, ‘a heap.’ “Martha was *cumbered* about much serving.”—Luke x. 40. Of the fig-tree: “Cut it down; why *cumbereth* it the ground?”—Luke xiii. 7.

**curl**, (xxi.) *v.a.* M.E. *crul*, ‘to twist,’ ‘to coil,’ ‘to crimp.’ So we speak of a *curl* of the lip. O.Du. *krul*, ‘a curl.’

**darkling**, (xxvii.) *adj.*, ‘in the dark.’ A poetical word. Formed with the adv. suffix *-ling*, as in *flat-ling*. M.E. *hedling*, for *headlong*.

**direful**, (xviii.) *adj.*, ‘dreadful,’ ‘ill-omened.’ L. *dirus*, ‘fearful.’ Gk. *δεινός*, ‘dreadful;’ allied to *δέος*, ‘fear.’

**disastrous**, (vi.) *adj.* Canto I. xiv. and Glossary.

**disjointed**, (xviii.) *adj.*, ‘incoherent,’ ‘with gaps in the story.’

**dismal**, (xviii.) *adj.*, ‘gloomy,’ ‘uncheerful,’ ‘overcast.’ O.Fr. *dismal*, *adj.* L. *decimatis*, ‘relating to tithes.’ In old authors the usual phrase is, “In the *dismal*.” “*Dismal* days” probably refers to tithing-time.

**dismantled**, (xxix.) *p.p.* of *dismantle*, ‘to strip of furniture, and of fortifications.’ From *mantle*, ‘a cloak,’ ‘a covering;’ *mantlet*, ‘a movable protection for besiegers.’ L. *mantellum*, It. *manto*, Fr. *mante*, ‘a covering;’ *manteau*, ‘cloak.’

**disown**, (xix.) *v.a.*, ‘to refuse to own as having any connexion with one’s self,’ ‘to break all ties with a man.’ “Who brother’s better claim *disowns*.”—DRYDEN.

**doating**, (v.) *pres. p.* of *doat*. M.E. *dotien*, *doten*, ‘to be foolish.’ Icel. *dotta*, ‘to nod with sleep.’ Du. *dutten*, ‘to doze.’ ‘To regard with foolish fondness.’

**drift**, (xxvii.) *v.n.*, ‘to be carried down by a current.’ From the verb *drive*, A.S. *drifian*, Icel. *drifian*, Goth. *dreiban*, G. *treiben*, ‘to urge forwards.’

**dub**, (xvi.) *v.a.* In conferring knighthood, a king, or queen, gives the man a tap on the shoulder with a sword, and this is called *dubbing* a knight. Icel. *dubba*, A.S. *dubban*, ‘to strike.’ Fr. *dauber*, ‘to beat.’ Wedgwood thinks that, as the tap is so slight, it is very unlikely that it should have been designated by a term implying a sound beating. The principal part of the ceremony of dubbing a knight consisted in investing him with the dress of his order, putting on his arms, buckling on his sword and his spurs. In all Romance languages is found a word corresponding to the E. *dub*, signifying ‘to arrange, dress, fit for some special purpose.’ Provençal *adobar*, ‘to prepare.’ Fr. (of

1650) *addouber*, 'to arm at all points;' *douber*, 'to trim a ship.' Mod. Fr. *adouber*, 'to repair.' So to *dub* a cock is to prepare it for fighting; to *dub* cloth is to dress it with teazles, a plant with large burrs. "A man of wealth is *dubb'd* a man of worth."—POPE.

**dun**, (xii.) *adj.* 'Dark in colour,' 'dark brown.' A.S. *dunn*, 'dark.' Welsh *dwn*, 'dusky.' Cp. G. *dunkel*, 'dark.'

**elf-locks**, (viii.) *n.* 'Hair twisted in a knot.' So denominated as if the work of fairies. *Els*, A.S. *elf*. Icel. *álfir*, 'supernatural beings in the Northern mythology.'

**enhance**, (xxix.) *v.a.*, 'to raise,' 'to elevate.' Canto I. xxxi. and Glossary.

**eyed**, (xi.) *v.a.* 'To fix the eye on,' 'to observe.' Taken from the *n.* eye. A.S. *eage*, G. *auge*, L. *oc-ulus*, Gk.  $\delta\psi$ ,  $\omega\psi$ ,  $\delta\mu\mu\alpha$ ,  $\delta\phi\theta\alpha\lambda\mu\sigma$ .

**fell**, (xxvi.) *adj.* 'Cruel,' 'fierce,' 'untractable.' A.S. *fel*, 'in compounds fierce.' O.Du. *fel*, 'wrathful.' O.Fr. *fel*, 'cruel,' probably Celtic.

**felon**, (xii.) *adj.* Connected with the preceding *fell*, and with the same meaning, 'fierce,' 'traitorous.' Mod. Fr. *felon*, 'a traitor.' "Vain shows of love to vain his *felon* hate."—POPE.

**frantic**, (xxiii.) *adj.* Canto II. vii. and Glossary.

**frolic**, (v.) *adj.* Canto I. xxiv. and Glossary.

**garth**, (i.) *n.* 'An enclosed place.' From the Norse *gardr*, corresponding to the A.S. *yard*. Both denote a place girded round, or guarded; e.g. Applegarth, Aysgarth. These Scandinavian names abound as endings in Great Britain and Ireland, the Western Hebrides, and the Isle of Man, and also in Normandy, showing how the Northmen spread in early times. Such endings are (1) *-by*, *-byr*, originally 'a single farm,' afterwards denoting a village; e.g. Whitby, Appleby, Grimsby. In Lincolnshire alone there are a hundred names ending in *-by*. (2) *-thorpe*, *-throp*, *-trop* (G. *dorf*) meaning 'a collection together of men or houses,' 'a village': Althorpe, Copmanthorpe, Wilstrop, near York. It is a common suffix in East Anglia as Cleethorpes. (3) *-toft*, 'a homestead,' is also East Anglian; e.g. Lowestoft, Toft in Lincolnshire. In Normandy the word becomes *-tot*, as in *Ivetot*, *Ivo's toft*, *Hautot*, 'high toft.' There are more than a hundred of such in a small space. (4) *-thwaite*, 'a forest clearing,' is purely Norwegian. There are forty-three *-thwaites* in Cumberland; e.g., Applethwaite, Bassenthwaite, Armathwaite. (5) *force*, 'a waterfall,' from the Norwegian *foss*; e.g. Scale Force, near Ambleside; High Force, in Upper Teesdale. Cp. Canto IV. stanza i. Besides these are *-ford* and *-wick*, which are

also Anglo-Saxon. The Norwegian *-fords* and *-fjords* are to be found on the coasts which were frequented for trade or plunder, such as *Wexford*, *Deptford*. Similarly the inland *-wicks* are Anglo-Saxon, and mean 'a station on a house,' or 'a village.' The Norwegian *-wick* comes from the *-wics* or creeks in which they anchored, such as *Harwich*, *Norwich*, *Wyke* in *Portland*, *Berwick*, *Lerwick*, in the north.

**glade**, (iii.) *n.* 'An open space in a wood,' defined here as sunny. The fundamental meaning is 'a passage for light, either through trees or through clouds.' Norse *glette*, 'a clear spot among clouds.' Icel. *glathr*, Scotch *gleit*, 'to shine.'

**grace**, (viii.) *v.a.* 'To adorn,' 'to favour,' 'to honour.' Here it is to do honour, and so complete the greeting, "salutes thee, dear." The word is taken from the *n.* *grace*, from the L. *gratia*, It. *grazia*, 'thanks.' 'Great Jove and Phœbus graced his noble line.'—POPE, *Thebais of Statius*, bk. i. 452.

**grisly**, (ii.) *adj.* 'Frightful,' 'ugly.' A. S. *gryslic*, 'terrible.' Formed with suffix *-lic*. Allied to G. *grausig*, 'causing horror,' from *grosen*=*groren*, *p.p.* of *grebsan*, 'to afflict with horror,' and *grässlich*, and to E. *gruesome*.

**hap**, (xviii.) *n.* Icel. *happ*, 'chance,' 'good luck,' 'what we can catch,' 'what falls to our lot.' 'When art it were or heedlesse hap.'—SPENSER, *Fairy Queen*, ii. 3. 30.

**hold**, (xiv.) *n.*, 'the strongest part of a castle.' See Canto III. xx. and Glossary.

**imbruied**, (vi.) *p.p.* of *imbrue*, *v.a.* 'to moisten,' 'soak,' 'drench,' 'soften with liquor.' O. Fr. *beuvre* (Berri patois), 'to drink,' from *beuver*, 'to cause to drink,' whence the Fr. *breuvage*, 'beverage,' and, for horses, 'drench.' Our *beverage* is from It. *bevere*, 'to drink.' L. *bibere*.

**knoll**, (ii.) *n.*, 'a hillock.' See Canto II. vi. and Glossary.

**level**, (xxvi.) *v.a.* 'To make horizontal,' 'to make even,' 'to make flat or smooth,' 'to aim.' L. *libella*, diminutive of *libra*, 'a balance,' also used in the sense of a plummet. It. *livella*, 'a plummet.' The O. Fr. had *livel*, *livau*, while in the modern *niveau*, as well as in It. *nivello*, the *l* has been turned into *n*. 'He levels mountains, and he raiseth plains.'—DRYDEN.

**lout**, (viii.) *v.n.* 'To stoop,' 'lean,' 'bow.' A. S. *lutan*, Icel. *lúta*, Sw. *luta*, 'to stoop.'

**lower**, (v. xviii.) *v.n.* (*ostener lour*). M. E. *louren*, *luren* deduced from M. E. *lure*, 'the face,' 'mien'; 'to appear dark or gloomy,' 'to look sour or grim,' 'to begin to be overcast with clouds.' Dutch *loeren*, 'to frown.' Scotch *glouvre*, 'to look

from beneath the brows.' "But sullen discontent sat *lowering* on her face."—DRYDEN.

**mantling**, (v.) *pres. part.* of *mantle*, *v.n.* 'to be a covering,' 'to be suffused.' The "mantling blood" means that it covers the whole face, or is suffused over it. (It. *manto*, Fr. *manteau*, L. *mantellum*, 'a cloak.')

**matted**, (viii.) *p.p.* of *mat*, *v.a.*, 'to twist the hair, as if you were making a mat.' L. *matta*, G. *matte*, 'a bunch or tuft of rushes, or the like.' Sp. *mata*, 'a lock of matted hair.'

**menial**, (xxii.) *n.*, 'a servant.' See Canto I. xxxiv. and Glossary.

**mitigate**, (xxviii.) *v.a.* 'To alleviate,' 'moderate,' 'make less severe.' L. *mitigare*, from *mitis*, 'mild,' 'gentle.' "And counsel *mitigates* the greatest smart."—SPENSER.

**quarter**, (vi.) *n.* To give quarter is to spare life. To "take to quarter" here has the same meaning. The kinsmen's lives were spared.

**quell**, (xxv.) *v.a.*, 'to kill,' 'to suppress,' 'to allay.' The primitive meaning of the words is shown in the Danish *quæle*, 'to choke,' 'suffocate.' A.S. *cwællan*, M.E. *quell*, 'to kill.' "Quellyn, or querkyn, suffoco."—*Prompt. Parv.*

**quest**, (iv. xxxi.) *n.* In iv. = 'request,' as is shown by the apostrophe before it. It is also for 'seeking,' 'search.' In xxxi. it is used as a verb. A questing hound, is a hound sent to search, the hound having a scent of the trail.

**at random**, (iii.) *adv.*, 'without definite aim,' 'without external guidance.' Fr. *randon*, 'force,' 'violence,' *de random*, 'impetuously.' Spenser uses the form *randon*: "But as a blindfold bull at *randon* fares."—*F. Q. ii. 4, 7.*

**rath**, (ii.) *adj.*, 'early.' Icel. *hradr*, 'quick.' N. *rad*, 'quick,' 'hasty.' "Bring the *rathe* primrose, which forsaken dies."—MILTON, *Lycidas*, 142.

**requite**, (xv.) *v.a.* To requite a service is 'to pay it back,' 'to discharge the obligation incurred.' The L. *quietus*, 'at rest,' was applied to freeing a man from a claim from another party; and the It. *queto*, derived from it, is a discharge from legal claims; and the verb *quietare* is 'to discharge,' 'acquit.' In L.L. *adquietare* means simply 'to pay.' Hence the E. *quite*, *requite*, *quits*. "I also will *requite* you this kindness."—*2 Sam. ii. 6.*

**righted**, (xxviii.) *p.p.* of *to right*, *v.a.*, put in proper order, 'adjusted.' The word is seldom used as a verb, more generally as a noun. A.S. *riht*, Goth. *raihts*, G. *recht*, L. *rectus*, 'straight.' The common expression is, "To put to rights."

**rival**, (xvii.) *n.*, 'one who competes with another in any pursuit or strife,' 'a competitor or antagonist.' As a verb, to *rival*, means 'to be superior to another.' From L. *rivalis*, *n.*, 'a man living near you on the same stream, and contending for its use.'

**ruffian**, (x.) *n.*, 'a bully,' 'robber,' 'murderer.' See Canto II. xxii. and Glossary.

**Runic**, (i.) *adj.*, from *Rune*, *n.*, one of the old characters used for incised inscriptions. A.S. *riñ*, 'a rune,' 'whisper.' Goth. *runa*, O.H.G. *riñ*, 'a secret.' There are Runic names on crosses in the Isle of Man.

**sable**, (iii.) *adj.*, 'dark.' See Canto II. ix. and Glossary.

**sage**, (xiii.) *n.*, 'a wise man,' 'a man of gravity and tried wisdom.' From the L. *sapere*, 'to be wise;' *lit.* 'to taste,' and so 'to discriminate.' It. *savio*, *saggio*. Fr. *sage*. O.Fr. *saive*.

**scald**, (ii.) *n.*, 'a poet.' Icel. *skíld*, 'a poet;' orig. 'loud talker,' or 'claimer,' in honour of heroes and their deeds.

**scathe**, (iii. xxvi.) *v.a.*, 'to injure,' 'to damage.' Goth. *skathjan*, 'to injure.' Icel. *skátha*, Swed. *skada*, A.S. *sceathan*, G. *schaden*, 'damage,' 'hurt.'

**shackled**, (xvii.) *p.p.* from 'to shackle.' A.S. *sceacan*. Du. *schaeckel*, 'the link of a chain;' *schakelen*, 'to link together.' 'To confine so as to prevent free motion,' 'to chain,' 'fetter.' "The shackles of an old love straitened him."—TENNYSON.

**shelves**, (xxvii.) *n.*, plural of *shelf*, 'a ledge of rocks, called reefs, near the surface of the sea;' 'a flat projecting layer of rock.' To drift in darkness on such shelves leads to the wrecking of the ship. A.S. *scylf*, 'a shelf.' Icel. *skjálf*, 'a bench.' Akin to *shell*, *shale*, *scale*.

**shroud**, (xiv.) *v.a.*, 'to cover.' See Canto I. i. and Glossary.

**silvan**, (iii.) *adj.*, 'woody,' 'belonging to a wood.' L. *silva*, 'a wood,' 'forest.'

**skirting**, (iii.) *pres. part.* of *v. skirt*, 'bordering.' See Canto II. v. and Glossary.

**staggering**, (viii.) *pres. part.* of *v. stagger*, 'to reel,' 'to be unsteady in walking or standing.' M.E. *stakeren* (Chaucer), Icel. *stakra*, 'to totter.'

**suit**, (xiv.) *n.*, 'a wooing.' From the L. *sequi*, It. *seguire*, O.Fr. *seuir*, M.E. *seue*, 'to follow.' "Forsake all and *seue* me."—*Prompt. Parv.*

**swerve**, (xxix.) *v.a.* 'to turn aside,' 'to make to wande from.' A.S. *sworfan*, Du. *zwerven*, 'to wander,' 'rove.' Icel.

*sverfa*, 'to file.' The word is generally intransitive. 'To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind.'—MILTON, *P. L.* v. 902.

**thread**, (xxvi.) *v.a.*, 'to pass through,' as a narrow way. It denotes a difficulty in finding your way. So *threading* a needle, *threading* a maze. The noun A. S. *thred*, Du. *draad*, G. *draht*, from *drehen*, 'to twist.' 'They would not *thread* the gates.'—SHAKS. *Coriolanus*, iii. 1. 127.

**thrill**, (xix.) *v.a.*, 'to pierce or penetrate with something sharp,' 'to tingle,' 'shiver,' 'to feel a sharp tingling sensation.' The first meaning is that of *thirl*, for A. S. *thyrel*, 'a hole;' *thyrlan*, 'to pierce a hole.' Icel. *thirla*, 'to drive round.' So *thrill* is another form of *drill*.

"To *thrill* and shake  
Even at the crying of our nation's crow,  
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman."

—SHAKS. *King John*, v. 2. 143.

So It. *trillare*, 'to shake.'

**throes**, (xviii.) *n.*, 'sharp pangs.' See Canto I. ii. and Glossary.

**undescribed**, (xxvi.) *adj.* 'Undiscovered,' from *descri*, 'to discover with the eye something hidden, obscure, remote.'

**verge**, (xxvii.) *n.*, 'border,' 'brink.' See Canto II. xv. and Glossary.

**vow**, (xiv.) *v.a.* Here 'to devote.' A *vow* is a solemn pledge or promise. L. *votum*, Fr. *vœ*.

**warp**, (xxvii.) *v.a.*, 'to twist.' See Canto II. xiv. and Glossary.

**whelm'd**, (xvii.) *p.p.* of *whelm*, 'to cover with water,' 'to immerse deeply.' Originally 'to cover a thing by putting some vessel over it.' A. S. *hwylfan*, 'to vault over.' Icel. *hválf*, 'a vault.' The change of *f* to *m* is difficult to explain.

**wight**, (xxx.) *n.* 'A creature,' 'a man.' Du. *wicht*, 'a child.' G. *bösewicht*, 'a wicked man.'

**wilder'd**, (viii.) *p.p.* of 'to *wilder*,' 'to cause to lose the track.' Here used for *bewilder'd*, 'perplexed.'

**wilding**, (xii.) *adj.* See Canto II. ix. and Glossary.

**wistful**, (ix.) *adj.* 'Pensive,' 'earnest,' 'attentive.' A. S. *witan*, 'to know.'

**writhe**, (xviii.) *v.n.* M. E. *writhen*, pret. *wroth*. Icel. *ridha*, 'to twist the body about, as in pain,' 'to wriggle.' (Rare.) 'And lissome Vivien holding by his heel, *writhe* toward him.'—TENNISON, 'Vivien' in *Idylls of the King*.

*ENGLISH SCHOOL-CLASSICS*

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# SCOTT'S POEMS

## Rokeby

*WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY*

BY

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CANTOS V. & VI.

RIVINGTONS  
WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON

MDCCCLXXXVIII



# *ROKEBY*

## CANTO FIFTH.

*(Words marked with an asterisk\* will be found in the Glossary.)*

### I.

THE sultry summer day is done,  
The western hills have hid the sun,  
But mountain peak and village spire  
Retain reflection of his fire.  
Old Barnard's towers are purple still,  
To those that gaze from Toller-hill ;  
Distant and high, the tower of Bowes  
Like steel upon the anvil\* glows ;  
And Stanmore's ridge, behind that lay,  
Rich with the spoils of parting day,  
In crimson and in gold array'd,  
Streaks\* yet a while the closing shade,  
Then slow resigns to darkening heaven  
The tints which brighter hours had given.  
Thus aged men, full loth\* and slow,  
The vanities of life forego,\*  
And count their youthful follies o'er,  
Till Memory lends her light no more.

### II.

The eve, that slow on upland fades,  
Has darker closed on Rokeby's glades,  
Where, sunk within their banks profound,  
Her guardian streams to meeting wound.  
The stately oaks, whose sombre\* frown  
Of noontide made a twilight brown,

Impervious now to fainter light,  
 Of twilight make an early night.  
 Hoarse into middle air arose  
 The vespers\* of the roosting\* crows,  
 And with congenial\* murmurs seem  
 To wake the Genii of the stream ;  
 For louder clamour'd Greta's tide,  
 And Tees in deeper voice replied.  
 And fitful waked the evening wind,  
 Fitful\* in sighs its breath resign'd.  
 Wilfrid, whose fancy-nurtured soul  
 Felt in the scene a soft control,  
 With lighter footstep press'd the ground,  
 And often paused to look around ;  
 And, though his path was to his love,  
 Could not but linger in the grove,  
 To drink the thrilling interest dear,  
 Of awful pleasure check'd by fear.  
 Such inconsistent moods have we,  
 Even when our passions strike the key.

## III.

Now, through the wood's dark mazes past,  
 The opening lawn he reach'd at last,  
 Where, silver'd\* by the moonlight ray,  
 The ancient Hall before him lay.  
 Those martial terrors long were fled,  
 That frown'd of old around its head :  
 The battlements, the turrets grey,  
 Seem'd half abandon'd to decay ;  
 On barbican\* and keep\* of stone  
 Stern Time the foeman's work had done.  
 Where banners the invader braved,  
 The harebell now and wallflower waved ;  
 In the rude guard-room, where of yore  
 Their weary hours the warders wore,  
 Now, while the cheerful fagots blaze,  
 On the paved floor the spindle plays ;  
 The flanking\* guns dismounted lie,  
 The moat is ruinous and dry,  
 The grim portcullis, gone—and all  
 The fortress turn'd to peaceful Hall.

## IV.

But yet precautions, lately ta'en,  
 Show'd danger's day revived again ;  
 The court-yard wall show'd marks of care,  
 The fall'n defences to repair,  
 Lending such strength as might withstand  
 The insult of marauding\* band.  
 The beams once more were taught to bear  
 The trembling drawbridge into air,  
 And not, till question'd o'er and o'er,  
 For Wilfrid oped\* the jealous door,  
 And when he entered, bolt and bar  
 Resumed their place with sullen jar ;\*  
 Then, as he cross'd the vaulted porch,  
 The old grey porter raised his torch,  
 And view'd him o'er, from foot to head,  
 Ere to the hall his steps he led.  
 That huge old hall, of knightly state,  
 Dismantled\* seem'd and desolate.  
 The moon through transom-shafts\* of stone,  
 Which cross'd the latticed\* oriels,\* shone,  
 And by the mournful light she gave,  
 The Gothic vault seem'd funeral cave.  
 Pennon and banner waved no more  
 O'er beams\* of stag and tusks of boar,  
 Nor glimmering arms were marshall'd seen,  
 To glance those silvan spoils between.  
 Those arms, those ensigns, borne away,  
 Accomplish'd Rokeby's brave array,  
 But all were lost on Marston's day !  
 Yet here and there the moonbeams fall  
 Where armour yet adorns the wall,  
 Cumbrous\* of size, uncouth\* to sight,  
 And useless in the modern fight !  
 Like veteran\* relic\* of the wars,  
 Known only by neglected scars.

## V.

Matilda soon to greet him came,  
 And bade them light the evening flume ;  
 Said, all for parting was prepared,  
 And tarried but for Wilfrid's guard.

But then, reluctant\* to unfold  
 His father's avarice of gold,  
 He hinted, that lest jealous eye  
 Should on their precious burden pry,\*  
 He judged it best the castle gate  
 To enter when the night wore late ;  
 And therefore he had left command  
 With those he trusted of his band,  
 That they should be at Rokeby met,  
 What time the midnight watch was set.  
 Now Redmond came, whose anxious care  
 Till then was busied to prepare  
 All needful, meetly to arrange  
 The mansion for its mournful change.  
 With Wilfrid's care and kindness pleased,  
 His cold unready hand he seized,  
 And press'd it, till his kindly strain  
 The gentle youth return'd again.  
 Seem'd as between them this was said,  
 "A while let jealousy be dead ;  
 And let our contest be, whose care  
 Shall best assist this helpless fair."

## VI.

There was no speech the truce to bind,  
 It was a compact of the mind,—  
 A generous thought, at once impress'd  
 On either\* rival's generous breast.  
 Matilda well the secret took,  
 From sudden change of mien and look ;  
 And—for not small had been her fear  
 Of jealous ire and danger near—  
 Felt, even in her dejected\* state,  
 A joy beyond the reach of fate.  
 They closed beside the chimney's blaze,  
 And talk'd, and hoped for happier days,  
 And lent their spirits' rising glow  
 A while to gild impending woe ;—  
 High privilege of youthful time,  
 Worth all the pleasures of our prime !  
 The bickering\* fagot sparkled bright,  
 And gave the scene of love to sight,

Bade Wilfrid's cheek more lively glow,  
 Play'd on Matilda's neck of snow,  
 Her nut-brown curls and forehead high,  
 And laugh'd in Redmond's azure eye.  
 Two lovers by the maiden sate,  
 Without a glance of jealous hate ;  
 The maid her lovers sat between,  
 With open brow and equal mien ;—  
 It is a sight but rarely spied,  
 Thanks to man's wrath and woman's pride.

## VII.

While thus in peaceful guise they sate,  
 A knock alarm'd the outer gate,  
 And ere the tardy porter stirr'd,  
 The tinkling of a harp was heard.  
 A manly voice of mellow swell,  
 Bore burden to the music well.

## Song.

“ Summer eve is gone and past,  
 Summer dew is falling fast ;  
 I have wander'd all the day,  
 Do not bid me farther stray !  
 Gentle hearts, of gentle kin,  
 Take the wandering harper in !”

But the stern porter answer gave,  
 With “ Get thee hence, thou strolling knave.  
 The king wants soldiers ; war, I trow,  
 Were meeter\* trade for such as thou.”  
 At this unkind reproof, again  
 Answer'd the ready Minstrel's strain.

## Song resumed.

“ Bid not me, in battle-field,  
 Buckler lift, or broadsword\* wield !  
 All my strength and all my art  
 Is to touch the gentle heart,  
 With the wizard\* notes that ring  
 From the peaceful minstrel-string.”

The porter, all unmoved, replied,—  
 “Depart in peace, with Heaven to guide;  
 If longer by the gate thou dwell,  
 Trust me, thou shalt not part so well.”

## VIII.

With somewhat of appealing look,  
 The harper's part young Wilfrid took :  
 “These notes so wild and ready thrill,  
 They show no vulgar minstrel's skill ;  
 Hard were his task to seek a home  
 More distant, since the night is come ;  
 And for his faith I dare engage—  
 Your Harpool's blood is sour'd by age ;  
 His gate, once readily display'd,  
 To greet the friend, the poor to aid,  
 Now even to me, though known of old,  
 Did but reluctantly\* unfold.”—  
 “O blame not, as poor Harpool's crime,  
 An evil of this evil time.  
 He deems dependent on his care  
 The safety of his patron's heir,  
 Nor judges meet to ope the tower  
 To guest unknown at parting hour,  
 Urging his duty to excess  
 Of rough and stubborn faithfulness.  
 For this poor harper, I would fain  
 He may relax :—Hark to his strain !”

## IX.

*Song resumed.*

“I have song of war for knight,  
 Lay of love for lady bright,  
 Fairy tale to lull the heir,  
 Goblin grim the maids to scare.  
 Dark the night, and long till day,  
 Do not bid me farther stray !

“Rokeby's lords of martial fame,  
 I can count them name by name ;

Legends of their line there be,  
 Known to few, but known to me ;  
 If you honour Rokeby's kin,  
 Take the wandering harper in !

“ Rokeby's lords had fair regard  
 For the harp, and for the bard ;  
 Baron's race throve never well,  
 Where the curse of minstrel fell.  
 If you love that noble kin,  
 Take the weary harper in ! ”—

“ Hark ! Harpool parleys\*—there is hope,”  
 Said Redmond, “ that the gate will ope.”—  
 —“ For all thy brag and boast, I trow,  
 Nought know'st thou of the Felon Sow,”  
 Quoth Harpool, “ nor how Greta-side  
 She roam'd, and Rokeby forest wide ;  
 Nor how Ralph Rokeby gave the beast  
 To Richmon'd's friars to make a feast.  
 Of Gilbert Griffinson the tale  
 Goes, and of gallant Peter Dale,  
 That well could strike with sword amain,  
 And of the valiant son of Spain,  
 Friar Middleton, and blithe\* Sir Ralph ;  
 There were a jest to make us laugh !  
 If thou canst tell it, in yon shed  
 Thou'st won thy supper and thy bed.”

## X.

Matilda smiled ; “ Cold hope,” said she,  
 “ From Harpool's love of minstrelsy !  
 But, for this harper, may we dare,  
 Redmond, to mend his couch and fare ? ”—  
 “ O, ask me not !—At minstrel-string  
 My heart from infancy would spring ;  
 Nor can I hear its simplest strain,  
 But it brings Erin's dream again,  
 When placed by Owen Lysagh's knee,  
 (The Filea of O'Neale was he, \*  
 A blind and bearded man, whose eld  
 Was sacred as a prophet's\*held,) ”

I've seen a ring of rugged kerne,\*  
 With aspects shaggy, wild, and stern,  
 Enchanted by the master's lay,  
 Linger around the livelong day,  
 Shift from wild rage to wilder glee,  
 To love, to grief, to ecstasy,  
 And feel each varied change of soul  
 Obedient to the bard's control.—  
 Ah, Clandeboy! thy friendly floor  
 Slieve-Donard's oak shall light no more;  
 Nor Owen's harp, beside the blaze,  
 Tell maiden's love, or hero's praise!  
 The mantling\* brambles hide thy hearth,  
 Centre of hospitable mirth;  
 All undistinguish'd in the glade,  
 My sires' glad home is prostrate laid,  
 Their vassals wander wide and far,  
 Serve foreign lords in distant war,  
 And now the stranger's sons enjoy  
 The lovely woods of Clandeboy!"  
 He spoke, and proudly turn'd aside,  
 The starting tear to dry and hide.

## XI.

Matilda's dark and soften'd eye  
 Was glistening ere O'Neale's was dry.  
 Her hand upon his arm she laid,—  
 "It is the will of heaven," she said.  
 "And think'st thou, Redmond, I can part  
 From this loved home with lightsome\* heart,  
 Leaving to wild neglect whate'er  
 Even from my infancy was dear?  
 For in this calm domestic bound\*  
 Were all Matilda's pleasures found.  
 That hearth, my sire\* was wont to grace,  
 Full soon may be a stranger's place;  
 This hall, in which a child I play'd,  
 Like thine, dear Redmond, lowly laid,  
 The bramble and the thorn may braid;\*  
 Or, pass'd for aye\* from me and mine,  
 It ne'er may shelter Rokeby's line.

Yet is this consolation given,  
 My Redmond,—'t is the will of heaven."—  
 Her word, her action, and her phrase,  
 Were kindly as in early days ;  
 For cold reserve had lost its power,  
 In sorrow's sympathetic hour.  
 Young Redmond dared not trust his voice ;  
 But rather had it been his choice  
 To share that melancholy hour,  
 Than, arm'd with all a chieftain's power,  
 In full possession to enjoy  
 Slieve-Donard wide, and Clandeboy.

## XII.

The blood left Wilfrid's ashen cheek ;  
 Matilda sees, and hastes to speak.—  
 " Happy in friendship's ready aid,  
 Let all my murmurs here be staid !  
 And Rokeybys Maiden will not part  
 From Rokeybys hall with moody\* heart.  
 This night at least, for Rokeybys fame,  
 The hospitable hearth shall flame,  
 And, ere its native heir retire,  
 Find for the wanderer rest and fire,  
 While this poor harper, by the blaze,  
 Recounts the tale of other days.  
 Bid Harpool ope the door with speed,  
 Admit him, and relieve each need.—  
 Meantime, kind Wycliffe, wilt thou try  
 Thy minstrel skill ?—Nay, no reply—  
 And look not sad !—I guess thy thought,  
 Thy verse with laurels would be bought ;  
 And poor Matilda, landless now,  
 Has not a garland for thy brow.  
 True, I must leave sweet Rokeybys glades,  
 Nor wander more in Greta shades ;  
 But sure, no rigid jailer, thou  
 Wilt a short prison-walk allow,  
 Where summer flowers grow wild at will,  
 On Marwood-chase and Toller Hill ;  
 Then holly green and lily gay  
 Shall twine in guerdon of thy lay."

The mournful youth, a space aside,  
To tune Matilda's harp applied ;  
And then a low sad descant rung,  
As prelude to the lay he sung.

## XIII.

*THE CYPRESS WREATH.*

O, Lady, twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the cypress-tree !  
Too lively glow the lilies light,  
The varnish'd\* holly's all too bright,  
The May-flower and the eglantine  
May shade a brow less sad than mine ;  
But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,  
Or weave it of the cypress-tree !

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine  
With tendrils of the laughing vinc ;  
The manly oak, the pensive yew,  
To patriot and to sage be due ;  
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,  
But that Matilda will not give ;  
Then, Lady, twine\* no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the cypress-tree !

Let merry England proudly rear  
Her blended roses, bought so dear ;  
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue  
With heath and harebell dipp'd in dew ;  
On favour'd Erin's crest be seen  
The flower she loves of emerald green—  
But, Lady, twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare  
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair ;  
And, while his crown of laurel-leaves,  
With bloody hand the victor weaves,  
Let the loud trump his triumph tell\*  
But when you hear the passing bell,  
Then, Lady, twine a wreath for me,  
And twine it of the cypress-tree.

Yes ! twine for me the cypress bough ;  
 But, O Matilda, twine not now !  
 Stay till a few brief months are past,  
 And I have look'd and loved my last !  
 When villagers my shroud\* bestrew\*  
 With pansies, rosemary, and rue,—  
 Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me,  
 And weave it of the cypress-tree.

## XIV.

O'Neale observed the starting tear,  
 And spoke with kind and blithesome cheer—  
 “ No, noble Wilfrid ! ere the day  
 When mourns the land thy silent lay,  
 Shall many a wreath be freely wove  
 By hand of friendship and of love.  
 I would not wish that rigid Fate  
 Had doom'd thee to a captive's state,  
 Whose hands are bound by honour's law,  
 Who wears a sword he must not draw ;  
 But were it so, in minstrel pride  
 The land together would we ride,  
 On prancing steeds, like harpers old,  
 Bound for the halls of barons bold,  
 Each lover of the lyre we'd seek,  
 From Michael's Mount to Skiddaw's Peak,  
 Survey\* wild Albin's mountain strand,  
 And roam green Erin's lovely land,  
 While thou with gentler souls should move,  
 With lay of pity and of love,  
 And I, thy mate, in rougher strain,  
 Would sing of war and warriors slain.  
 Old England's bards were vanquish'd then,  
 And Scotland's vaunted\* Hawthonden,  
 And, silenced on Iernian shore,  
 M'Curtin's harp should charm no more !”  
 In lively mood he spoke, to wile  
 From Wilfrid's woe-worn cheek a smile.

## XV.

“ But,” said Matilda, “ ere\* thy name,  
 Good Redmond, gain its destined fame,

Say, wilt thou kindly deign\* to call  
 Thy brother-minstrel to the hall?  
 Bid all the household, too, attend,  
 Each in his rank a humble friend ;  
 I know their faithful hearts will grieve,  
 When their poor Mistress takes her leave ;  
 So let the horn and beaker\* flow  
 To mitigate their parting woe."  
 The harper came ;—in youth's first prime  
 Himself ; in mode of olden time  
 His garb was fashion'd, to express  
 The ancient English minstrel's dress,  
 A seemly\* gown of Kendal green,  
 With gorget\* closed of silver sheen ;  
 His harp in silken scarf was slung,  
 And by his side an anlace\* hung.  
 It seem'd some masquer's quaint\* array,  
 For revel or for holiday.

## XVI.

He made obeisance\* with a free  
 Yet studied air of courtesy.  
 Each look and accent, framed to please,  
 Seem'd to affect a playful ease ;  
 His face was of that doubtful kind,  
 That wins the eye, but not the mind ;  
 Yet harsh it seem'd to deem\* amiss  
 Of brow so young and smooth as this.  
 His was the subtle look and sly,  
 That, spying all, seems nought to spy ;  
 Round all the group his glances stole,  
 Unmark'd themselves, to mark the whole.  
 Yet sunk beneath Matilda's look,  
 Nor could the eye of Redmond brook.\*  
 To the suspicious, or the old,  
 Subtile\* and dangerous and bold  
 Had seem'd this self-invited guest ;  
 But young our lovers,—and the rest,  
 Wrapt in their sorrow and their fear  
 At parting of their Mistress dear,  
 Tear-blinded to the Castle-hall,  
 Came as to bear her funeral pall.

## XVII.

All that expression base was gone,  
 When waked the guest his minstrel tone ;  
 It fled at inspiration's call,  
 As erst\* the demon fled from Saul.  
 More noble glance he cast around,  
 More free-drawn breath inspired the sound,  
 His pulse beat bolder and more high,  
 In all the pride of minstrelsy !  
 Alas ! too soon that pride was o'er,  
 Sunk with the lay that bade it soar !  
 His soul resumed, with habit's chain,  
 Its vices wild and follies vain,  
 And gave the talent, with him born,  
 To be a common curse and scorn.  
 Such was the youth whom Rokeby's Maid,  
 With condescending kindness, pray'd  
 Here to renew the strains she loved,  
 At distance heard and well approved.

## XVIII.

## Song.

## THE HARP.

I was a wild and wayward\* boy,  
 My childhood scorn'd each childish toy,  
 Retired from all, reserved and coy,\*  
 To musing\* prone,  
 I woo'd my solitary joy,  
 My Harp alone.

My youth, with bold Ambition's mood,  
 Despised the humble stream and wood,  
 Where my poor father's cottage stood,  
 To fame unknown ;—  
 What should my soaring views make good ?  
 My Harp alone !

Love came with all his frantic\* fire,  
 And wild romance of vain desire :  
 The baron's daughter heard my lyre,  
 And praised the tone ;—  
 What could presumptuous hope inspire ?  
 My Harp alone !

At manhood's touch the bubble burst,  
 And manhood's pride the vision curst,  
 And all that had my folly nursed  
     Love's sway\* to own ;  
 Yet spared the spell that lull'd\* me first,  
     My Harp alone !

Woe came with war, and want with woe ;  
 And it was mine to undergo  
 Each outrage of the rebel foe :—  
     Can aught\* atone  
 My fields laid waste, my cot laid low ?  
     My Harp alone !

Ambition's dreams I 've seen depart.  
 Have rued of penury\* the smart,  
 Have felt of love the venom'd\* dart,  
     When hope was flown ;  
 Yet rests one solace to my heart,—  
     My Harp alone !

Then over mountain, moor, and hill,  
 My faithful Harp, I 'll bear thee still ;  
 And when this life of want and ill  
     Is wellnigh gone,  
 Thy strings mine elegy shall thrill,  
     My Harp alone !

### XIX.

“A pleasing lay !” Matilda said ;  
 But Harpool shook his old grey head,  
 And took his baton\* and his torch,  
 To seek his guard-room in the porch.  
 Edmund observed ; with sudden change,  
 Among the strings his fingers range,  
 Until they waked a bolder glee  
 Of military melody ;  
 Then paused amid the martial sound,  
 And look'd with well-feign'd fear around ;—  
 “None to this noble house belong,”  
 He said, “that would a Minstrel wrong,

Whose fate has been, through good and ill,  
 To love his Royal Master still ;  
 And with your honour'd leave, would fain  
 Rejoice you with a loyal strain.”  
 Then, as assured by sign and look,  
 The warlike tone again he took ;  
 And Harpool stopp'd, and turn'd to hear  
 A ditty\* of the Cavalier.

## XX.

## Song.

## THE CAVALIER.

While the dawn on the mountain was misty and grey,  
 My true love has mounted his steed and away  
 Over hill, over valley, o'er dale, and o'er down ;  
 Heaven shield the brave Gallant that fights for the Crown !

He has doff'd\* the silk doublet\* the breast-plate to bear,  
 He has placed the steel-cap o'er his long flowing hair,  
 From his belt to his stirrup his broadsword hangs down,—  
 Heaven shield the brave Gallant that fights for the Crown !

For the rights of fair England that broadsword he draws,  
 Her King is his leader, her Church is his cause ;  
 His watchward is honour, his pay is renown,—  
 GOD strike with the Gallant that strikes for the Crown !

They may boast of their Fairfax, their Waller, and all  
 The roundheaded rebels of Westminster Hall ;  
 But tell these bold traitors of London's proud town,  
 That the spears of the North have encircled the Crown.

There's Derby and Cavendish, dread of their foes ;  
 There's Erin's high Ormond, and Scotland's Montrose !  
 Would you match the base Skippon, and Massey, and  
 Brown,  
 With the Barons of England, that fight for the Crown !

Now joy to the crest of the brave Cavalier !  
 Be his banner unconquer'd, resistless his spear,  
 Till in peace and in triumph his toils he may drown,  
 In a pledge to fair England, her Church, and her Crown.

## XXI.

“Alas!” Matilda said, “that strain,  
 Good harper, now is heard in vain!  
 The time has been, at such a sound,  
 When Rokeby’s vassals\* gather’d round,  
 A hundred manly hearts would bound;  
 But now the stirring verse we hear,  
 Like trump in dying soldier’s ear!  
 Listless and sad the notes we own,  
 The power to answer them is flown.  
 Yet not without his meet applause,  
 Be he that sings the rightful cause,  
 Even when the crisis of its fate  
 To human eye seems desperate.  
 While Rokeby’s Heir\* such power retains,  
 Let this slight guerdon\* pay thy pains:—  
 And, lend thy harp; I fain would try,  
 If my poor skill can aught supply,  
 Ere yet I leave my fathers’ hall,  
 To mourn the cause in which we fall.”

## XXII.

The harper, with a downcast look,  
 And trembling hand, her bounty took.—  
 As yet, the conscious pride of art  
 Had steel’d\* him in his treacherous part;  
 A powerful spring, of force unguess’d,  
 That hath each gentler mood suppress’d,  
 And reign’d in many a human breast;  
 From his that plans the red campaign,\*  
 To his that wastes the woodland reign.  
 The failing wing, the blood-shot eye,—  
 The sportsman marks with apathy,  
 Each feeling of his victim’s ill  
 Drown’d in his own successful skill.  
 The veteran, too, who now no more  
 Aspires to head the battle’s roar,  
 Loves still the triumph of his art,  
 And traces on the pencil’d chart  
 Some stern invader’s destined way,  
 Through blood and ruin, to his prey;  
 Patriots to death, and towns to flame,  
 He dooms, to raise another’s name,

And shares the guilt, though not the fame.  
 What pays him for his span of time  
 Spent in premeditating crime?  
 What against pity arms his heart?  
 It is the conscious pride of art.

## XXIII.

But principles in Edmund's mind  
 Were baseless, vague, and undefined.  
 His soul, like bark with rudder lost,  
 On Passion's changeful tide was tost ;  
 Nor Vice nor Virtue had the power  
 Beyond the impression of the hour ;  
 And, O ! when Passion rules, how rare  
 The hours that fall to Virtue's share !  
 Yet now she roused her—for the pride,  
 That lack of sterner guilt supplied,  
 Could scarce support him when arose  
 The lay that mourned Matilda's woes.

## Song.

## THE FAREWELL.

The sound of Rokeby's woods I hear,  
 They mingle with the song :  
 Dark Greta's voice is in mine ear,  
 I must not hear them long.  
 From every loved and native haunt  
 The native Heir\* must stray,  
 And, like a ghost whom sunbeams daunt,\*  
 Must part before the day.

Soon from the halls my fathers rear'd,  
 Their scutcheons\* may descend,  
 A line so long beloved and fear'd  
 May soon obscurely end.  
 No longer here Matilda's tone  
 Shall bid those echoes swell ;  
 Yet shall they hear her proudly own  
 The cause in which we fell.

The Lady paused, and then again  
 Resumed the lay in loftier strain.

## XXIV.

Let our halls and towers decay,  
 Be our name and line forgot,  
 Lands and manors\* pass away,—  
 We but share our monarch's lot.  
 If no more our annals show  
 Battles won and banners taken,  
 Still in death, defeat, and woe,  
 Ours be loyalty unshaken !

Constant still in danger's hour,  
 Princes own'd our fathers' aid ;  
 Lands and honours, wealth and power,  
 Well their loyalty repaid.  
 Perish wealth, and power, and pride !  
 Mortal boons\* by mortals given ;  
 But let Constancy abide,—  
 Constancy's the gift of Heaven.

## XXV.

While thus Matilda's lay was heard,  
 A thousand thoughts in Edmund stirr'd.  
 In peasant life he might have known  
 As fair a face, as sweet a tone ;  
 But village notes could ne'er supply  
 That rich and varied melody ;  
 And ne'er in cottage-maid was seen  
 The easy dignity of mien,  
 Claiming respect, yet waving state,  
 That marks the daughters of the great.  
 Yet not, perchance, had these alone  
 His scheme of purposed guilt o'erthrown ;  
 But while her energy of mind  
 Superior rose to griefs combined,  
 Lending its kindling to her eye,  
 Giving her form new majesty,—  
 To Edmund's thought Matilda seem'd  
 The very object he had dream'd ;  
 When, long ere guilt his soul had known,  
 In Winston bowers he mused alone,

Taxing his fancy to combine  
 The face, the air, the voice divine,  
 Of princess fair, by cruel fate  
 Reft\* of her honours, power, and state,\*  
 Till to her rightful realm restored  
 By destined hero's conquering sword.

## XXVI.

“Such was my vision !” Edmund thought ;  
 “And have I, then, the ruin wrought  
 Of such a maid, that fancy ne’er  
 In fairest vision form’d her peer \*?  
 Was it my hand that could unclose  
 The postern\* to her ruthless foes ?  
 Foes, lost to honour, law, and faith,  
 Their kindest mercy sudden death !  
 Have I done this ? I ! who have swore,  
 That if the globe such angel bore,  
 I would have traced its circle broad,  
 To kiss the ground on which she trode !—  
 And now—O ! would that earth would rive,\*  
 And close upon me while alive !—  
 Is there no hope ? Is all then lost ?—  
 Bertram’s already on his post !  
 Even now, beside the Hall’s arch’d door,  
 I saw his shadow cross the floor !  
 He was to wait my signal strain—  
 A little respite thus we gain :  
 By what I heard the menials say,  
 Young Wycliffe’s troop are on their way—  
 Alarm precipitates\* the crime !  
 My harp must wear away the time.”—  
 And then, in accents faint and low,  
 He falter’d forth a tale of woe.

## XXVII.

## Ballad.

“And whither would you lead me, then ?”  
 Quoth the Friar of orders grey ;  
 And the Russians twain replied again,  
 “By a dying woman to pray.”—

“ I see,” he said, “ a lovely sight,  
 A sight bodes\* little harm,  
 A lady as a lily bright,  
 With an infant on her arm.”—

“ Then do thine office, Friar grey,  
 And see thou shrive her free ;  
 Else shall the sprite, that parts to-night,  
 Fling all its guilt on thee.

“ Let mass be said, and trentals read,  
 When thou’rt to convent gone,  
 And bid the bell of St. Benedict  
 Toll out its deepest tone.”

The shrift\* is done, the Friar is gone,  
 Blindfolded as he came—  
 Next morning, all in Littlecote Hall  
 Were weeping for their dame.

Wild Darrell is an alter’d man,  
 The village crones\* can tell ;  
 He looks pale as clay, and strives to pray,  
 If he hears the convent bell.

If prince or peer cross Darrell’s way,  
 He’ll beard him in his pride—  
 If he meet a Friar of orders grey,  
 He droops and turns aside.

### XXVIII.

“ Harper ! methinks thy magic lays,”  
 Matilda said, “ can goblins\* raise !  
 Wellnigh my fancy can discern,  
 Near the dark porch, a visage stern ;  
 E’en now, in yonder shadowy nook,\*  
 I see it !—Redmond, Wilfrid, look !—  
 A human form distinct and clear—  
 God, for thy mercy !—It draws near !”  
 She saw too true. Stride after stride,  
 The centre of that chamber wide  
 Fierce Bertram gain’d ; then made a stand,  
 And, proudly waving with his hand,

Thunder'd—"Be still, upon your lives!—  
 He bleeds who speaks, he dies who strives."  
 Behind their chief, the robber crew  
 Forth from the darken'd portal drew  
 In silence—save that echo dread  
 Return'd their heavy measured tread.  
 The lamp's uncertain lustre gave  
 Their arms to gleam, their plumes to wave ;  
 File\* after file in order pass,  
 Like forms on Banquo's mystic glass.  
 Then, halting at their leader's sign,  
 At once they form'd and curved their line,  
 Hemming\* within its crescent drear  
 Their victims, like a herd of deer.  
 Another sign, and to the aim  
 Levell'd at once their muskets came,  
 As waiting but their chieftain's word,  
 To make their fatal volley heard.

## XXIX.

Back in a heap the menials\* drew ;  
 Yet, even in mortal terror, true,  
 Their pale and startled group oppose  
 Between Matilda and the foes.  
 "O, haste thee, Wilfrid!" Redmond cried ;  
 "Undo that wicket by thy side !  
 Bear hence Matilda—gain the wood—  
 The pass may be a while made good—  
 Thy band, ere this, must sure be nigh—  
 O speak not—dally not—but fly!"  
 While yet the crowd their motions hide,  
 Through the low wicket door they glide.  
 Through vaulted passages they wind,  
 In Gothic intricacy twined ;  
 Wilfrid half led, and half he bore,  
 Matilda to the postern-door,  
 And safe beneath the forest tree,  
 The Lady stands at liberty.  
 The moonbeams, the fresh gale's caress,  
 Renew'd suspended consciousness ;—  
 "Where's Redmond?" eagerly she cries :  
 "Thou answer'st not—he dies ! he dies !

And thou hast left him, all bereft  
 Of mortal aid—with murderers left !  
 I know it well—he would not yield  
 His sword to man—his doom is seal'd !  
 For my scorn'd life, which thou hast bought  
 At price of his, I thank thee not.”

## XXX.

The unjust reproach, the angry look,  
 The heart of Wilfrid could not brook.\*  
 “Lady,” he said, “my band so near,  
 In safety thou mayst rest thee here.  
 For Redmond's death thou shalt not mourn,  
 If mine can buy his safe return.”  
 He turn'd away—his heart throb'd high,  
 The tear was bursting from his eye ;  
 The sense of her injustice press'd  
 Upon the Maid's distracted breast,—  
 “Stay, Wilfrid, stay ! all aid is vain !”  
 He heard, but turn'd him not again ;  
 He reaches now the postern-door,  
 Now enters—and is seen no more.

## XXXI.

With all the agony that e'er  
 Was gender'd t'wixt suspense and fear,  
 She watch'd the line of windows tall,  
 Whose Gothic lattice\* lights the Hall,  
 Distinguish'd by the paly\* red  
 The lamps in dim reflection shed,  
 While all beside in wan\* moonlight  
 Each grated casement glimmer'd white.  
 No sight of harm, no sound of ill,  
 It is a deep and midnight still ;  
 Who look'd upon the scene, had guess'd  
 All in the Castle were at rest :  
 When sudden on the windows shone  
 A lightning flash, just seen and gone !  
 A shot is heard—Again the flame  
 Flash'd thick and fast—a volley came !  
 Then echo'd wildly, from within,  
 Of shout and scream the mingled din,

And weapon-clash and maddening cry,  
 Of those who kill, and those who die !—  
 As fill'd the Hall with sulphurous smoke,  
 More red, more dark, the death-flash broke ;  
 And forms were on the lattice cast,  
 That struck, or struggled, as they past.

## XXXII.

What sounds upon the midnight wind  
 Approach so rapidly behind ?  
 It is, it is, the tramp of steeds,  
 Matilda hears the sound, she speeds,  
 Seizes upon the leader's rein—  
 “ O, haste to aid, ere aid be vain !  
 Fly to the postern—gain the Hall ! ”  
 From saddle spring the troopers all ;  
 Their gallant steeds, at liberty,  
 Run wild along the moonlight lea.  
 But, ere they burst upon the scene,  
 Full stubborn\* had the conflict been.  
 When Bertram mark'd Matilda's flight,  
 It gave the signal for the fight ;  
 And Rokeby's veterans, seam'd\* with scars  
 Of Scotland's and of Erin's wars,  
 Their momentary panic o'er,  
 Stood to the arms which then they bore ;  
 (For they were weapon'd, and prepared  
 Their Mistress on her way to guard.)  
 Then cheer'd them to the fight O'Neale,  
 Then peal'd\* the shot, and clash'd the steel ;  
 The war-smoke soon with sable breath  
 Darken'd the scene of blood and death,  
 While on the few defenders close  
 The Bandits, with redoubled blows,  
 And, twice driven back, yet fierce and fell  
 Renew the charge with frantic yell.

## XXXIII.

Wilfrid has fall'n—but o'er him stood  
 Young Redmond, soil'd with ~~smoke~~ and blood,  
 Cheering his mates with heart and hand  
 Still to make good their desperate stand.

“ Up, comrades, up ! In Rokeby halls  
 Ne’er be it said our courage falls.  
 What ! faint ye for their savage cry,  
 Or do the smoke-wreaths daunt your eye ?  
 These rafters have return’d a shout  
 As loud at Rokeby’s wassail rout,  
 As thick a smoke these hearths have given  
 At Hallow-tide or Christmas-even.  
 Stand to it yet ! renew the fight,  
 For Rokeby’s and Matilda’s right !  
 These slaves ! they dare not, hand to hand,  
 Bide buffet\* from a true man’s brand.”  
 Impetuous, active, fierce, and young,  
 Upon the advancing foes he sprung.  
 Woe to the wretch at whom is bent  
 His brandish’d falchion’s\* sheer\* descent !  
 Backward they scatter’d as he came,  
 Like wolves before the levin\* flame,  
 When, ’mid their howling conclave\* driven,  
 Hath glanced the thunderbolt of heaven.  
 Bertram rush’d on—but Harpool clasp’d  
 His knees, although in death he gasp’d,  
 His falling corpse before him flung,  
 And round the trammell’d ruffian clung.  
 Just then, the soldiers fill’d the dome,  
 And, shouting, charged the felons\* home  
 So fiercely, that, in panic dread,  
 They broke, they yielded, fell, or fled.  
 Bertram’s stern voice they heed no more,  
 Though heard above the battle’s roar ;  
 While, trampling down the dying man,  
 He strove, with volley’d threat and ban,\*  
 In scorn of odds, in fate’s despite,  
 To rally up the desperate fight.

## XXXIV.

Soon murkier\* clouds the Hall enfold,  
 Than e’er from battle-thunders roll’d  
 So dense, the combatants scarce know  
 To aim or to avoid the blow.  
 Smothering and blindfold grows the fight—  
 But soon shall dawn à dismal light !

Mid cries, and clashing arms, there came  
The hollow sound of rushing flame ;  
New horrors on the tumult dire  
Arise—the Castle is on fire !  
Doubtful, if chance had cast the brand,  
Or frantic Bertram's desperate hand.  
Matilda saw—for frequent broke  
From the dim casements\* gusts of smoke.  
Yon tower, which late so clear defined  
On the fair hemisphere reclined,  
That, pencil'd on its azure pure,  
The eye could count each embrasure,  
Now, swath'd\* within the sweeping cloud,  
Seems giant-spectre in his shroud ;  
Till, from each loop-hole flashing light,  
A spout of fire shines ruddy bright,  
And, gathering to united glare,  
Streams high into the midnight air ;  
A dismal beacon, far and wide  
That waken'd Greta's slumbering side.  
Soon all beneath, through gallery long,  
And pendant\* arch, the fire flashed strong,  
Snatching whatever could maintain,  
Raise, or extend, its furious reign ;  
Startling, with closer cause of dread,  
The females who the conflict fled,  
And now rush'd forth upon the plain,  
Filling the air with clamours vain.

## XXXV.

But ceased not yet, the Hall within,  
The shriek, the shout, the carnage\*-din,  
Till bursting lattices give proof  
The flames have caught the rafter'd roof.  
What ! wait they till its beams amain\*  
Crash on the slayers and the slain ?  
The alarm is caught—the drawbridge\* falls,  
The warriors hurry from the walls,  
But, by the conflagration's light,  
Upon the lawn renew the fight.  
Each struggling felon down was hew'd,  
Not one could gain the sheltering wood ;

But forth the affrighted harper sprung,  
 And to Matilda's robe he clung.  
 Her shriek, entreaty, and command,  
 Stopp'd the pursuer's lifted hand.  
 Denzil and he alive were ta'en ;  
 The rest, save Bertram, all are slain.

## XXXVI.

And where is Bertram ?—Soaring high  
 The general flame ascends the sky ;  
 In gather'd group the soldiers gaze  
 Upon the broad and roaring blaze,  
 When, like infernal demon, sent,  
 Red from his penal element,  
 To plague and to pollute the air,—  
 His face all gore, on fire his hair,  
 Forth from the central mass of smoke  
 The giant form of Bertram broke !  
 His brandish'd sword on high he rears,  
 Then plunged among opposing spears ;  
 Round his left arm his mantle truss'd,  
 Received and foil'd three lances thrust ;  
 Nor these his headlong course withstood,  
 Like reeds he snapp'd the tough ash-wood.  
 In vain his foes around him clung ;  
 With matchless force aside he flung  
 Their boldest,—as the bull, at bay,  
 Tosses the ban-dogs\* from his way,  
 Through forty foes his path he made,  
 And safely gain'd the forest glade.

## XXXVII.

Scarce was this final conflict o'er,  
 When from the postern Redmond bore  
 Wilfrid, who, as of life bereft,  
 Had in the fatal Hall been left,  
 Deserted there by all his train ;  
 But Redmond saw, and turn'd again.—  
 Beneath an oak he laid him down,  
 That in the blaze gleam'd ruddy brown,  
 And then his mantle's clasp undid ;  
 Matilda held his drooping head,

Till, given to breathe the freer air,  
Returning life repaid their care.  
He gazed on them with heavy sigh,—  
“ I could have wish'd even thus to die ! ”  
No more he said—for now with speed  
Each trooper had regain'd his steed ;  
The ready palfreys stood array'd,  
For Redmond and for Rokeby's Maid ;  
Two Wilfrid on his horse sustain,  
One leads his charger by the rein.  
But oft Matilda look'd behind,  
As up the Vale of Tees they wind,  
Where far the mansion of her sires  
Beacon'd the dale with midnight fires.  
In gloomy arch above them spread,  
The clouded heaven lower'd bloody red ;  
Beneath, in sombre light, the flood  
Appear'd to roll in waves of blood.  
Then, one by one, was heard to fall  
The tower, the donjon-keep,\* the hall.  
Each rushing down with thunder sound,  
A space the conflagration drown'd ;  
Till, gathering strength, again it rose,  
Announced its triumph in its close,  
Shook wide its light the landscape o'er,  
Then sunk—and Rokeby was no more !



## NOTES

### CANTO V.

THE first stanzas give a description of a sunset. Wilfrid comes back to Rokeby in the evening, and notes the ravages that time has made on the building, though precautions lately taken showed marks of care to provide for the defence of the place in the Civil War. He was admitted only after much question, and the grey old porter, before allowing him to proceed to the hall, raised his torch, and viewed him over from foot to head, before he would lead him into the hall. Matilda came to greet him, and said that all was prepared, and they were only waiting for Wilfrid's guard. While they and Redmond were sitting in peaceful talk, there came a knock at the outer gate, and a song outside. The porter refused to admit a strolling knave; but afterwards, at Matilda's bidding, he was brought in. Before his coming, she asked Wilfrid for a song, which is certainly a very sad one. O'Neale tried to console him, and Matilda then bade O'Neale to bring in the harper, who came in the ancient English minstrel's dress. He made obeisance, but his face was of that doubtful kind that "wins the eye, but not the mind."

That feeling, however, vanished when he began a song of "The Harp," Matilda called it "a pleasing lay;" but Harpool shook his head, and took up his baton and his torch, to go away. But the harper went on with another song of "The Cavalier," and Harpool stopped to hear it. Matilda thought this song rather untimely after the Marston defeat, yet gave him a slight guerdon. Then she took his harp, and sang the "Farewell to Rokeby." We have been told in a preceding stanza something of the boy's character, like a sportsman destroying without pity; but this song touched Edmund, the harper of the cave, as the name shows; he had never seen his ideal till he saw Matilda, and felt remorse for his treacherous course in opening the postern. Some sign from him was to call in Bertram and his band, and he had heard of Wycliffe's troop; so to give some further respite he faltered forth a tale of woe,

the tale of Littlecote Hall. But this delay was of no use. Bertram was already in the hall.

"Stride after stride,  
The centre of that chamber wide  
Fierce Bertram gain'd ; then made a stand,  
And proudly waving with his hand,  
Thundered, 'Be still, upon your lives !'"

Then the robber crew came filing in after him, and formed a circle,

"Hemming within its crescent drear  
Their victims, like a herd of deer."

The menials drew back in fright, and so hid the group. Redmond sent Wilfrid with Matilda, by the wicket gate, and the postern, into the wood. When free herself, she asked for Redmond, and reproached Wilfrid for leaving him, bereft of all help. Wilfrid went back ; and although he heard her bidding him to stay, seeing how unjust she had been, he kept on his course. There was no sign at first of disturbance ; but suddenly through the windows shone a lightning-flash, and then a shot was heard, and then a volley. Soon Matilda catches the sound of the tramp of horses, and seizes on the leader's reins, bidding him "haste to aid, ere aid be vain."

Meanwhile O'Neale had been cheering on Rokeby's old veterans, seamed with scars, to the fight, and twice they drove the Bandits back ; and when the soldiers came, the whole felon band broke, they yielded, fell, or fled. Soon the smoke made the place so dark, that friends and foes could hardly be distinguished, till a sudden flame broke out, and the castle was on fire. The warriors hurry from the walls, but the fight is renewed outside, and each struggling felon is killed, except Denzil, who was taken captive, and the harper, who by Matilda's entreaties was saved. Bertram's great form broke out from the central smoke, and he managed to make his way through forty opponents, and escape into the wood. Redmond brought out Wilfrid, almost bereft of life, but in the open air he revived. The troopers came, and they went off, with Wilfrid supported by two of them ; and as they went up the Tees, they saw the last conflagration,

"Till, gathering strength, again it rose,  
Announced its triumph in its close,  
Shook wide its light the landscape o'er,  
Then sunk—and Rokeby was no more."

*1. The sultry summer day is done. Another instance of the "slight moral that is almost always melancholy." Ruskin remarks on it : "I hear the thought he gathers from the sunset*

(noting first the Turnerian colour, as usual, its principal element)." And after quoting the whole stanza, he adds, "That is, as far as I remember, one of the most finished pieces of sunset he has given; and it has a woful moral; yet one that, with Scott, is inseparablé from the scene."

The woful moral is in the last four lines of the stanza :

" Thus aged men, full loth and slow,  
The vanities of life forego,  
And count their youthful follies o'er,  
Till Memory lends her light no more."

I may add here what comes in Canto VI. xxi. :

"And again, hear Bertram—

" Mine be the eve of tropic sun :  
With disk like battle-target red,  
He rushes to his burning bed,  
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,  
Then sinks at once—and all is night.'

" In all places of this kind, where a passing thought is suggested by some external scene, that thought is at once a slight and sad one."—*Modern Painters*, iii. 283, 284.

*Toller Hill*, or *Towler Hill* in the Ordnance Map, is a mile and a half above Barnard Castle, on the other bank of the Tees.

*Bowes*. A village four miles east-south-east from Barnard Castle, with a castle whose tower is here described.

*Behind that lay*. A clumsy order for the sake of the metre. 'That lay behind Bowes.'

II. *Her guardian streams to meeting wound*. Rokeby lies at the angle made by the Greta and the Tees. *Wound* is the past tense of *wind*. It ought to be *wind*, but Scott will do anything for a rhyme.

*To drink the thrilling interest dear  
Of awful pleasure check'd by fear.*

Wilfrid saw now that Matilda's heart is set on Redmond, not on him.

III. *Seem'd half abandon'd to decay*. "The ancient castle of Rokeby stood exactly upon the site of the present mansion, by which a part of its walls is enclosed. It is surrounded by a profusion of fine wood, and the park in which it stands is adorned by the junction of the Greta and of the Tees. The title of Baron Rokeby of Armagh was, in 1777, conferred on the Right Reverend Richard Robinson, Primate of Ireland, descended of the Robinsons, formerly of Rokeby, in Yorkshire."

*Martial terrors*; i.e. the stronger fortification of the place in the time of the Border raids from Scotland.

*Stern Time*, by the wear and tear of rain and frost from previous ages, had weakened them as much as a foeman's attack could do.

*Flanking*; *i.e.* by the side of the keep. See Glossary.

**IV.** *The trembling drawbridge.* Apparently of long planks of wood, which bent as you passed over.

*Opened.* 'Was opened.'

*When he entered* is used to show the haste in closing the door.

*Accomplish'd.* A loose expression for 'completed.'

**VI.** *A compact of the mind.* An agreement made mentally, without any words, but equally understood.

*Matilda well the secret took.* Saw what they wanted to conceal, saw by their looks their meaning.

**VII.** *Bore burden to the music.* By singing. The burden of the tune is the bass of it, or often a refrain; that is, a verse that is repeated after each stanza. The singing gave life and vigour to the music. *Burden* here has no connexion with the ordinary word, which means 'what is borne or carried,' 'a load,' 'what is borne with difficulty,' 'what is grievous or oppressive,' and comes from A.S. *byrthen*, from *beran*, 'to bear'; Icel. *byrthr*, Goth. *baurthei*, G. *bürde*, 'a burden,' all from the same stem. This *burden* comes from Fr. *bourdon*, M.E. *burdone*, 'a drone or bass,' the buzzing of the humble-bee.

The song that follows is trochaic, of seven syllables and four accents.

*Bid me not.* A response to Harpool's words.

**VIII.** *Wild and ready.* Ready in taking up "The King wants soldiers;" wild as being natural and simple, uncultivated.

*At parting hour.* The hour for their leaving Rokeby.

**IX.** *Rokeby's lords of martial fame.* The Appendix has a list of a so-called pedigree of the Rokeby family. The first part contains a list of weddings, taken, I suppose, from marriage registers, but without dates or any details, except three—temp. Edw. 2di, temp. Edw. 3tii, temp. Hen. 7mi. The second part is a record of Rokebys that have been High Sheriffs of Yorkshire from 1337 to 1574. The family of De Rokeby came over with the Conqueror. (A statement frequently made, but the name Rokeby has a Danish ending, and the place probably was originally the dwelling of the Rokes or Rooks.) The old motto belonging to the family is, "In Bivio Dextra." The arms: Argent, chevron sable, between three rooks proper.

*The Felon Sow.* “The ancient minstrels had a comic as well as a serious strain of romance ; and although the examples of the latter are by far the most numerous, they are perhaps the less valuable. The comic romance was a sort of parody upon the usual subjects of minstrel poetry. If the latter described deeds of heroic achievement, and the events of the battle, the tourney, and the chase, the former, as in the Tournament of Tottenham, introduced a set of clowns debating in the field, with all the assumed circumstances of chivalry ; or, as in the Hunting of the Hare (see Weber’s *Metrical Romances*, vol. iii.), persons of the same description following the chase, with all the grievous mistakes and blunders incident to such unpractised sportsmen. The idea, therefore, of Don Quixote’s frenzy, although inimitably embodied and brought out, was not, perhaps, in the abstract, altogether original. One of the very best of these mock romances, and which has no small portion of comic humour, is the Hunting of the Felon Sow of Rokeby by the Friars of Richmond. Ralph Rokeby, who (for the jest’s sake apparently) bestowed this intractable animal on the convent of Richmond, seems to have flourished in the time of Henry VII., which, since we know not the date of Friar Theobald’s wardenship, to which the poem refers us, may indicate that of the composition itself. Morton, the Mortham of the text, is mentioned as being this facetious baron’s place of residence ; accordingly, Leland notices, that ‘Mr. Rokeby hath a place called Mortham, a little beneath Grentey-bridge, almost on the mouth of Grentey.’ That no information may be lacking which is in my power to supply, I have to notice, that the Mistress Rokeby of the romance, who so charitably refreshed the sow after she had discomfited Friar Middleton and his auxiliaries, was, as appears from the pedigree of the Rokeby family, daughter and heir of Danby of Yafforth.”—SCOTT.

The poem is too long to transcribe, but may be found by the curious in the sixpenny edition of *Lady of the Lake* and *Rokeby*.

*Rokeby forest.* “ She was bred in Rokeby wood,  
There were few that thither goed,  
That came on live away.” (i.e. alive.)

*Greta side.* “ Her path was endlong Greta side ;  
There was no bren that durst her bide.”

*Endlong*, ‘along,’ G. *entlang* ; *bren*, ‘barn,’ or ‘bairn,’ ‘child,’ A.S. *bærn*.

‘To make a feast.

“ Ralph of Rokeby, with good will,  
The Fryers of Richmond gave her till,  
Full well to gaare them fare.”

*garre*, 'to make.' "Make or *garre* to do, as the Scottish men say."—FLORIO. Italian Dictionary, 1680.

*Of Gilbert Griffinson the tale  
Goes, of gallant Peter Dale,*

"The warden waged on the morne,  
Two boldest men that ever were borne,  
I weine, or ever shall be,  
The one was Gilbert Griffin's son,  
Full mickle worship has he wonne,  
Both by land and sea.  
The other was bastard son of Spain,  
Many a Sarazin hath he slain,  
His dint hath gart them die.  
These two men the battle undertooke  
Against the sew, as says the booke,  
And sealed security."

*Waged* = 'hired.' A Yorkshire expression.

*Friar Middleton.*

"Fryar Middleton by his name,  
He was sent to fetch her hame  
That rued him since full sare.  
With him tooke he wicht men two,  
Peter Dale was one of thoe,  
That ever was brim as bear."

*Brim*, 'fierce,' 'furious.' O.E. *breme*, *bream*. Connected with L. *fremo*, 'to roar.'

"He was war of Arcite and Palamon  
That foughten *breme*, as it were boores two."

—CHAUCER, *Knight's Tale*, 840.

It was Gilbert Griffinson that finally conquered the sow.

X. *The Filea of O'Neale was he.* "The Filea, or Ollamh Re Dan, was the proper bard, or, as the name literally implies, poet. Each chieftain of distinction had one or more in his service, whose ofifice was usually hereditary. The late ingenious Mr. Cooper Walker has assembled a curious collection of particulars concerning this order of men, in his *Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards*. There were itinerant bards of less elevated rank, but all were held in the highest veneration. The English, who considered them as chief supporters of the spirit of national independence, were much disposed to proscribe this race of poets, as Edward I. is said to have done in Wales. Spenser, while he admits the merit of their wild poetry, as 'savouring of sweet wit and good invention, and sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device,' yet rigorously

condemns the whole application of their poetry, as abased to 'the gracing of wickedness and vice.' The household minstrel was admitted even to the feast of the prince whom he served, and sat at the same table."

*Kerne*; *lit.* 'a light-infantry soldier of the ancient Irish militia,' armed with a dart or a skean (a short sword or knife), as opposed to *gallow-glasses*, who were heavy-armed. It seems to be used here in the old, but now obsolete, sense of 'a boor,' 'a churl.'

*Obedient to the bard's control.* That is, by the excellence of his playing he was able to stir up in them such various feelings as are expressed in the preceding lines.

*Ah, Clandeboy! thy friendly floor  
Sieve-Donard's oak shall light no more.*

"Clandeboy is a district of Ulster, formerly possessed by the sept of the O'Neales, and Slieve-Donard, a romantic mountain in the same province. The clan was ruined after Tyrone's great rebellion, and their places of abode laid desolate. The ancient Irish, wild and uncultivated in other respects, did not yield even to their descendants in practising the most free and extended hospitality; and doubtless the bards mourned the decay of the mansion of their chiefs." This district, as shown in Spruner's *Historical Atlas of Europe*, included Antrim and Down. The domain of the O'Neales, or O'Nials, seems to have been in Antrim.

**XII. On Marwood-chase and Toller Hill.** "Marwood-chase is the old park extending along the Durham side of the Tees, attached to Barnard Castle. Toller Hill is an eminence on the Yorkshire side of the river, commanding a superb view of the ruins."

**XIII. Dimpled Mirth.** Mirth is represented with dimpled cheeks, the sign of laughter.

*Her blundered roses, bought so dear.* A reference to the long-continued Wars of the Roses (1455-1471). They were so called from the badges of the rival armies—the ensign of the House of York being a white, that of the House of Lancaster a red, rose. The chief supporters of York were the Earl of Salisbury and his son, the Earl of Warwick. This great contest was essentially a war of nobles, in which the mass of the people took but a slight part. It shattered feudalism in England. The first battle was fought at St. Albans in 1455, when the Lancastrians were defeated, and the king, Henry VI., was made prisoner. He was soon released; but a second time was made captive, in the third battle, at Northampton, in 1460. York,

for the first time, laid claim to the throne, as the representative of the eldest surviving branch of the royal family. (This claim was unjust. John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, was the third son of Edward III.; Edmund Duke of York was the fourth son. But Richard Earl of Cambridge, Edmund's second son, married a daughter of Roger Earl of March, who was a descendant of Lionel Duke of Clarence, the second son of Edward III.; and this intermarriage gave colour to the Yorkist claims.) The question was debated in Parliament, and an arrangement was made that Henry should reign during his life, and that the crown should then pass to York and his heirs. This compromise was rejected by the Lancastrians. Margaret of Anjou, Henry VI.'s wife, indignant that her son Edward, the Prince of Wales, should thus be excluded from the throne, called her supporters to her side, and routed the Yorkists at Wakefield Green, in Yorkshire (1460). Here the Duke of York was slain. Margaret, after a victory in 1461, released her husband from captivity. But the House of Lords declared that Henry had forfeited the throne when he joined the army of the Queen, and proclaimed the Duke's son, Edward Earl of March, with the title of Edward IV. The Wars of the Roses were not over; the north stood faithful to Henry, and the south declared for Edward. After several changes of fortune, the decisive battle was fought at Barnet, in Middlesex, 1471, where the Lancastrians were scattered, and Warwick and the other leaders killed. After five years in English prisons, Margaret was ransomed by Louis XI., the king of France.

Of Margaret, after her ransom, and her intrigues to get back to England and depose Edward IV., there is some indication in the thirtieth and following chapters in Scott's *Anne of Geierstein*, the twenty-third volume of the pocket edition of the Waverley novels.

*Albin*, as before, Scotland.

*The flower she loves of emerald green.* The shamrock, the national emblem of Ireland, as the rose is of England, and the thistle of Scotland. The plant is supposed to be the white clover, *Trifolium repens*; but the plant sold in Dublin on St. Patrick's Day is the small yellow trefoil, *Trifolium minus*.

*With pansies, rosemary, and rue.* Cp. SHAKS. *Hamlet*, iv. 5. 175 (Ophelia's words): "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts. There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you; and here's some for me: we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays. O, you must wear *your* rue with a difference."

*Rosemary.* L. *rosmarinus*, 'sea-dew,' as the plant grows best near the sea. The *R. officinalis* is an evergreen shrub, with sessile linear leaves, which 'are hoary beneath, and very pale

blue flowers, growing naturally in the southern parts of France, Spain, and Italy, but commonly cultivated in our gardens. It has a fragrant smell, and a warm, pungent, bitterish taste. It yields by distillation a light, pale, essential oil of great fragrance.

*Rue* is also an evergreen. The *Ruta graveolens*, or common rue, sometimes called herb-grace, is also an emblem of remembrance and grace. It used to be used as a disinfectant. (See *rue*, Canto III. xxviii. and Glossary.) Every part of it is marked with transparent dots, filled with volatile oil, which is obtained from it by distillation. Its odour is very strong and disagreeable, and the taste acrid and bitter. It possesses powerful stimulant and tonic properties, and is used in hysteria and other convulsive disorders. In Ophelia's words there is probably a reference to the verb, and its substantive *ruth*, as a name for pity. The whole of this song is in iambics, with four accents.

XIV. *Wove*. For *woven*, *p.p.* of 'weave.' This use of the preterite in such words was not unfrequent in early poetry. So *broke* for *broken*.

*I would not wish*. I should not like to see you as a captive, who, having surrendered his sword, and received it back again, is bound in honour not to use it till he regains his liberty.

*Michael's Mount*. Off Marazion, on Mount's Bay, in Cornwall; about three miles from Penzance.

*Skiddaw*. A prominent peak in Cumberland, above Keswick, and at the upper end of Derwentwater.

*Roam . . . land*. Land is the accusative of length, and Scott here uses the Latin form *ire viam*, 'go your way,' leaving out the 'over,' which the word generally takes.

*Thou . . . should*. Bad grammar, probably from the complimentary way of using *you*, as in French, for *thou*. Should be *shouldst*.

*Were*, for 'would have been.'

*Hawthornden*. Drummond of Hawthornden was in the zenith of his reputation as a poet during the Civil Wars. He died in 1649. He was a strong Royalist, and it is thought that the execution of Charles I. in that year hastened his death at the end of the year. His poetry had singular sweetness and harmony of versification. He wrote madrigals and sonnets, and some longer poems, as *Wandering Muses, or the River of Forth Feasting*, a congratulatory poem to King James, on his revisiting Scotland, which appeared in 1617, and placed him among the greatest poets of his age. For Hawthornden, his home, see note on *Roslin*, Canto II. iii.

*Iernia*. A contraction of 'Hibernia,' Cesar's name for Ireland. *Iverna* is used by Mela, a Latin geographer about 45 A.D., and *Ierne* by the poet Claudian about 400 A.D.

*M'Curtin's harp.* “ MacCurtin, hereditary Ollamh of North Munster, and Filea to Donough, Earl of Thomond, and President of Munster. This nobleman was amongst those who were prevailed upon to join Elizabeth's forces. Soon as it was known that he had basely abandoned the interests of his country, MacCurtin presented an adulatory poem to MacCarthy, chief of South Munster, and of the Eugenian line, who, with O'Neil, O'Donnel, Lacy, and others, were deeply engaged in protecting their violated country. In this poem he dwells with rapture on the courage and patriotism of MacCarthy ; but the verse that should (according to an established law of the order of the bards) be introduced in the praise of O'Brien, he turns into severe satire :—‘ How am I afflicted (says he) that the descendant of the great Brion Boiromh cannot furnish me with a theme worthy the honour and glory of his exalted race ! ’ Lord Thomond, hearing this, vowed vengeance on the spirited bard, who fled for refuge to the county of Cork. One day observing the exasperated nobleman and his equipage at a small distance, he thought it was in vain to fly, and pretended to be suddenly seized with the pangs of death ; directing his wife to lament over him, and tell his lordship, that the sight of him, by awakening the sense of his ingratitude, had so much affected him that he could not support it ; and desired her at the same time to tell his lordship, that he entreated, as a dying request, his forgiveness. Soon as Lord Thomond arrived, the feigned tale was related to him. That nobleman was moved to compassion, and not only declared that he most heartily forgave him, but, opening his purse, presented the fair mourner with some pieces to inter him. This instance of his lordship's pity and generosity gave courage to the trembling bard ; who, suddenly springing up, recited an extemporaneous ode in praise of Donough, and, re-entering into his service, became once more his favourite.”—WALKER'S *Memoirs of the Irish Bards.* Lond. 1786. 4to, p. 141.

XV. *The ancient English minstrel's dress.* “ When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Killingworth (? Kenilworth) Castle by the Earl of Leicester, in 1575, one of the personages introduced was that of an ancient minstrel, whose appearance and dress are minutely described by a writer then present. I quote part of the description. ‘ His cap off : his head seemly rounded tonster-wise.’ (Probably ‘ tonsure-wise,’ as the monks.) ‘ His beard smugly shaven : and yet his shirt after the new trink, with ruffs fair starched. A side (*i.e.* long) gown of Kendal green, after the freshness of the year now, gathered at the neck with a narrow gorget, fastened afore with a white clasp, and a keeper close up to the chin ; but easily, for heat to undo when he list.

Seemly begirt in a red caddis (worsted ribbon) girdle ; from that a pair of Sheffield knives hanging a two sides.' (Cp. *anlace* in the text, and see Glossary.) 'Out of his bosom drawn forth a lappet of his napkin, edged with a blue lace, and marked with a true love, a heart, and a D for Damian, for he was but a bachelor yet. His gown had long sleeves down to mid-leg, slit from the shoulder to the hand, and lined with white cotton. His doublet-sleeves of black worsted ; upon them a pair of poynets (wristbands) of tawney chamlets' (camlet or camelot, a stuff made of camel's hair, or more commonly of goat's hair) 'laced along the wrist with blue threaden points. A pair of red nether socks. A pair of pumps on his feet, with a cross cut at the toes for corns. About his neck a red ribband suitable to his girdle. His harp in good grace dependent before him. His wrest' (the key for tuning the harp) 'tyed to a green lace and hanging by. Under the gorget of his gown a fair flaggon chain of silver.'—Essay on "The Ancient Minstrels," prefacing PERCY'S *Reliques of Old English Romance Poetry*. Bohn, 1845.

The word *trink* I cannot find in any glossary. I take it to mean 'new style.'

XVII. *As erst the demon fled from Saul.* "But the Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him. . . . And Saul said unto his servants, Provide me now a man that can play well, and bring him to me. . . . And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand : so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."—*1 Sam. xvi. 14, 17, 23.*

*With habit's chain.* Habit is second nature ; it therefore chains him, and he cannot get away from it.

XVIII. *Can aught atone?* Can anything make up for the stripping of my fields, and the destruction of my home?

*Rued.* 'Regretted,' 'been grieved at.'

This song also is iambic, four lines with four accents, and two with two.

XIX. Harpool suspected him, and with justice ; and it was foolishness to let himself be kept back by this military melody.

XX. This Song of the Cavalier is very fine. The lilt of it is clear and very spirited, and the whole of it goes apace ; but as Matilda says, it was out of place after such a defeat as Marston Moor.

*His pay is renown.* One of the difficulties of Charles was to find funds to pay his troops.

*Fairfax* disputed the supremacy of the North with Lord Newcastle ; headed part of the army at Marston Moor ; was made general, and took an active part in the final battle of Naseby ; advanced upon Oxford, and took it ; secured the Bodleian Library from spoliation ; advanced to London, and marched through it in triumph ; afterwards invested it, and made it surrender ; put down the Levellers in the army. At the end he was unwilling to invade the Scots, and resigned his generalship.

Sir William *Waller*, who began in 1643 to distinguish himself among the generals of the Parliament, took Winchester, Chichester, Hereford, and Tewkesbury. Later in the year a pitched battle was fought at Lansdown, near Bath, with great loss on both sides, but no decisive results (July 5) ; and shortly after another near Devizes, in which he was completely defeated, and forced to retire to Bristol. In 1644 he was again routed by the Royalists at Cropredy Bridge, near Banbury (June 29), and pursued with great loss. His army, disheartened, melted away by desertion. In 1645 (April 3), under what was called the Self-Denying Ordinance, Waller, with Essex and many others, resigned their commands, and received the thanks of Parliament for their services.

Earl *Derby*, in 1651, raised a force in Lancashire, to go to Worcester, but Lilburn fell on him at Wigan, and cut his forces in pieces. Wounded, he found his way to Worcester, and by-and-by to the scaffold.

*Cavendish*, second son of the Earl of Devonshire, was killed by Cromwell's men in a battle at Gainsborough, in 1643.

*Ormond* sent forces from Ireland, and *Montrose* got together a Scottish army which suffered much at Marston Moor.

*Skippon* took Essex's place as commander in Cornwall when Essex had been defeated by the Royalists. The greatest part of his men wished to capitulate, and to avoid that humiliation Essex hastily left the camp, leaving Skippon in command. Skippon afterwards commanded the centre at Naseby with Fairfax, and escorted the convoy that carried to Newcastle the price paid by the Parliament to the Scots for delivering Charles I. into their hands.

In 1643 (Aug. 10) the King's army laid siege to Gloucester. *Massey*, the commander of the town, aided by the citizens, made a firm defence, till Essex came with 12,000 men to relieve the place. He reached, with some difficulty, after twenty-six days' march, Presbury Hill, on the Severn. There he made his presence known by cannon-shots, and the Royalists at once burnt their camp, and withdrew. In 1645, *Massey*,

with Cromwell and Waller, were employed in restraining the Royalist army in the south-west. In 1647, when an attempt was made to disband the army, some troops were excepted to be sent with Massey and Skippon into Ireland, but they refused to go.

Major-General Sir John Browne was commander in 1645 at Abingdon. He went over to the other side, having been a Parliamentarian. In 1651 he commanded one side in the Royalist, or what was called the Malignant, army, and was taken prisoner by the Cromwellians. Massey also seems to have been in the Malignant army.

XXII. This fine stanza is not merely about the harper, but the warrior in view of coming war; the sportsman; the old warrior, looking back on old campaigns, in which he has seen and taken part in the burning of towns, and the massacre of those who were fighting for their country, still delights in tracing it in a map. All these have steeled their hearts, and know not what pity is.

XXIV. Note the change of metre in this second part of Matilda's song. The first is in iambic verse, a short followed by a long—

“The sound of Rókeby's woods I hear,  
They mingle with the song.”

The second is trochaic verse, a long followed by a short—

“Lét our hálls and tówers decáy,  
Bé our náme and líne forgot.”

The first part, too, has four iambics followed by three alternant; the second three-and-a-half trochees throughout.

*Constant still in danger's hour.* Agrees with *aid*. They knew, recognised that it was steady and persistent.

XXV. *Varied.* Referring to the change named in the previous note.

*His scheme of purposed guilt.* He was to keep them occupied while Bertram and his band were coming in unnoticed. Harpool, if he had returned to his guardroom, might have detected them. But Edmund had unclosed the postern, as we read in the next stanza.

XXVI. *Swore*, for *sworn*, to suit the metre.

*Alarm.* Lit. 'to arms.' The summons to be given by his

signal strain ; and the delay in that might give Wycliffe's troop a chance of arriving in time.

XXVII. *Friar, of orders grey.* These are the Franciscan order.

*Littlecote Hall.* In Wiltshire, on the Kennet. It stands in a low and lonely situation. On three sides it is surrounded by a park that spreads over the adjoining hill ; on the fourth, by meadows which are watered by the Kennet.

The story that is given in the ballad is not the one that is generally told. On a dark, rainy night in November, an old midwife was startled by a loud knocking at her door. On opening, she found a horseman, who told her she was required by a person of rank, and would be well rewarded ; that the matter was to be kept secret, and so she must submit to be blindfolded. She consented, and rode pillion behind the horseman. The way was long, and when they stopped she was led into a house, which, from the length of her walk through the apartments, she discovered to be a seat of wealth and power. When the bandage was removed, she found herself in a bedroom, where the lady was, and a man of ferocious aspect. The child born was a fine boy. The man bade her give him the child, and he rushed across the room, and threw the child into the fire which was blazing in the chimney. The child, however, was strong, and by its struggles rolled itself upon the hearth. But the brutal father thrust it under the grate, and raking out the live coals upon it, soon put an end to its life. The midwife was told that she must go. Her eyes were bound, and she returned as she came, with the same conductor, to her home. The man paid her handsomely, and departed. The midwife was strongly agitated by the horrors of the preceding night, and immediately made a deposition of the facts before a magistrate. To identify the place, she had cut out a piece of the bed-curtain, and in her descent had counted the steps of the staircase. Some suspicions fell upon one Darrell, at that time the proprietor of Littlecote Hall. The house was examined and identified by the midwife, and Darrell was tried at Salisbury for the murder. He was condemned, but induced the judge, by the bribe of handing his house over, to get a *noli prosequi*, which cancelled the trial. It is said that, some few months after, Darrell broke his neck by a fall from his horse while hunting. Another account spells the name Dayrell, and says that the mother, who appealed so piteously to him to save the child, was his wife's waiting-woman, whom he had seduced.

The ballad is iambic, with four accents, followed by iambic with three accents, with a liberal use of triplets in the first accent.

XXVIII. *File after file.* See SHAKS. *Macbeth*, iv. sc. 1. 112.

“*Macb.* Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo ; down !  
 Thy crown does sear my eye-balls. And thy hair,  
 Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.  
 A third is like the former. Filthy hags !  
 Why do you show me this ? A fourth ! Start, eyes !  
 What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ?  
 Another yet ! A seventh ! I'll see no more :  
 And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass  
 Which shows me many more ; and some I see  
 That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry :  
 Horrible sight ! Now, I see, 'tis true ;  
 For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,  
 And points at them for his.”

*Like a herd of deer.* As the staghounds drive the deer together.

XXIX. *The pass may be a while made good.* Can, with what escort they have, though few, be defended for a time, so that no one shall pass.

*Gothic intricacy.* The ornamental parts of Gothic architecture are entwined with each other.

XXXI. *Had guess'd.* ‘Would have guessed.’

XXXIII. *Hallow-tide.* The feast of All Saints, on the 1st of November.

XXXIV. *Know to aim.* ‘Whether to aim or avoid the blow.’ That is, the smoke-clouds made them unable to distinguish friend or foe.

*Doubtful.* ‘It is doubtful.’ The brand could hardly have been cast by chance, whoever cast it.

XXXVI. *Penal element.* ‘The fires of hell.’  
*Truss'd.* ‘Packed,’ ‘bound close.’

## GLOSSARY TO CANTO II.

### ABBREVIATIONS.

<i>adj.</i> = adjective.	G. = German.
<i>adv.</i> = adverb.	Gk. = Greek.
<i>n.</i> = noun.	Goth. = Gothic.
<i>p.p.</i> = past participle.	Icel. = Icelandic.
<i>v.a.</i> = verb active or transitive.	It. = Italian.
<i>v.n.</i> = verb neuter or intransitive.	L. = Latin.
<i>c.p.</i> = compare.	L.L. = Low (mediaeval) Latin.
A.S. = Anglo-Saxon.	M.E. = Middle English (of 13th-
Du. = Dutch.	N. = Norwegian. (15th cent.).
Fr. = French.	O.H.G. = Old High German.

The numbers following the words show the Stanza in each Canto.

**amain**, (xxxv.) *adv.*, *lit.* 'with force.' So 'forcibly,' 'suddenly,' 'at once.' "When we fled *amain* (suddenly)."—MILTON, *P. L.* ii. 165. "The golden (key) opes, the iron shuts *amain* (at once)."—*Lycidas*, III.

**anlace**, (xv.) *n.* A broad dagger or knife, from 18 inches to 2 feet long, worn at the girdle. Possibly O.H.G. *an*, 'on,' and *laz*, 'the side.'

**anvil**, (i.) *n.* 'A block of iron to hammer upon.' Formerly written *anvelt* or *ansfeld*. A.S. *anfilt*, Du. *aenbeld*, *ambeld*, G. *amboss*, from *an* and *bossen*, 'to strike.'

**aught**, (xviii.) *n.* 'Something;' as *naught* or *nought* is 'nothing.' A.S. *ð-wiht*, 'ever a thing.' O.H.G. *co-wiht*. Gothic *vaiht*, 'a whit.' "There failed not *aught* of any good thing which the Lord had spoken."—*Josh.* xxi. 45.

**aye**, (xi.) *adv.* Is used in two senses: (1) 'ever,' 'always,' as here; (2) as an affirmative = 'yea' and 'yes.' The first idea seems to be of continuance, expressed in Gothic by the root *aiv*. *Aivs*, 'time,' 'age;' *du aiva in aivin*, 'for ever;' *niaiv*, 'never.' L. *aevum*, *aetas* for *aevitas*. Gk. *aietel*, *del*, 'always;' *aiwv*, 'an age.' G. *je*, 'ever,' 'always.' A.S. *ðva*, *ð*. The passage from the notion of continuance to that of asseveration is shown in Ger. *je*, *jz*; *je und je*, 'for ever and ever;' *das ist je wahr*, 'that is certainly true.' The E. *yea* is the A.S. *gea*."—WEDGWOOD.

**ban**, (xxxiii.) *n.* ‘Proclamation,’ ‘interdiction,’ ‘curse,’ ‘excommunication.’ “*To ban* is to proclaim, command, denounce, curse. It seems to have been first the feudal summons to arms, when the king planted his banner in the field. This summons was called in L.L. *bannire in hostem, bannire exercitum*. In O.Fr. *banir l'ouest*, A.S. *theodscipe ut abannan*, ‘to summon the host, or the feudal tenants.’ From this it came to be used of the summons to other feudal duties, such as service at the lord’s court. Thus it became the word for proclamation, in Spanish and Italian *bando*, and in E. *banns* of marriage. In a special sense it was applied to a public denunciation by an ecclesiastical authority, such as excommunication.”—WEDGWOOD.

**ban-dog**, (xxxvi.) *n.* See Canto III. xix. and Glossary.

**barbican**, (iii.) *n.* A defence before a gate of a town, or a castle. Originally a projecting window, from which the entrance might be defended, or a sort of watch-tower. Sometimes spelt *barbacan*.

**baton**, (xix.) *n.* ‘A staff, or club,’ ‘a truncheon,’ a sign of office. Generally a short staff, like a policeman’s staff. Fr. *baton*, O.Fr. *baston*, L.L. *bastonem*, acc. of *basto*, ‘a cudgel.’ We have the baton of a field-marshal, of a constable, and of a conductor of music.

**beaker**, (xv.) *n.* M.E. *biker*, ‘a drinking-cup,’ ‘goblet.’ It. *bicchiere*. G. *becher*. Icel. *bikarr*, ‘a cup.’ L.L. *bicarium*, ‘a wine cup.’ “O for a *beaker* full of the warm South.”—KEATS, *Ode to a Nightingale*.

**beams**, (iv.) *n. pl.* Loosely used here for the antlers of a stag. *Lit.* the part of the head which bears the antlers is called *beam*. The word has many meanings; but it is first a tree, then a large piece of timber used for support in building houses and ships. A.S. *beam*, ‘a tree,’ ‘stock,’ ‘post.’ Gothic *bagms*. G. *baum*. Du. *boom*. It is also used for rays of light, as in *sun-beams*. *Beamed* means that a stag has all its antlers.

**bestrew**, (xiii.) *v.a.* ‘To scatter over,’ from *strew*, ‘to scatter.’ A.S. *streowian*. G. *streuen, bestreuen*.

**bickering**, (vi.) *pres. part.* of *v.n.*, to *bicker*, from the Welsh *bicra*, ‘to fight.’ The ordinary idea of the word is ‘to quarrel,’ ‘to skirmish,’ ‘to dispute.’ But the Scotch use of it is ‘to move quickly,’ ‘to quiver;’ and Scott thus describes a burning fagot, quivering and wavering. So of quick motion. “*To bicker* down a valley.”—TENNYSON, *The Brook*.•

**blithe**, (ix.) *adj.* See Canto III. xvi. and Glossary.

**bode**, (xxvii.) *v.a.* 'To portend' good or bad, 'to be an omen of,' 'to presage.' A.S. *bod*, *gebod*, 'a command,' 'a message;' *boda*, 'a messenger;' *bodian*, 'to announce.' So G. *bote*, 'a messenger;' *gebot*, 'a command.' "He brushes his hat o' mornings. What should that *bode*?"—SHAKS. *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 42.

**boon**, (xxii.) *n.* 'A favour,' 'a good turn or request.' M.E. *bone* (Chaucer). A.S. *ben*, *bene*, 'petition,' 'prayer.' "Thin *ben* is gehyred" (Thy prayer is heard).—LUKE i. 13.

**bound**, (xi.) *n.* 'A limit,' 'an enclosed place.' O.Fr. *bonne*, Fr. *borne*, 'a limit,' 'boundary.' L.L. *bodina*, *bonna*.

**braid**, (xi.) *v.a.* 'To weave,' 'to plait,' 'to intertwine.' A.S. *bredan*, *bregdan*. Icel. *bregtha*, 'to brandish,' 'weave.' "Braid your locks with rosy twine."—MILTON, *Comus*, 105.

**broadsword**, (vii.) *n.* A sword with a broad blade.

**brook**, (xvi. xxx.) *v.a.*, 'to tolerate, bear with.' See Canto I. ix. and Glossary.

**buffet**, (xxxiii.) *n.* 'A blow with the hand,' 'a slap.' Here a blow with a sword. *Buff*, 'a blow,' is an imitation of the sound of a blow. It. *buffare*. Fr. *bonfier*, 'to puff,' 'to blow.' G. *puff*, 'a bang,' 'a blow.' Cp. Matt. xxvi. 67, "They *buffeted* Him." So also in Mark xiv. 65, "To cover His face, and to *buffet* Him."

**campaign**, (xxii.) *n.* The space of time every year that an army remains in the field during a war. It. *campagna*. Fr. *campagne*, 'the plain open field.'

**carnage**, (xxxv.) *n.* 'Slaughter in war.' L. *caro*, *carnis*, 'flesh.'

**casement**, (xxxiv.) *n.* A window made to open by hinges.

**conclave**, (xxxiii.) *n.* An apartment where the Cardinals are locked up on the election of a new Pope; a closed assembly. L. *conclave*, from *con*, and *clavis*, 'a key.' Here it is a *close* pack of wolves.

**congenial**, (ii.) *adj.* 'Of kindred spirit and tastes,' 'in sympathy.'

**crone**, (xxvii.) *n.* 'An old woman.' It probably signifies a moaning, muttering creature. Gaelic *cronan*, 'a dull note.' Scotch *croon*, 'to hum to one's self.'

**cumbrous**, (iv.) *adj.* 'Unwieldy,' 'burdensome,' 'unmanageable.' L. *cumulus*, Fr. *combler*. See *cumber* in Glossary to Canto IV. xvii.

**daunt**, (xxiii.) *v.a.* ‘To intimidate,’ ‘to tame,’ ‘to dishearten.’ L. *dominare*, frequentative of *dominare*. Fr. *dompter*. Scotch *dant*, *danton*, ‘to subdue.’ “If ought . . . shall ever *danton* me or awe me.”—BURNS, *The Poet’s Welcome to His Chlld.* A *horse-danter*, ‘a horse-breaker.’

**deem**, (xvi.) *v.n.* and *a.* ‘To judge.’ A.S. *dom*, ‘judgment,’ from which comes *dēman*, ‘to deem, or form a judgment.’ A judge in the Isle of Man is called a *deemster*. “The shipmen *deemed* that they drew near to some country.”—*Acts xxvii. 27.*

**deign**, (xv.) *v.n.* ‘To condescend.’ From L. *dignor*, ‘to think one’s self worthy.’

**dejected**, (vi.) *p.p.* from *v. deject*, ‘to cast down.’ ‘Cast down,’ ‘depressed.’

**descant**, (xiii.) *n.* Originally ‘a variation in a song;’ now used simply for a song. O.Fr. ‘a kind of song.’

**dismantled**, (iv.) *p.p.* of *dismantle*. See Canto IV. xxix. and Glossary.

**ditty**, (xix.) *n.* A recitation of an adventure, story, poem, work of imagination. M.E. *ditee*. O.Fr. *dict*, *dicté*, *ditté*. L. *dictare*, *dictatum*, ‘to dictate.’

“Then said I, thus it falleth me to cesse  
Either to rime or *dites* for to make.”

—CHAUCER, *Belle Dame sans merci*.

**doff**, (xx.) *v.a.* ‘To put off,’ of dress; ‘to divest,’ ‘to get rid of’ (to *do-off*, just as to *don* is to put on a dress). “And made us *doff* our easy robes of peace.”—SHAKS. *I Henry IV.* v. I. 12.

**donjon**, (xxxvii.) *n.* The raised central building or keep of an ancient castle, to which the garrison can retreat when necessary; the tower of the castle. The under story was a prison. Hence the word *dungeon*, for an underground prison. From its prominence it had the command of all the rest; hence its name from L. *dominio*, *domnio*, turned into *dongeon*, as Fr. *songer* from L. *somniari*.

**doublet**, (xx.) *n.* Originally a wadded garment for defence, afterwards a garment fitting closely to the body, with skirts extending below the girdle, a sort of jerkin, or jacket. Fr. *double*. M.E. “*Dobbelet*, *bigera* (twofold), *diplois*.”—*Promptorium Parvulorum*. *Diplois* is explained “*Duplex vestis et est vestis militaris.*”

**drawbridge**, (xxxv.) *n.* See Canto I. v. and Glossary.

**either**, (vi.) *adj.* or *pron.* ‘One or the other,’ ‘one of two,’ or ‘each of two,’ ‘both.’ A.S. *agther*, comp. *agwha*, ‘every-who.’ (1) “He neither loves, Nor *either* cares for him.”—SHAKS. *Ant.* ii. 1, 15. (2) “On *either* side of the river.”—REV. xxii. 2.

**embrasures**, (xxxiv.) *n.* The slanted openings in the tower for cannons to fire through. Fr. *braser*, to slope the edge of a stone in a window to give more light; *embrasure*, the sloped opening of a window or a door.

**ere**, (xv.) ‘before;’ **erst**, (xvii.) ‘first,’ ‘long ago.’ Gothic *air*, ‘early.’ A.S. *ær*, *ærst*, ‘early,’ ‘before,’ ‘first,’ ‘heretofore.’ G. *ehe*, *cher*, ‘before;’ *erste*, ‘first.’ “Our fruitful Nile Flowed *ere* the wonted season.”—DRYDEN.

**falchion**, (xxxiii.) *n.* A short broad sword, slightly curved at the point. L. *falx*. It. *falce*, ‘a sickle;’ *falcione*, ‘a brown bill,’ or ‘chopping knive.’ Fr. *fauchon*.

**felon**, (xxxiii.) *n.* ‘A malefactor,’ ‘a traitor.’ It. *fello*, ‘cruel,’ ‘murderous.’ Fr. *felon*, ‘cruel,’ ‘traitor.’ Wedgwood thinks it comes from the Celtic, Gaelic, *feall*, ‘to deceive,’ ‘betray;’ *feallan*, ‘a felon,’ ‘traitor,’ allied to L. *fallere*, ‘to deceive.’

**file**, (xxviii.) *n.* ‘A row of soldiers ranged one behind another.’ From L. *filum*, ‘a thread.’ Fr. *fil*, ‘a thread,’ ‘line,’ ‘rank.’

“So saying, on he led his radiant *files*,  
Dazzling the moon.”—MILTON, *P. L.* iv. 797.

**fitful**, (ii.) *adj.*, ‘by fits,’ ‘at intervals,’ ‘variable,’ ‘changeable.’

**flanking**, (iii.) *pres. part.* of *v.a. flank*. ‘To secure on the flank side.’ Here protecting the side of the tower. The noun *flank*, It. *fianco*, Fr. *flanc*, is the part of the body between the ribs and the hips, where there are no bones. From this comes the meaning *side*, in all its senses—the side of a horse, the side of an army on the march, front, flank, rear. Some derive it from L. *flaccus*, ‘flabby,’ nasalised; others from O.H.G. *lancha*. Diez and Skeat approve of the first, Grimm and Littré the second.

**forego**, (i.) *v.a.*, ‘to go without,’ ‘to give up,’ ‘to resign.’ Properly *forgo*, the prefix being *for*, as in *forbid*, ‘to bid away,’ *forgo*, *forsend*, *forswear*. It corresponds with the G. *ver*—*forget* is *vergessen*; and with words in Fr. like *forfait*, ‘a misdeed;’ A.S. *forgan*, ‘to pass over.’

**goblin**, (xxviii.) *n.* A supernatural being of small size, but great strength, dwelling in mounds or desert places, not generally ill-disposed towards people. It is the *Kobold* of the Germans, or Matthew *Kobalein*, and was supposed to frequent mines. In Brittany he is *gobilin*. L.L. *cobalus*, 'a mountain-sprite,' 'demon.' "To whom the *goblin*, full of wrath, replied."—MILTON, *P. L.* ii. 688.

**gorget**, (xv.) *n.*, 'armour for the throat.' From O.F. *gorge*, 'a throat.' L.L. *gorgia*, 'the throat ;' a variation of L. *gurges*, 'a whirlpool.' Hence in L.L. the *gullet*, for its voracity. So L. *gurgulio*, 'the gullet.'

**guerdon**, (xxi.) *n.*, 'a reward.' See Canto I. xviii. and Glossary.

**heir**, (xxi.) *n.*, 'one who inherits property from his father or kinsman.' L. *heres*, allied to *herus*, 'a master.'

**hemming**, (xxviii.) *pres. part.* of *v.a.* 'to *hem*,' 'to enclose,' 'surround,' 'confine.' G. *hemmen*, 'to scotch a wheel,' 'to stop.' A.S. *hem*, 'a border.'

**horn**, (xv.) *n.*, 'a drinking-cup made of horn.' Goth. *haurn*, L. *cornu*, Gk. *κέρας*.

**intricacy**, (xxix.) *n.*, 'entanglement,' 'winding in and out.' L. *in* and *tricæ*, 'hindrances.'

**keep**, (iii.) *n.* See Canto III. xxiv. and Glossary.

**kerne**, (x.) *n.*, 'an Irish soldier, light-armed,' 'infantry.' See note *ad locum*.

**lattice**, (xxx.) *n.* See Canto I. xxix. and Glossary.

**latticed**, (iv.) *adj.* With windows, diamond-shape, the lead that holds the panes cutting diagonally.

**levin**, (xxxiii.) *n.*, 'lightning.' See Canto II. xiv. and Glossary.

**lightsome**, (xi.) *adj.*, 'airy,' 'cheerful,' 'not dark.' From adj. *light*, 'not heavy.' A.S. *leahtr*, Icel. *lætr*, Goth. *leihts*, G. *leicht*.

**loth**, (i.) *adj.* M.E. *loth* for *loath*, 'unwilling,' 'reluctant.' A.S. *lath*, 'hateful,' 'evil.' *Me lath ures*, 'I was loth.' G. *leid*, *adj.*, 'unpleasant.' *Es ist mir leid*, 'I am sorry.' "He led her nothing *loth*."—MILTON, *P. L.* ix. 1039.

**manor**, (xxiv.) *n.*, 'the dwelling of the lord of a feudal estate ;' hence the estate itself. L.L. *mansus*, *mansum*, 'a residence. From *manere*, 'to remain,' 'to dwell ;' O.Fr. *manoir*.

**mantling**, (x.). See Canto IV. xv. and Glossary.

**marauding**, (iv.) *adj.*, 'roving in search of plunder.' Fr. *maraud*, 'a rogue,' 'beggar;' *marauder*, 'to beg,' 'to play the rogue.'

**meet**, (vi.) *adj.*, 'fit,' 'suitable,' 'according to measure.' M.E. *mete*, A.S. *gemet*, G. *gemäß*, 'suitable,' 'conformable.' "It was *meet* that we should make merry."—*Luke xv. 32.*

**menial**, (xxix.) *n.*, 'a servant.' See Canto I. xxxiv. and Glossary.

**moody**, (xiii.) *adj.*, 'fretful.' See Canto III. xxii. and Glossary.

**murky**, (xxxiv.) *adj.*, 'dark.' See Canto I. ii. and Glossary.

**musing**, (xviii.) *n.*, 'absorbed in thought.' See Canto I. xxvi. and Glossary.

**nook**, (xxviii.) *n.*, 'a corner.' "Four-nokede it is, of a piece of water."—*Layamon*, ii. 500. Finnish, *nokka*, 'the beak of a bird,' 'nose,' 'point.' Essentially the same as *nock*, *notch*.

**obeisance**, (xvi.) *n.*, 'a bow of respect and courtesy.' Fr. *obéissance*, from *v. obéir*, L. *obedire*, 'to listen to,' 'to obey.' The L. from *ob* and *audire*, 'to hear.' "Call him madam, do him *obeisance*."—SHAKS. *Taming of the Shrew*, Ind. i. 108.

**oped**, (iv.) *p.p.* of *v. ope* (practically obsolete), 'to open.' A.S. *ype*, 'open;' *yppan*, 'to open.' G. *offen*, 'open;' *öffn'n*, 'to open.' "Before you fight the battle, *ope* this letter."—SHAKS. *Lear*, v. I. 40.

**oriel**, (iv.) *n.*, 'a window that juts out, so as to make a small apartment in a hall.' M.E. *oriol*, *ory'all*, 'a small room,' especially 'a room for a lady,' 'a boudoir.' Of the queen's closet in a chapel:

"Ye schall hur brynge to the chapelle,  
Be (by) the *oryall* syde stande thou stylle."

*—Erl of Tholouse*, l. 308.

L.L. *oriolum*, probably for *aureolum*, 'decorated with gold.'

**paly**, (xxx.) *adj.*, 'palish,' 'of faint colour.' L. *palleo*, 'to be pale;' *pallidus*, 'pale.'

**parley**, (ix.) *v.n.* 'to confer or treat with as an enemy.' Cp. *on parole*. Commonly derived from the Gk. *παραβολή*, 'a comparison,' 'a parable,' through the L. *parabola*, passing into *parola*. L.L. *parabolare* was thus constantly used. Hence the It. *parlare*; Fr. *parole*, *parler* for *paroler*; Sp. *palabra*; Portug. *palavra*; our *palavers*. As these are all Romance languages, the Latin origin seems natural. "They are at hand, to *parley*, or to fight."—SHAKS. *K. John* ii. 1. 78.

**passing-bell**, (xiii.) *n.*, 'the bell tolled in churches at the hour of a person's death.' In earlier days it was meant to appeal to the parishioners to pray for the safe passage of his soul; or some say from belief that they would terrify the devils that lie in wait to afflict the souls of the departed.

**peal**, (xxxii.) *v.*, 'to make a loud noise. Cp. "A *peal* of bells," the ringing of several bells together, and the changes rung on them; "A *peal* of thunder." A shortened form of *appeal*. M.E. *appelen*, *apelen*. O.Fr. *appel*. Cotgrave gives *appel*, pl. *appeaux*, 'chimes.' M.E. *apel*, an old term in hunting music, from the L. *appellare*, 'to address,' 'call upon.'

**peer**, (xxvi.) *n.*, 'a person of the same rank,' 'an equal.' Fr. *pair*, from L. *par*, 'equal.'

**pendant**, (xxxiv.) *adj.*, 'hanging,' or 'projecting from' a part of a building. The *pres. part.* of Fr. *pendre*, from L. *pendere*, 'to hang.'

**penury**, (xviii.) *n.*, 'want,' 'poverty.' L. *penuria*, Gk. *πενία*, 'want,' 'need.'

**portcullis**, (iii.) *n.* M.E. *portcolise*. A sliding gate, in the gateway of a castle or a fortified town, to let down in time of surprise. Fr. *porte-coulisse*, 'groove-' or 'slide-gate,' from *coulter*, 'to slide,' 'to slip.'

**postern**, (xxvi.) *n.*, 'a small gate.' See Canto III. xxvii. and Glossary.

**precipitate**, (xxvi.) *v.a.*, 'to throw headlong,' 'to hurry a thing or an action.' The rumour of Wycliffe's men coming makes Bertram hurry his plan.

**pry**, (v.) *v.n.*, 'to peer,' 'to look closely.' M.E. *prien*, put for *piren*, from Low G. *piren*, the full form being *pliren*, Dan. *plire*, 'to blink.'

**quaint**, (xv.) *adj.* M.E. *queint*, also *quoint*, *coint*. 'Neat,' 'artfully framed,' 'fanciful.' Fr. *coint*, 'neat,' 'dainty,' 'trim'; from L. *cognitus*, 'known,' 'acquainted.' "My *quaint* Ariel, hark!"—SHAKS. *Tempest*, i. 2. 317.

**reft**, (xxv.) *p.p.* of *v.a. reave*, 'to bereave,' 'to tear from, deprive of, rob.' Goth. *raubon*, Icel. *raufa*, A.S. *reafian*, G. *rauben*, 'to tear away,' 'to rob.' Scotch *reiver*, 'a robber.'

**relic**, (iv.) *n.*, 'something left from olden time.' L. *relinquo*, 'to leave;' *relicus*, 'left after something has been taken away.' The word is most applied to the remains of some saint, which are kept in many foreign churches in caskets called reliquaries; here it is armour.

**reluctant**, (v.) *adj.*, 'unwilling' to do what you ought to do, 'averse,' 'loth.' From the L. *reluctor*, *pres. p. reluctans*, 'to struggle against,' from *lucta*, 'a wrestling.' See Milton (of Satan)—

"Down he fell

A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,  
*Reluctant*, but in vain."—*Paradise Lost*, x. 515.

**rive**, (xxvi.) *v.n.*, 'to crack,' 'to be rent,' 'to be clest.' Connected with *reave* and *rob*. See Canto II. vii., *riven*, and Glossary. Here he wishes that the earth might be rent asunder, and might bury him alive. "Fæstone *rives*, splits, and breaks in any direction."—WOODWARD.

**roosting**, (ii.) *pres. part.* of *roost*, *v.n.* From the *n. roost*, 'a perch for fowls.' A.S. *hróst*. Allied to Icel. *hrót*. Goth. *hrot*, 'a roof.' So *roosting* means 'resting,' 'sleeping on its perch.'

**schroud**, (xiii.) *n.*, 'a covering for the dead.' See Canto I. i. and Glossary.

**scutcheon**, (xxiii.) *n.*, 'a shield of heraldic arms.' L. *scutum*, 'a wooden leather-covered shield.' See Canto II. xvii. and Glossary.

**seam**, (xxxii.) *v.a.*, *lit.* 'to sew two pieces of cloth together.' Icel. *saumr*, 'a sewing,' 'seam.' A.S. *sedm*. G. *saum*, 'a hem.' Then, from the similarity, 'to sew together the two sides of a wound,' which leaves a mark on the flesh like a seam; and hence for the mark of any wound that is healed. So the noun means 'a cicatrix,' or 'scar.' So here, "Seam'd with scars."

**seemly**, (xv.) *adj.*, 'fit,' 'suitable,' 'becoming.'

**sheer**, (xxxiii.) *adj.* M.E. *shere*. 'Pure,' 'clear,' 'bright,' 'perpendicular' (as here). Icel. *skarr*, Goth. *skeirs*, Dan. *skær*, 'sheer,' 'bright.' A.S. *scir*, 'bright.'

"Thrown by angry Jove  
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements."

—MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, i. 742.

**shrift**, (xxvii.) *n.* **shrive**, (xxvii.) *v.a.* To shrieve (of a priest) is to hear a confession, and generally includes the whole circumstances of the transaction, the imposition of penance, and consequent absolution. Here it is the visit of a priest to a death-bed to give final absolution. The "lady as a lily bright" is to be put to death. A.S. *scrifan*, 'to ordain, enjoin.' "Sylle with his life swa hwaqt swa him man *scrife*," 'he shall give as a ransom for his life whatsoever is laid upon him.'—*Exod.* xxi. 30. The word is connected with G. *scriben*, L. *scribere*, 'to write.'

**silvered**, (iii.) *p.p.* of *v.* to *silver*, *lit.* 'to cover with silver.' Here it shines in the moonlight like silver.

**sire**, (xi.) *n.*, 'a father.' A title in addressing royalty. Like *sir*, it comes from L. *senior*, 'the elder.' Fr. *seigneur*, *sieur*, *sire*.

**sombre**, (ii.) *adj.*, 'dark,' 'dusky,' 'gloomy.' Fr. *sombre*, 'gloomy.' Span. and Port. *sombrio*. From the L. *umbra*, with the prefix *ex*. (Littré.)

**state**, (xxv.) *n.*, 'condition,' 'rank,' 'quality,' 'dignity.' L. *sto*, *stare*, 'to stand.'

**steel**, (xxii.) *v.a.*, 'to harden,' like steel. Icel. *stíl*, O.H.G. *stahal*, G. *stahl*. Connected with G. *stechen*, 'to stick;' *stachel*, 'a prick,' 'a thorn.' When it was first introduced it would be too valuable to use for more than the point or the edge. So the Fr. *acier*, It. *acciaro*, from L. *acies*, 'point,' 'edge.' "O God of battles, *steel* my soldiers' hearts."—SHAKS. *Henry V.* iv. 1. 306.

**stubborn**, (xxxii.) *adj.*, 'rigid,' 'obstinate,' 'persistent,' like a stub, a stump of a tree. *To stub* is 'to grub by the roots,' 'to clear by getting rid of the roots.' "An I 'a *stubb'd* Thurnaby waäste."—TENNYSON, *Northern Farmer*.

**subtile**, (xvi.) *adj.*, 'thin' (of dress), 'delicate;' 'sly,' 'cunning,' 'artful' (of men). L. *subtilis*, from *sub* and *tela*, 'a web.' The original sense was 'finely, closely woven.'

**survey**, (xiv.) *v.a.*, 'to oversee,' 'to overlook.' O.Fr. *surveoir*, from L. *videre*.

**swathe**, (xxxiv.) *v.a.*, 'to bind with a bandage,' 'to bind or wrap.' A.S. *swethian*, 'to enwrap.'

**sway**, (xviii.) *n.*, 'control,' 'dominion.' M.E. *sweyen*. Icel. *sveigia*, 'to bend aside.'

**trammelled**, (xxxiii.) *p.p.* of *trammel*, *v.a.* 'To catch in a trammel,' 'to hamper,' 'to shackle.' The ruffian is hampered by Harpool's clinging to him. A trammel is a long net for catching birds, or fishes, from the Fr. *tramail*, It. *tramaglis*, "A fishing-net of very fine materials of two or three layers, the middle one of narrow meshes, and the outside ones of very wide meshes. The fish strikes against the narrow meshes of the middle net, and drives a portion of it through one of the wide meshes on the opposite side, where it is entangled in a kind of pocket. Hence the name from L. *trans maculam*, across or through the mesh."—WEDGWOOD.

**transom-shafts**, (iv.) *n.* Horizontal cross bars, or mullions, in a window, as the next line shows. The shafts are unnecessary, for the transom thus divides the window.

**trentals**, (xxvii.) *n.* In the Roman Catholic service, an office for the dead, consisting of thirty Masses, rehearsed for thirty days successively after the person's death. Fr. *trente*, 'thirty.'

**twine**, (xiii.) *v.a.*, 'to twist two things together.' A.S. *twin*, 'a doubled thread.' Icel. *tvinnr*, 'a twist,' 'a twine.'

**uncouth**, (iv.) *adj.*, 'strange,' 'awkward.' See Canto I. vii. and Glossary.

**varnish**, (xiii.) *v.a.*, 'to glaze,' 'to protect wood, &c., with a transparent resinous liquid.' The word refers here to the glaze on the holly. Fr. *vernis*, It. *vernice*, Sp. *berniz*. The Fr. *verni*, 'to varnish,' is probably from a L.L. verb *vitrinire*, 'to glaze,' from *vitrum*, 'glass.'

**vassal**, (xxi.) *n.*, 'a bondman.' See Canto III. ix. and Glossary.

**vaunted**, (xiv.) *p.p.* of verb to *vaunt*, 'to boast.' It. *vantare*, Fr. *vanter*, from L. *vanitare*, used by Augustine in the sense of boast. Sp. *vanidad*, 'ostentation,' 'vain parade.'

**venomed**, (xviii.) *p.p.* of *venom*, 'to poison.' L. *venenum*, 'poison.'

**vespers**, (ii.) *n. plur.* M.E. *vesper*, L. *vesper*, Gk. *εσπερος*, 'the evening star.' Hence *vespers* are evensong, the evening service in churches.

**veteran**, (iv.) *adj.*, 'long experienced,' 'of old date.' As a noun (xxxii.), one who has grown old in service, particularly military service. From L. *vetus*, *veteris*, 'old.'

**volley**, (xxviii.) *n.*, 'a flight of shot or missiles.' Fr. *volée*, from L. *volo*, 'to fly.'

**wan**, (xxx.) *adj.*, 'pale,' 'colourless.' A.S. *wann*, 'dark,' 'colourless.' Now applied to *pale* objects deficient in colour.

**wayward**, (xviii.) *adj.*, 'froward,' 'wilful,' 'perverse.' See Canto III. v. and Glossary.

**weaponed**, (xxxii.) 'furnished with arms, with weapons.' Goth. *vepna*, 'arms.' O.H.G. *wilfan*, A.S. *wapn*, G. *waffe*, 'a weapon.'

**wizard**, (vii.) *adj.* M.E. *wisard*, O.Fr. *guischart*, 'sagacious,' Icel. *viskr*, 'clever,' contracted for *vitskr*, from *vita*, 'to know,' O.E. *wit*, A.S. *witan*, G. *wissen*, L. *videre*, Gk. *ολδα*. Afterwards 'a sorcerer,' 'enchanter.' It may be called here 'enchanting.'

## *ROKEBY*

### CANTO SIXTH.

*(Words marked with an asterisk\* will be found in the Glossary.)*

#### I.

THE summer sun, whose early power  
Was wont to gild Matilda's bower,  
And rouse her with his matin\* ray  
Her duteous orisons\* to pay,—  
That morning sun had three times seen  
The flowers unfold on Rokeby green,  
But sees no more the slumbers fly  
From fair Matilda's hazel eye ;  
That morning sun has three times broke  
On Rokeby's glades of elm and oak,  
But, rising from their silvan screen,  
Marks no grey turrets glance between.  
A shapeless mass lie keep and tower,  
That, hissing to the morning shower,  
Can but with smouldering vapour pay  
The early smile of summer day.  
The peasant, to his labour bound,\*  
Pauses to view the blacken'd mound,  
Striving, amid the ruin'd space,  
Each well-remember'd spot to trace.  
That length of frail and fire-scorch'd wall  
Once screen'd the hospitable hall ;  
When yonder broken arch was whole,  
'Twas there was dealt the weekly dole ;  
And where yon tottering columns nod,  
The chapel sent the hymn to God.—

So flits the world's uncertain span !  
 Nor zeal for God, nor love for man,  
 Gives mortal monuments a date  
 Beyond the power of Time and Fate.  
 The towers must share the builder's doom ;  
 Ruin is theirs, and his a tomb :  
 But better boon\* benignant\* Heaven  
 To Faith and Charity has given,  
 And bids the Christian hope sublime  
 Transcend the bounds of Fate and Time.

## II.

Now the third night of summer came,  
 Since that which witness'd Rokeby's flame.  
 On Brignall's cliffs and Scargill brake  
 The owlet's homilies awake,  
 The bittern\* scream'd from rush and flag,\*  
 The raven slumber'd on his crag,  
 Forth from his den the otter drew,—  
 Grayling and trout their tyrant knew,  
 As between reed and sedge he peers,  
 With fierce round snout and sharpen'd ears,  
 Or, prowling by the moonbeam cool,  
 Watches the stream or swims the pool ;—  
 Perch'd on his wonted eyrie high,  
 Sleep seal'd the tercelet's\* wearied eye,  
 That all the day had watch'd so well  
 The cushat dart across the dell.  
 In dubious beam reflected shone  
 That lofty cliff of pale grey stone,  
 Beside whose base the secret cave  
 To rapine late a refuge gave.  
 The crag's wild crest of copse and yew  
 On Greta's breast dark shadows threw ;  
 Shadows that met or shunn'd the sight,  
 With every change of fitful light ;  
 As hope and fear alternate chase  
 Our course through life's uncertain race.

## III.

Gliding by crag and copsewood green,  
 A solitary form was seen

To trace with stealthy pace the wold ;  
Like fox that seeks the midnight fold,  
And pauses oft, and cowers\* dismay'd,  
At every breath that stirs the shade.  
He passes now the ivy bush,—  
The owl has seen him, and is hush ;\*  
He passes now the dodder'd\* oak,—  
Ye heard the startled raven croak ;  
Lower and lower he descends,  
Rustle the leaves, the brushwood bends ;  
The otter hears him tread the shore,  
And dives, and is beheld no more ;  
And by the cliff of pale grey stone  
The midnight wanderer stands alone.  
Methinks, that by the moon we trace  
A well-remember'd form and face !  
That stripling shape,\* that cheek so pale,  
Combine to tell a rueful tale,  
Of powers misused, of passion's force,  
Of guilt, of grief, and of remorse !  
'T is Edmund's eye, at every sound  
That flings that guilty glance around ;  
'T is Edmund's trembling haste divides  
The brushwood that the cavern hides ;  
And, when its narrow porch lies bare,  
'T is Edmund's form that enters there.

## IV.

His flint and steel have sparkled bright,  
A lamp hath lent the cavern light.  
Fearful and quick his eye surveys  
Each angle of the gloomy maze.  
Since last he left that stern abode,  
It seem'd as none its floor had trode ;  
Untouch'd appear'd the various spoil,  
The purchase\* of his comrades' toil ;  
Masks and disguises grim'd with mud,  
Arms broken and defiled with blood,  
And all the nameless tools that aid  
Night-felons in their lawless trade,  
Upon the gloomy walls were hung,  
Or lay in nooks obscurely flung.

Still on the sordid\* board appear  
 The relics of the noontide cheer :  
 Flagons\* and emptied flasks were there,  
 And bench o'erthrown, and shatter'd chair ;  
 And all around the semblance show'd,  
 As when the final revel glow'd,  
 When the red sun was setting fast,  
 And parting pledge Guy Denzil past.  
 "To Rokeby's treasure vaults!" they quaff'd,\*  
 And shouted loud and wildly laugh'd,  
 Pour'd maddening from the rocky door,  
 And parted—to return no more !  
 They found in Rokeby vaults their doom,—  
 A bloody death, a burning tomb !

## V.

There his own peasant dress he spies,  
 Doff'd\* to assume that quaint\* disguise ;  
 And, shuddering, thought upon his glee,  
 When prank'd\* in garb of minstrelsy.  
 "O, be the fatal art accurst,"  
 He cried, "that moved my folly first ;  
 Till, bribed by bandits' base applause,  
 I burst through God's and Nature's laws !  
 Three summer days are scantily\* past  
 Since I have trod this cavern last,  
 A thoughtless wretch, and prompt to err—  
 But, O, as yet no murderer !  
 Even now I list my comrades' cheer,  
 That general laugh is in mine ear,  
 Which raised my pulse and steel'd my heart,  
 As I rehearsed my treacherous part—  
 And would that all since then could seem  
 The phantom\* of a fever's dream !  
 But fatal Memory notes too well  
 The horrors of the dying yell  
 From my despairing mates that broke,  
 When flash'd the fire and roll'd the smoke ;  
 When the avengers shouting came,  
 And hemm'd us 'twixt the sword and flame !  
 My frantic flight,—the lifted brand,—  
 That angel's interposing hand !—

If, for my life from slaughter freed,  
 I yet could pay some grateful meed !  
 Perchance this object of my quest  
 May aid"—he turn'd, nor spoke the rest.

## VI.

Due northward from the rugged hearth,  
 With paces five he metes the earth,  
 Then toil'd with mattock to explore  
 The entrails of the cavern floor,  
 Nor paused till, deep beneath the ground,  
 His search a small steel casket found.  
 Just as he stoop'd to loose its hasp,  
 His shoulder felt a giant grasp ;  
 He started, and look'd up aghast,  
 Then shriek'd !—"T was Bertram held him fast.  
 " Fear not !" he said ; but who could hear  
 That deep stern voice, and cease to fear ?  
 " Fear not !—By heaven, he shakes as much  
 As partridge in the falcon's clutch :"—  
 He raised him, and unloosed his hold,  
 While from the opening casket roll'd  
 A chain and reliquaire\* of gold.  
 Bertram beheld it with surprise,  
 Gazed on its fashion and device,  
 Then, cheering Edmund as he could,  
 Somewhat he smooth'd his rugged mood :  
 For still the youth's half-lifted eye  
 Quiver'd with terror's agony,  
 And sidelong glanced, as to explore,  
 In meditated flight, the door.  
 " Sit," Bertram said, " from danger free :  
 Thou canst not, and thou shalt not, flee.  
 Chance brings me hither ; hill and plain  
 I've sought for refuge-place in vain.  
 And tell me now, thou aguish boy,  
 What makest thou here ? what means this toy ?  
 Denzil and thou, I mark'd, were ta'en ;  
 What lucky chance upbound your chain ?  
 I deem'd, long since on Baliol's tower,  
 Your heads were warp'd\* with sun and shower.

Tell me the whole—and, mark ! nought e'er  
 Chafes\* me like falshood, or like fear.”  
 Gathering his courage to his aid,  
 But trembling still, the youth obey'd.

## VII.

“ Denzil and I two nights pass'd o'er  
 In fetters on the dungeon floor.  
 A guest the third sad morrow brought—  
 Our hold dark Oswald Wycliffe sought,  
 And eyed my comrade long askance,\*  
 With fix'd and penetrating glance.  
 ‘ Guy Denzil art thou call'd ?’—‘ The same.’—  
 ‘ At Court who served wild Buckinghame ;  
 Thence banish'd, won a keeper's place,  
 So Villiers will'd, in Marwood-chase ;  
 That lost—I need not tell thee why—  
 Thou madest thy wit thy wants supply,  
 Then fought for Rokeby :—Have I guess'd  
 My prisoner right ?’—‘ At thy behest.’—  
 He paused a while, and then went on  
 With low and confidential tone ;—  
 Me, as I judge, not then he saw,  
 Close nestled in my couch of straw.—  
 ‘ List to me, Guy. Thou know'st the great  
 Have frequent need of what they hate ;  
 Hence, in their favour oft we see  
 Unscrupled,\* useful men like thee.  
 Were I disposed to bid thee live,  
 What pledge of faith hast thou to give ?

## VIII.

“ The ready Fiend, who never yet  
 Hath failed to sharpen Denzil's wit,  
 Prompted his lie—‘ His only child  
 Should rest his pledge.’—The Baron smiled,  
 And turn'd to me—‘ Thou art his son ?’  
 I bowed—our fetters were undone,  
 And we were led to hear apart  
 A dreadful lesson of his art.

Wilfrid, he said, his heir and son,  
 Had fair Matilda's favour won ;  
 And long since had their union been,  
 But for her father's bigot spleen,\*  
 Whose brute and blindfold party-rage  
 Would, force per force, her hand engage  
 To a base kern of Irish earth,  
 Unknown his lineage and his birth,  
 Save that a dying ruffian bore  
 The infant brat\* to Rokeby door.  
 Gentle restraint, he said, would lead  
 Old Rokeby to enlarge his creed ;  
 But fair occasion he must find  
 For such restraint well-meant and kind,  
 The Knight being render'd to his charge  
 But as a prisoner at large.

## IX.

“ He school'd us in a well-forged tale,  
 Of scheme the Castle walls to scale,  
 To which was leagued each Cavalier  
 That dwells upon the Tyne and Wear ;  
 That Rokeby, his parole\* forgot,  
 Had dealt with us to aid the plot.  
 Such was the charge, which Denzil's zeal  
 Of hate to Rokeby and O'Neale  
 Proffer'd, as witness, to make good  
 Even though the forfeit were their blood.  
 I scrupled, until o'er and o'er  
 His prisoners' safety Wycliffe swore ;  
 And then—alas ! what needs there more ?  
 I knew I should not live to say  
 The proffer I refused that day ;  
 Ashamed to live, yet loth to die,  
 I soil'd me with their infamy !”—  
 “ Poor youth,” said Bertram, “ wavering still,  
 Unfit alike for good or ill !  
 But what fell next ?”—“ Soon as at large  
 Was scroll'd and sign'd our fatal charge,  
 There never yet, on tragic stage,  
 Was seen so well a painted rage

As Oswald's show'd ! With loud alarm  
 He call'd his garrison to arm ;  
 From tower to tower, from post to post,  
 He hurried as if all were lost ;  
 Consign'd to dungeon and to chain  
 The good old Knight and all his train ;  
 Warn'd each suspected Cavalier,  
 Within his limits, to appear  
 To-morrow, at the hour of noon,  
 In the high church of Eglinton."—

## X.

" Of Eglinton !—Even now I pass'd,"  
 Said Bertram, " as the night closed fast ;  
 Torches and cressets gleam'd around,  
 I heard the saw and hammer sound,  
 And I could mark they toil'd to raise  
 A scaffold, hung with sable\* baize,  
 Which the grim headsman's scene display'd,  
 Block, axe, and sawdust ready laid.  
 Some evil deed will there be done,  
 Unless Matilda wed his son ;—  
 She loves him not—'t is shrewdly guess'd  
 That Redmond rules the damsel's breast.  
 This is a turn of Oswald's skill ;  
 But I may meet, and foil\* him still !—  
 How camest thou to thy freedom ?"—" There  
 Lies mystery more dark and rare.  
 In midst of Wycliffe's well-feign'd rage,  
 A scroll was offer'd by a page,  
 Who told, a muffled\* horseman late  
 Had left it at the Castle-gate.  
 He broke the seal—his cheek show'd change,  
 Sudden, portentous,\* wild, and strange ;  
 The mimic\* passion of his eye  
 Was turn'd to actual agony ;  
 His hand like summer sapling\* shook,  
 Terror and guilt were in his look.  
 Denzil he judged, in time of need,  
 Fit counsellor for evil deed ;  
 And thus apart his counsel broke,  
 While with a ghastly smile he spoke :—

## XI.

“‘As in the pageants of the stage,  
The dead awake in this wild age,  
Mortham—whom all men deem’d decreed  
In his own deadly snare to bleed,  
Slain by a bravo, whom, o’er sea,  
He train’d to aid in murdering me,—  
Mortham has ‘scaped ! The coward shot  
The steed, but harm’d the rider not.’”  
Here, with an execration fell,  
Bertram leap’d up, and paced the cell :—  
“Thine own grey head, or bosom dark,”  
He mutter’d, “may be surer mark !”  
Then sat, and sign’d to Edmund, pale  
With terror, to resume his tale.  
“Wycliffe went on :—‘Mark with what flights  
Of wilder’d reverie he writes :—

## THE LETTER.

“‘Ruler of Mortham’s destiny !  
Though dead, thy victim lives to thee.  
Once had he all that binds to life,  
A lovely child, a lovelier wife ;  
Wealth, fame, and friendship, were his own—  
Thou gavest the word, and they are flown.  
Mark how he pays thee :—To thy hand  
He yields his honours and his land,  
One boon premised ;\*—Restore his child !  
And, from his native land exiled,  
Mortham no more returns to claim  
His lands, his honours, or his name ;  
Refuse him this, and from the slain  
Thou shalt see Mortham rise again.’—

## XII.

“This billet while the baron read,  
His faltering accents show’d his dread ;  
He press’d his forehead with his palm,  
Then took a scornful tone and calm ;  
‘Wild as the winds, as billows wild !  
What wot\* I of his spouse or child ?

Hither he brought a joyous dame,  
 Unknown her lineage or her name :  
 Her, in some frantic fit, he slew ;  
 The nurse and child in fear withdrew.  
 Heaven be my witness ! wist\* I where  
 To find this youth, my kinsman's heir,—  
 Unguerdon'd,\* I would give with joy  
 The father's arms to fold his boy,  
 And Mortham's lands and towers resign  
 To the just heirs of Mortham's line.'—  
 Thou know'st that scarcely e'en his fear  
 Suppresses Denzil's cynic sneer ;—  
 'Then happy is thy vassal's part,'  
 He said, 'to ease his patron's heart !  
 In thine own jailer's watchful care  
 Lies Mortham's just and rightful heir ;  
 Thy generous wish is fully won,—  
 Redmond O'Neale is Mortham's son.'

## XIII.

" Up starting with a frenzied look,  
 His clenched\* hand the Baron shook :  
 ' Is Hell at work ? or dost thou rave,  
 Or darest thou palter\* with me, slave !  
 Perchance thou wot'st not, Barnard's towers  
 Have racks, of strange and ghastly powers.'  
 Denzil, who well his safety knew,  
 Firmly rejoin'd, ' I tell thee true.  
 Thy racks could give thee but to know  
 The proofs, which I, untortured, show.—  
 It chanced upon a winter night,  
 When early snow made Stanmore white.  
 That very night, when first of all  
 Redmond O'Neale saw Rokeby-hall,  
 It was my goodly lot to gain  
 A reliquary and a chain,  
 Twisted and chased\* of massive gold.  
 —Demand not now the prize I hold !  
 It was not given, nor lent, nor sold.—  
 Gilt tablets to the chain were hung,  
 With letters in the Irish tongue.

I hid my spoil, for there was need  
 That I should leave the land with speed ;  
 Nor then I deem'd it safe to bear  
 On mine own person gems so rare.  
 Small heed I of the tablets took,  
 But since have spell'd them by the book,  
 When some sojourn in Erin's land  
 Of their wild speech had given command.  
 But darkling was the sense ; the phrase  
 And language those of other days,  
 Involved of purpose, as to foil\*  
 An interloper's\* prying\* toil.  
 The words, but not the sense, I knew,  
 Till fortune gave the guiding clew.

## XIV.

“‘Three days since, was that clew reveal'd.  
 In Thorsgill as I lay conceal'd,  
 And heard at full when Rokeby's Maid  
 Her uncle's history display'd ;  
 And now I can interpret well  
 Each syllable the tablets tell.  
 Mark, then : Fair Edith was the joy  
 Of old O'Neale of Clandeboy ;  
 But from her sire and country fled,  
 In secret Mortham's Lord to wed.  
 O'Neale, his first resentment o'er,  
 Despatch'd his son to Greta's shore,  
 Enjoining he should make him known  
 (Until his farther will were shown)  
 To Edith, but to her alone.  
 What of their ill-starr'd meeting fell,  
 Lord Wycliffe knows, and none so well.

## XV.

“‘O'Neale it was, who, in despair,  
 Robb'd Mortham of his infant heir ;  
 He bred him in their nurture wild,  
 And call'd him murder'd Connel's child.  
 Soon died the nurse ; the Clan believed  
 What from their Chieftain they received.

His purpose was, that ne'er again  
 The boy should cross the Irish main ;  
 But, like his mountain sires, enjoy  
 The woods and wastes of Clandeboy.  
 Then on the land wild troubles came,  
 And stronger Chieftains urged a claim,  
 And wrested\* from the old man's hands  
 His native towers, his father's lands.  
 Unable then, amid the strife,  
 To guard young Redmond's rights or life,  
 Late and reluctant he restores  
 The infant to his native shores,  
 With goodly gifts and letters stored,  
 With many a deep conjuring word,  
 To Mortham and to Rokeby's Lord.  
 Nought knew the clod of Irish earth,  
 Who was the guide, of Redmond's birth ;  
 But deem'd his Chief's commands were laid  
 On both, by both to be obey'd.  
 How he was wounded by the way,  
 I need not, and I list\* not say.—

## XVI.

“‘A wondrous tale ! and, grant it true,  
 What,’ Wycliffe answer'd, ‘might I do ?  
 Heaven knows, as willingly as now  
 I raise the bonnet from my brow,  
 Would I my kinsman's manors fair  
 Restore to Mortham, or his heir ;  
 But Mortham is distraught\*—O'Neale  
 Has drawn for tyranny his steel,  
 Malignant\* to our rightful cause,  
 And train'd in Rome's delusive laws.  
 Hark thee apart !’—They whisper'd long,  
 Till Denzil's voice grew bold and strong :—  
 ‘ My proofs ! I never will,’ he said,  
 ‘ Show mortal man where they are laid.  
 Nor hope discovery to foreclose,\*  
 By giving me to feed the crows ;  
 For I have mates at large, who know  
 Where I am wont such toys to stow.  
 Free me from peril and from band,  
 These tablets are at thy command ;

Nor were it hard to form some train,  
 To wile\* old Mortham o'er the main.\*  
 Then, lunatic's nor papist's hand  
 Should wrest\* from thine the goodly land.'—  
 —‘I like thy wit,’ said Wycliffe, ‘well ;  
 But here in hostage shalt thou dwell.  
 Thy son, unless my purpose err,  
 May prove the trustier messenger.  
 A scroll to Mortham shall he bear  
 From me, and fetch these tokens rare.  
 Gold shalt thou have, and that good store,  
 And freedom, his commission o'er ;  
 But if his faith should chance to fail,  
 The gibbet frees thee from the jail.’—

## XVII.

“ Mesh’d\* in the net himself had twined,  
 What subterfuge\* could Denzil find ?  
 He told me, with reluctant sigh,  
 That hidden here the tokens lie ;  
 Conjured my swift return and aid,  
 By all he scoff’d and disobey’d,  
 And look’d as if the noose were tied,  
 And I the priest who left his side.  
 This scroll for Mortham Wycliffe gave,  
 Whom I must seek by Greta’s wave ;  
 Or in the hut where chief he hides,  
 Where Thorsgill’s forester resides.  
 (Thence chanced it, wandering in the glade,  
 That he descried our ambuscade.)  
 I was dismiss’d as evening fell,  
 And reach’d but now this rocky cell.”—  
 “ Give Oswald’s letter.”—Bertram read,  
 And tore it fiercely, shred by shred :—  
 “ All lies and villany ! to blind  
 His noble kinsman’s generous mind,  
 And train\* him on from day to day,  
 Till he can take his life away.—  
 And now, declare thy purpose, youth,  
 Nor dare to answer, save the truth ;  
 If aught I mark of Denzil’s art,  
 I’ll tear the secret from thy heart !”—

## XVIII.

“ It needs not. I renounce,” he said,  
 “ My tutor and his deadly trade.  
 Fix’d was my purpose to declare  
 To Mortham, Redmond is his heir ;  
 To tell him in what risk he stands,  
 And yield these tokens to his hands.  
 Fix’d was my purpose to atone,  
 Far as I may, the evil done ;  
 And fix’d it rests—if I survive  
 This night, and leave this cave alive.”—  
 “ And Denzil ?”—“ Let them ply the rack  
 Even till his joints and sinews crack !  
 If Oswald tear him limb from limb,  
 What ruth can Denzil claim from him,  
 Whose thoughtless youth he led astray,  
 And damn’d to this unhallow’d way ?  
 He school’d me faith and vows were vain ;  
 Now let my master reap his gain.”—  
 “ True,” answer’d Bertram, “ ’t is his meed ;  
 There’s retribution in the deed.  
 But thou—thou art not for our course,  
 Hast fear, hast pity, hast remorse !  
 And he, with us the gale who braves,  
 Must heave such cargo to the waves,  
 Or lag with overloaded prore,\*  
 While barks unburden’d reach the shore.”

## XIX.

He paused, and, stretching him at length,  
 Seem’d to repose his bulky strength.  
 Communing with his secret mind,  
 As half he sat, and half reclined,  
 One ample hand his forehead press’d  
 And one was droop’d across his breast.  
 The shaggy eyebrows deeper came  
 Above his eyes of swarthy flame ;  
 His lip of pride a while forbore  
 The haughty curve till then it wore ;  
 The unalter’d fierceness of his look  
 A shade of darken’d sadness took,—

## XX.

For dark and sad a presage\* press'd  
 Resistlessly on Bertram's breast,—  
 And when he spoke, his wonted tone,  
 So fierce, abrupt, and brief, was gone.  
 His voice was steady, low, and deep,  
 Like distant waves when breezes sleep ;  
 And sorrow mix'd with Edmund's fear,  
 Its low unbroken depth to hear.  
 "Edmund, in thy sad tale I find  
 The woe that warp'd\* my patron's mind :  
 'T would wake the fountains of the eye  
 In other men, but mine are dry.  
 Mortham must never see the fool,  
 That sold himself base Wycliffe's tool ;  
 Yet less from thirst of sordid gain,  
 Than to avenge supposed disdain.  
 Say, Bertram rues his fault ;—a word,  
 Till now, from Bertram never heard :  
 Say, too, that Mortham's Lord he prays  
 To think but on their former days ;  
 On Quariana's beach and rock,  
 On Cayo's bursting battle-shock,  
 On Darien's sands and deadly dew,  
 And on the dart Tlatzeca threw ;—  
 Perchance my patron yet may hear  
 More that may grace his comrade's bier.  
 My soul hath felt a secret weight,  
 A warning of approaching fate :  
 A priest had said, 'Return, repent !'  
 As well to bid that rock be rent.  
 Firm as that flint I face mine end ;  
 My heart may burst, but cannot bend.

## XXI.

"The dawning of my youth, with awe  
 And prophecy, the Dalesmen saw ;  
 For over Redesdale it came,  
 As bodeful\* as their beacon-flame.\*  
 Edmund, thy years were scarcely mine,  
 When, challenging the Clans of Tyne,

To bring their best my brand to prove,  
 O'er Hexham's altar hung my glove ;  
 But Tynedale, nor in tower nor town,  
 Held champion meet to take it down.  
 My noontide, India may declare ;  
 Like her fierce sun, I fired the air !  
 Like him, to wood and cave bade fly  
 Her natives, from mine angry eye.  
 Panama's maids shall long look pale  
 When Risingham inspirēs the tale ;  
 Chili's dark matrons long shall tame  
 The froward\* child with Bertram's name.  
 And now, my race of terror run,  
 Mine be the eve of tropic sun !  
 No pale gradations quench his ray,  
 No twilight dews his wrath allay ;  
 With disk like battle-target red,  
 He rushes to his burning bed,  
 Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,  
 Then sinks at once—and all is night.—

## XXII.

“Now to thy mission, Edmund. Fly,  
 Seek Mortham out, and bid him hie\*  
 To Richmond, where his troops are laid,  
 And lead his force to Redmond's aid.  
 Say, till he reaches Eglinton,  
 A friend will watch to guard his son.  
 Now, fare-thee-well ; for night draws on,  
 And I would rest me here alone.”  
 Despite ill-dissembled fear,  
 There swam in Edmund's eye a tear ;  
 A tribute to the courage high,  
 Which stoop'd not in extremity,  
 But strove, irregularly great,  
 To triumph o'er approaching fate !  
 Bertram beheld the dewdrop start,  
 It almost touch'd his iron heart :—  
 “I did not think there lived,” he said,  
 “One, who would tear for Bertram shed.”  
 He loosen'd thef his baldric's\* hold,  
 A buckle broad of massive gold ;—

“ Of all the spoil that paid his pains,  
 But this with Risingham remains ;  
 And this, dear Edmund, thou shalt take  
 And wear it long for Bertram’s sake.  
 Once more—to Mortham speed amain ;  
 Farewell ! and turn thee not again.”

## XXIII.

The night has yielded to the morn  
 And far the hours of prime\* are worn.  
 Oswald, who, since the dawn of day,  
 Had cursed his messenger’s delay,  
 Impatient question’d now his train,  
 “ Was Denzil’s son return’d again ? ”  
 It chanced there answer’d of the crew,  
 A menial, who young Edmund knew :  
 “ No son of Denzil this,”—he said ;  
 “ A peasant boy from Winston glade,  
 For song and minstrelsy renown’d,  
 And knavish pranks, the hamlets\* round.”—  
 “ Not Denzil’s son ! —From Winston vale ! —  
 Then it was false, that specious tale ;  
 Or, worse—he hath despatch’d the youth  
 To show to Mortham’s Lord its truth.  
 Fool that I was ! —but ’t is too late ;—  
 This is the very turn of fate ! —  
 The tale, or true or false, relies  
 On Denzil’s evidence ! —He dies ! —  
 Ho ! Provost Marshal ! instantly  
 Lead Denzil to the gallows-tree !  
 Allow him not a parting word ;  
 Short be the shrift, and sure the cord !  
 Then let his gory head appal\*  
 Marauders from the Castle-wall.  
 Lead forth thy guard, that duty done,  
 With best despatch to Eglinton.—  
 —Basil, tell Wilfrid he must straight  
 Attend me at the Castle-gate.”—

## XXIV.

“ Alas ! ” the old domestic said,  
 And shook his venerable head,

“Alas, my Lord ! full ill to-day  
 May my young master brook\* the way !  
 The leech\* has spoke with grave alarm,  
 Of unseen hurt, of secret harm,  
 Of sorrow lurking at the heart,  
 That mars and lets his healing art.”—  
 “Tush, tell not me !—Romantic boys  
 Pine themselves sick for airy toys,  
 I will find cure for Wilfrid soon ;  
 Bid him for Eglinton be boune,\*  
 And quick !—I hear the dull death-drum  
 Tell Denzil’s hour of fate is come.”  
 He paused with scornful smile, and then  
 Resumed his train of thought agen.  
 “Now comes my fortune’s crisis near !  
 Entreaty boots\* not—instant fear,  
 Nought else, can bend Matilda’s pride,  
 Or win her to be Wilfrid’s bride.  
 But when she sees the scaffold placed,  
 With axe and block and headsman\* graced,  
 And when she deems,\* that to deny  
 Dooms\* Redmond and her sire to die,  
 She must give way.—Then, were the line  
 Of Rokeby once combined with mine,  
 I gain the weather-gage of fate !  
 If Mortham come, he comes too late,  
 While I, allied thus and prepared,  
 Bid him defiance in his beard.—  
 —If she prove stubborn, shall I dare  
 To drop the axe ?—Soft ! pause we there,  
 Mortham still lives—yon youth may tell  
 His tale—and Fairfax loves him well ;—  
 Else, wherefore should I now delay  
 To sweep this Redmond from my way ?—  
 But she to piety perforce  
 Must yield.—Without there ! Sound to horse.”

## XXV.

“T was bustle in the court below,—  
 “Mount, and march forward !”—Forth they go.  
 Steeds neigh and trample all around,  
 Steel rings, spears glimmer, trumpets sound.—

Just then was sung his parting hymn ;  
 And Denzil turn'd his eyeballs dim,  
 And, scarcely conscious what he sees,  
 Follows the horsemen down the Tees ;  
 And scarcely conscious what he hears,  
 The trumpets tingle in his ears.  
 O'er the long bridge they're sweeping now.  
 The van\* is hid by greenwood bough ;  
 But ere the rearward had pass'd o'er,  
 Guy Denzil heard and saw no more !  
 One stroke, upon the Castle bell,  
 To Oswald rung his dying knell.

## XXVI.

O, for that pencil, erst profuse  
 Of chivalry's emblazon'd\* hues,  
 That traced of old, in Woodstock bower,  
 The pageant of the Leaf and Flower,  
 And bodied forth the tourney high,  
 Held for the hand of Emily !  
 Then might I paint the tumult broad,  
 That to the crowded abbey flow'd,  
 And pour'd, as with an ocean's sound,  
 Into the church's ample bound !  
 Then might I show each varying mien,  
 Exulting, woeful, or serene ;  
 Indifference, with his idiot stare,  
 And Sympathy, with anxious air,  
 Paint the dejected Cavalier,  
 Doubtful, disarm'd, and sad of cheer ;  
 And his proud foe, whose formal eye  
 Claim'd conquest now and mastery ;  
 And the brute crowd, whose envious zeal  
 Huzzas each turn of Fortune's wheel,  
 And loudest shouts when lowest lie  
 Exalted worth and station high.  
 Yet what may such a wish avail ?  
 'T is mine to tell an onward tale,  
 Hurrying, as best I can, along,  
 The hearers and the hasty song ;—  
 Like traveller when approaching home,  
 Who sees the shades of evening come,

And must not now his course delay,  
 Or choose the fair, but winding way ;  
 Nay, scarcely may his pace suspend,  
 Where o'er his head the wildings\* bend,  
 To bless the breeze that cools his brow,  
 Or snatch a blossom from the bough.

## XXVII.

The reverend pile lay wild and waste,  
 Profaned, dishonour'd, and defaced.  
 Through storied\* lattices no more  
 In soften'd light the sunbeams pour,  
 Gilding the Gothic sculpture rich  
 Of shrine, and monument, and niche.\*  
 The Civil fury of the time  
 Made sport of sacrilegious\* crime ;  
 For dark Fanaticism rent  
 Altar, and screen, and ornament,  
 And peasant hands the tombs o'erthrew  
 Of Bowes, of Rokeby, and Fitz-Hugh.  
 And now was seen, unwonted sight,  
 In holy walls a scaffold dight !\*  
 Where once the priest, of grace divine,  
 Dealt to his flock the mystic sign ;  
 There stood the block display'd, and there  
 The headsman grim his hatchet bare ;  
 And for the word of Hope and Faith,  
 Resounded loud a doom of death.  
 Thrice the fierce trumpet's breath was heard,  
 And echo'd thrice the herald's word,  
 Dooming, for breach of martial laws,  
 And treason to the Commons' cause,  
 The Knight of Rokeby and O'Neale  
 To stoop their heads to block and steel.  
 The trumpets flourish'd\* high and shrill,  
 Then was a silence dead and still ;  
 And silent prayers to heaven were cast,  
 And stifled\* sobs were bursting fast,  
 Till from the crowd begun to rise  
 Murmurs of sorrow or surprise,  
 And from the distant aisles there came  
 Deep-mutter'd threats, with Wycliffe's name.

## XXVIII.

But Oswald, guarded by his band,  
 Powerful in evil, waved his hand,  
 And bade Sedition's voice be dead,  
 On peril of the murmurer's head.  
 Then first his glance sought Rokeby's Knight ;  
 Who gazed on the tremendous sight,  
 As calm as if he came a guest  
 To kindred Baron's feudal\* feast,  
 As calm as if that trumpet-call  
 Were summons to the banner'd hall ;  
 Firm in his loyalty he stood,  
 And prompt to seal it with his blood.  
 With downcast look drew Oswald nigh,—  
 He durst not cope\* with Rokeby's eye!—  
 And said, with low and faltering breath,  
 "Thou know'st the terms of life and death."  
 The Knight then turn'd, and sternly smiled ;  
 "The maiden is mine only child,  
 Yet shall my blessing leave her head,  
 If with a traitor's son she wed."  
 Then Redmond spoke : "The life of one  
 Might thy malignity\* atone,  
 On me be flung a double guilt !  
 Spare Rokeby's blood, let mine be spilt!"  
 Wycliffe had listen'd to his suit,  
 But dread prevail'd, and he was mute.

## XXIX.

And now he pours his choice of fear  
 In secret on Matilda's ear ;  
 "An union form'd with me and mine,  
 Ensures the faith of Rokeby's line.  
 Consent, and all this dread array,  
 Like morning dream, shall pass away ;  
 Refuse, and, by my duty press'd,  
 I give the word—thou know'st the rest."  
 Matilda, still and motionless,  
 With terror heard the dread address,  
 Pale as the sheeted maid who dies  
 To hopeless love a sacrifice ;

Then wrung her hands in agony,  
 And round her cast bewilder'd eye.  
 Now on the scaffold glanced, and now  
 On Wycliffe's unrelenting\* brow.  
 She veil'd her face, and, with a voice  
 Scarce audible,—“ I make my choice !  
 Spare but their lives !—for aught beside,  
 Let Wilfrid's doom my fate decide.  
 He once was generous !”—As she spoke,  
 Dark Wycliffe's joy in triumph broke :—  
 “ Wilfrid, where loiter'd ye so late ?  
 Why upon Basil rest thy weight ?—  
 Art spell-bound by enchanter's wand ?—  
 Kneel, kneel, and take her yielded hand ;  
 Thank her with raptures, simple boy !  
 Should tears and trembling speak thy joy ?”—  
 “ O hush, my sire ! To prayer and tear  
 Of mine thou hast refused thine ear ;  
 But now the awful hour draws on,  
 When truth must speak in loftier tone.”

## XXX.

He took Matilda's hand :—“ Dear maid,  
 Couldst thou so injure me,” he said,  
 “ Of thy poor friend so basely deem,  
 As blend with him this barbarous scheme ?  
 Alas ! my efforts made in vain,  
 Might well have saved this added pain.  
 But now, bear witness earth and heaven,  
 That ne'er was hope to mortal given,  
 So twisted with the strings of life,  
 As this—to call Matilda wife !  
 I bid it now for ever part,  
 And with the effort bursts my heart !”  
 His feeble frame was worn so low,  
 With wounds, with watching, and with woe,  
 That nature could no more sustain  
 The agony of mental pain.  
 He kneel'd—his lip her hand had press'd,—  
 Just then he felt the stern arrest.  
 Lower and lower sunk his head,—  
 They raised him,—but the life was fled !

Then, first alarm'd, his sire and train  
 Tried every aid, but tried in vain.  
 The soul, too soft its ills to bear,  
 Had left our mortal hemisphere,  
 And sought in better world the meed,  
 To blameless life by heaven decreed.

## XXXI.

The wretched sire beheld, aghast,  
 With Wilfrid all his projects past,  
 All turn'd and centred on his son,  
 On Wilfrid all—and he was gone.  
 “And I am childless now,” he said ;  
 “Childless, through that relentless maid !  
 A lifetime's arts, in vain essay'd,  
 Are bursting on their artist's head !—  
 Here lies my Wilfrid dead—and there  
 Comes hated Mortham for his heir,  
 Eager to knit in happy band  
 With Rokeby's heiress Redmond's hand.  
 And shall their triumph soar o'er all  
 The schemes deep-laid to work their fall ?  
 No !—deeds, which prudence might not dare,  
 Appal not vengeance and despair.  
 The murd'ress weeps upon his bier—  
 I'll change to real that feigned tear !  
 They all shall share destruction's shock ;  
 Ho ! lead the captives to the block !”—  
 But ill his Provost could divine  
 His feelings, and forbore the sign.  
 “Slave ! to the block !—or I, or they,  
 Shall face the judgment-seat this day !”

## XXXII.

The outmost crowd have heard a sound,  
 Like horse's hoof on harden'd ground ;  
 Nearer it came, and yet more near,—  
 The very death's-men paused to hear.  
 'T is in the churchyard now—the tread  
 Hath waked the dwelling of the dead !

F                 old sepulchral stone,  
 Return the tramp in varied tone.  
 All eyes upon the gateway hung,  
 When through the Gothic arch there sprung  
 A horseman arm'd, at headlong\* speed--  
 Sable his cloak, his plume, his steed.  
 Fire from the flinty floor was spurn'd,  
 The vaults unwonted clang return'd !—  
 One instant's glance around he threw,  
 From saddlebow his pistol drew.  
 Grimly determined was his look !  
 His charger\* with the spurs he strook\*—  
 All scatter'd backward as he came,  
 For all knew Bertram Risingham !  
 Three bounds that noble courser\* gave ;  
 The first has reach'd the central nave,  
 The second clear'd the chancel wide,  
 The third—he was at Wycliffe's side.  
 Full levell'd at the Baron's head,  
 Rung the report—the bullet sped—  
 And to his long account, and last,  
 Without a groan dark Oswald past  
 All was so quick, that it might seem  
 A flash of lightning, or a dream.

## XXXIII.

While yet the smoke the deed conceals,  
 Bertram his ready charger wheels ;  
 But flounder'd on the pavement-floor  
 The steed, and down the rider bore,  
 And, bursting in the headlong sway,  
 The faithless saddle-girths\* gave way.  
 'T was while he toil'd him to be freed,  
 And with the rein to raise the steed,  
 That from amazement's iron trance  
 All Wycliffe's soldiers waked at once.  
 Sword, halberd,\* musket-butt,\* their blows  
 Hail'd upon Bertram as he rose ;  
 A score of pikes, with each a wound,  
 Bore down and pinn'd him to the ground ;  
 Put still his struggling force he rears,  
 'Gainst hacking\* brands and stabbing spears ;

Thrice from assailants shook him free,  
 Once gain'd his feet, and twice his knee.  
 By tensfold odds oppress'd at length,  
 Despite his struggles and his strength,  
 He took a hundred mortal wounds,  
 As mute as fox 'mongst mangling\* hounds ;  
 And when he died, his parting groan  
 Had more of laughter than of moan !  
 —They gazed, as when a lion dies,  
 And hunters scarcely trust their eyes,  
 But bend their weapons on the slain,  
 Lest the grim king should rouse again !  
 Then blow and insult some renew'd,  
 And from the trunk, the head had hew'd,  
 But Basil's voice the deed forbade ;  
 A mantle o'er the corse he laid :—  
 “ Fell\* as he was in act and mind,  
 He left no bolder heart behind :  
 Then give him, for a soldier meet,  
 A soldier's cloak for winding sheet.”

## XXXIV.

No more of death and dying pang,  
 No more of trump and bugle clang,  
 Though through the sounding woods there come  
 Banner and bugle, trump and drum.  
 Arm'd with such powers as well had freed  
 Young Redmond at his utmost need,  
 And back'd with such a band of horse,  
 As might less ample powers enforce ;  
 Possess'd of every proof and sign  
 That gave an heir to Mortham's line,  
 And yielded to a father's arms  
 An image of his Edith's charms,—  
 Mortham is come, to hear and see  
 Of this strange morn the history.  
 What saw he?—not the church's floor,  
 Cumber'd with dead and stain'd with gore ;  
 What heard he?—not the clamorous crowd,  
 That shout their gratulations loud :  
 Redmond he saw and heard alone,  
 Clasp'd him, and sobb'd, “ My son ! my son !”-

## XXXV.

This chanced upon a summer morn,  
When yellow waved the heavy corn :  
But when brown August o'er the land  
Call'd forth the reaper's busy band,  
A gladsome sight the silvan road  
From Eglinton to Mortham show'd.  
A while the hardy rustic leaves  
The task to bind and pile the sheaves,  
And maids their sickles fling aside,  
To gaze on bridegroom and on bride,  
And childhood's wondering group draws near,  
And from the gleaner's hands the ear  
Drops, while she folds them for a prayer  
And blessing on the lovely pair.  
'Twas then the Maid of Rokeby gave  
Her plighted troth\* to Redmond brave ;  
And Teesdale can remember yet  
How Fate to Virtue paid her debt,  
And, for their troubles, bade them prove  
A lengthen'd life of peace and love.

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Time and Tide had thus their sway,  
Yielding, like an April day,  
Smiling noon for sullen morrow,  
Years of joy for hours of sorrow !

## NOTES

### CANTO VI.

THE canto begins by a description of the results of the Rokeby fire, three days after, with Scott's usual sad moralizings on the perishability of earth monuments. The second and third stanzas are commended by Mr. Ruskin for their descriptive power, in the passages that we have quoted. The third stanza brings back to us the stripling of Canto III. xv., in solitary form pacing the wold, and seeking the home of the first revels. He sees there the remains of those revels undisturbed ; for they that set out thence had found in Rokeby vaults their doom. He finds too his old peasant's dress, and curses the fatal art that moved his folly. Due northward from the hearth he measured five paces, and turning up the floor of the cavern he found a steel casket. As he opened its hasp, he discovered Bertram at his shoulder. The boy could not but fear him, though he told him not to fear. On opening the casket, they found a chain and reliquaire of gold. Bertram asked him how he came there. He had thought that Denzil and he had been at this time warped with sun and showers on Baliol's tower. The boy answered that they had passed two days in fetters on the dungeon floor ; on the third came a third guest, Oswald himself, who, recalling Denzil's antecedents, told him that the great often found such unscrupled persons useful. What pledge could he give him of fidelity ? Denzil said his child there should rest as pledge. "Thou art his son?" said Oswald. I bowed ; our fetters were undone. He said that Wilfrid had won Matilda's favour, and they would have been married earlier, if her father's bigot spleen had not made her bestow her hand on the infant brat brought to Rokeby door. He schooled us in a well-forged tale of an attack on the Castle walls, of which Rokeby was the prompter and the head ; and made us give witness of our knowledge of it. Soon as the promise was given, Oswald stormed as on a tragic stage, a painted anger ; ~~threw~~ the good old knight,

and all his train, into the dungeon ; and summoned all the Cavaliers to appear at Eglinton on the following day at noon.

Bertram had seen the preparations—the scaffold bound with sable baize, block, axe, and sawdust ready laid. “ How camest thou to freedom ? ” Bertram asked. There, said he, lies darker mystery. In the midst of Oswald’s raving, a note was brought by a muffled horseman, which he opened, and his mimic passion was turned to actual agony. He told them that Bertram, whom Mortham trained to aid in murdering him, undertook the task of putting Mortham out of the way—and the coward shot the horse, with no harm to the rider. Then he read Mortham’s letter, saying that if he would restore his child, he would leave him his land. He asked what he knew of spouse and child. Denzil told him that Redmond O’Neale was Mortham’s son. Oswald threatened him with the rack ; but Denzil explained how he had found it out, and what of their ill-starred meeting fell

“ Lord Wycliffe knows, and none so well.”

It was O’Neale’s men who carried off his son, and he bred him as another’s child ; and the man that brought him back knew nothing of it.

All this ended in a plot to get Mortham away, and to wile him over the seas—a plot proposed by Denzil, and approved by Oswald. Naturally Oswald was bent on getting hold of these tokens to hide them away ; so he sent Edmund to seek for them, and to carry a scroll to Mortham. Bertram took the scroll, and tore it up as all lies and villany. Edmund’s purpose was to take these tokens to Mortham, and to tell him that Redmond was his heir. He owed nothing to Denzil, who had been his trainer in all things that were evil. Bertram by him sent a message to tell that he regretted his fault, and to beg that the memories of their life together in the Indies would appeal to his feelings ; to tell him also to get together his troops from Richmond, their present quarters, to lead them to Redmond’s aid. Then Bertram gave Edmund, as a parting present, the gold buckle of his baldric.

At the beginning of the next day Oswald enquired if Denzil’s son had returned ; and one of his servants told him that the boy was not Denzil’s son, but a peasant-boy from Winston-glade. He at once ordered Denzil’s execution, and sent for Wilfrid. The old domestic, Basil, gave him the doctor’s report, but he looked upon it as twaddle, and bade him go to Eglinton at once.

The following stanzas tell their own tale of Oswald’s different schemes to make Wilfrid marry Matilda, ending in the poor boy’s collapse and death. How Rokeby refused to let his daughter marry a rebel’s son, and refused her his blessing if she did so ; and how Wycliffe tried to make his son’s death an excuse for the immediate beheading of the others. And then

comes the final crisis, in which both Oswald and Bertram come to an end. This was Scott's ending, and, I think, the right one. The other stanza was afterwards added at the request of friends.

One remark that I would add to this poem of character is the way in which, from first to last, the complex character of Mortham governs all that comes, and how the change came from the one deceit of Wycliffe.

I. *Hissing to the morning shower.* That is, the remains of the Castle were still smouldering. The fire was not extinct; hence the *smouldering vapour*.

*Dole.* The distribution of broken bits of meat and bread to the poor.

*Transcends the bounds of Fate and Time.*

“ Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,  
As bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,  
Lured his dim eye to deathless hope sublime,  
Beyond the realms of nature and of time.”—CAMPBELL.

II. *The owlet's homilies.* Gk. *ōμιλτα*, ‘converse,’ ‘instruction.’ The name comes from the Book of Homilies, in the Church of England, being two series of doctrinal discourses, the former of which, ascribed to Cranmer, appeared in 1547; the latter, said to be by Jewell, in 1563. They were originally meant to be read by the inferior clergy, who were not qualified to compose discourses themselves. The owl is the bird of wisdom. Tennyson compares the old-fashioned sermon to the beetle's drone.

*The bittern scream'd.* The common bittern, which breeds in Britain, is becoming comparatively rare from the extension of cultivation and the drainage of marshes. It has long legs and neck, and stalks among reeds and sedge, feeding on fish. It makes a singular booming or drumming noise, called by Dryden bumping, whence the provincial name of *butter-bump*.

*The otter drew.* He seeks his prey by night, which accounts for the early hour when otter hunts begin.

*As hope and fear alternate chase  
Our course through life's uncertain race.*

A simile. Cp. note on Canto I. i.

III. *Rustle the leaves, the brushwood bends.* This order of the words makes the picture more graphic.

*Guilty glance.* Guilty as having opened the postern door. The alliteration makes it more telling.

II. and III. Ruskin bids us compare with these two stanzas the second of the two additional examples of Scott's love for

colour. He says of it, "The other passage 'I have to quote is still more interesting (*i.e.* than *Rokeby*, iii. 8), because it has *no form* in it *at all*, except in one word ('chalice'), but wholly composes its imagery either of colour, or of that delicate half-believed life which we have seen to be so important an element in modern landscape—

"The summer dawn's reflected hue  
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;  
Mildly and soft the western breeze  
Just kiss'd the lake, just stirr'd the trees,  
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,  
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;  
The mountain-shadows on her breast  
Were neither broken nor at rest;  
In bright uncertainty they lie,  
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.  
The water-lily to the light  
Her chalice rear'd of silver bright;  
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,  
Begemm'd with dew-drops, led her fawn;  
The grey mist left the mountain side,  
The torrent show'd its glistening pride;  
Invisible in flecked sky,  
The lark sent down her revelry.  
The blackbird and the speckled thrush  
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;  
In answer coo'd the cushat dove  
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.'

—*Lady of the Lake*, III. ii.

"Two more considerations are, however, suggested by the above passage. The first, that the love of natural history, excited by the continual attention now given to all wild landscape, heightens reciprocally the interest of that landscape, and becomes an important element in Scott's description, leading him to finish, down to the minutest speckling of breast and slightest shade of attributed emotion, the portraiture of birds and animals; in strange opposition to Homer's slightly-named 'sea-crows who have care of the works of the sea,' and Dante's singing birds, of undefined species."

IV. *Trode*. An invention for rhyme. *Tread, trod, trod or trodden*, is the proper form.

*Night-felons*. Burglars or highwaymen.

V. *Bribed by bandits' base applause*. Note here also the alliteration.

VI. *Aguish boy.* He shows all the symptoms of ague, shivering, and cold and hot by turns.

VII. *Wild Buckingham.* George Villiers, a youth of two-and-twenty, a younger brother of a good family, returned in 1614 from his travels, and soon became a favourite with James I. In the course of a few years, James created him Viscount Villiers, Earl, Marquis, and Duke of Buckingham. Confident, intrepid, free-spoken to the very verge of imprudence, he attached himself to the person of the king, and never scrupled to express openly his hatred or contempt for those who differed from him. In the reign of Charles I. Buckingham was sent to Rochelle, in 1627, with a fleet of nearly one hundred sail, and an army of 7,000 men, to relieve the Huguenots, who were besieged by the French; but the inhabitants, mistrusting the English commander, refused to admit him. He then landed on the isle of Rhé, a place admirably chosen for the protection of Rochelle. If he had been supported, and more men and money sent out, it must have fallen into his hands. A French force landed on the island, and Buckingham, unable to resist superior numbers, after making one more gallant and ineffectual stand, gave orders for a retreat. Of troops sent out, less than one-half returned to England. In the next year the Duke of Buckingham had repaired to Portsmouth, to superintend the preparations for another expedition to relieve Rochelle. Immediately after breakfast (August 23rd), as he was passing through a narrow passage, and stooped down to speak to Sir Thomas Fryer, a colonel in the army, he was struck on the sudden on the breast with a knife, over Sir Thomas's shoulder. Without uttering any words but "The villain has killed me!" at the same time pulling out the knife, he breathed his last. The assassin was a man named Felton, who had served as a lieutenant under the duke.

*Marwood-chase.* See Notes on Canto V. xii.

*At thy behest.* 'At thy injunction,' 'thy command.'

*Unscrupled.* 'Without any scruples,' 'any hesitation,' 'no backwardness to decide or act.' See Glossary.

VIII. *I bowed.* To say that he was would have been a lie.

*Party-rage.* Because Rokeby and Wycliffe took opposite sides in the Civil War—Rokeby for the king, Wycliffe for the Parliament.

*Force per force.* Continued compulsion.

*A base kern.* The kerns were the Irish light infantry, which were taken from the lower classes. So 'a boor,' 'a churl.'

*His birth will be seen later.*

IX. *Tyne and Wear.* Two rivers ; the *Tyne*, in Northumberland, rising in the Cheviot Hills, and running into the North Sea, becoming the boundary of Durham and Northumberland ; the *Wear* rises in the Pennine Chain, and flows into the North Sea, through Durham city. The Cathedral is on its banks.

*Had dealt with us* ; that is, with Denzil and Edmund.

*I soil'd me.* I sullied, darkened my character.

*A painted rage.* Unreal, assumed, a piece of acting ; well-feigned rage, as in next stanza. So the *mimic* passion of the next stanza. See Glossary. 6

X. *Cresset.* A portable hollow vessel, which held a coil of rope, steeped in tar or rosin, or other flaming combustibles, such as naphtha, or paraffin.

XI. *But harm'd the rider not.* Another instance of Scott's vagaries, like *trode* for *trod*.

*Thine own grey head* ; that is, Wycliffe's.

*Thou gavest the word.* Wycliffe then is the *traitor's* name. See Canto IV. xx. xxi. and the last line of the 14th stanza here.

XIV. *Him* ; i.e. 'himself.'

XV. *The Irish main.* The Irish sea. See Glossary.

*Stronger chieftains.* The lands of O'Neale were escheated in 1608, with others in Ulster, that James I. filled with Scotch and English colonists a little after. See note on Canto IV. vii.

XVI. *Lunatic's nor papist's hands.* Lunatic refers to "Mortham is distraught ;" *papist* to O'Neale "trained in Rome's delusive laws."

XVII. *By all he scoffed, and disobeyed.* By the laws of God.

*That he descried, &c.*, and so sent the soldiers, drilling on Barningham Moor, to their rescue. Canto IV. xxx.

XVIII. *What ruth can Denzil claim from him,  
Whose thoughtless youth he led astray?*

Him is Edmund, whom he schooled that faith and vows were vain.

'Tis his meed. It is what he deserves.

XX. *Quariana* I cannot find in any Atlas. *Cayo*, a tiny island north of Cuba. There are numberless Cays round the coast of Florida, and along the north coast of Cuba, and along

the east coast of Honduras and Nicaragua. A Cay is a miniature island. *Darien* is on the isthmus of Panama.

XXI. *O'er Hexham's altar hung my glove.* "This custom among the Redesdale and Tynedale Borderers is mentioned in the interesting Life of Barnard Gilpin, where some account is given of these wild districts, which it was the custom of that excellent man regularly to visit.

"This custom (of duels) still prevailed on the Borders, where Saxon barbarism held its latest possession. These wild Northumbrians, indeed, went beyond the ferocity of their ancestors. They were not content with a duel: each contending party used to muster what adherents he could, and commence a kind of petty war. So that a private grudge would often occasion much bloodshed.

"It happened that a quarrel of this kind was on foot when Mr. Gilpin was at Rothbury, in those parts. During the two or three first days of his preaching, the contending parties observed some decorum, and never appeared at church together. At length, however, they met. One party had been early at church, and just as Mr. Gilpin began his sermon, the other entered. They stood not long silent. Inflamed at the sight of each other, they began to clash their weapons, for they were all armed with javelins and swords, and mutually approached. Awed, however, by the sacredness of the place, the tumult in some degree ceased. Mr. Gilpin proceeded: when again the combatants began to brandish their weapons, and draw towards each other. As a fray seemed near, Mr. Gilpin stepped from the pulpit, went between them, and addressed the leaders, put an end to the quarrel, for the present, but could not effect an entire reconciliation. They promised him, however, that till the sermon was over they would make no more disturbance. He then went again into the pulpit, and spent the rest of the time in endeavouring to make them ashamed of what they had done. His behaviour and discourse affected them so much, that, at his farther entreaty, they promised to forbear all acts of hostility while he continued in the country. And so much respected was he among them, that whoever was in fear of his enemy used to resort where Mr. Gilpin was, esteeming his presence the best protection.

"One Sunday morning, coming to a church in those parts, before the people were assembled, he observed a glove hanging up, and was informed by the sexton, that it was meant as a challenge to any one who should take it down. Mr. Gilpin ordered the sexton to reach it to him; but upon his utterly refusing to touch it, he took it down himself, and put it into his breast. When the people were assembled, he went into the pulpit, and, before he concluded his sermon, took occasion to

rebuke them severely for these inhuman challenges. 'I hear,' saith he, 'that one among you hath hanged up a glove, even in this sacred place, threatening to fight any one who taketh it down ; see, I have taken it down ;' and, pulling out the glove, he held it up to the congregation, and then showed them how unsuitable such savage practices were to the profession of Christianity, using such persuasives to mutual love as he thought would most affect them."—*Life of Barnard Gilpin*. London, 1753, 8vo, p. 177.

XXIII. *Hours of prime*. Prime is the earliest stage of anything ; hence the first opening of the day ; the dawn ; the morning ; the spring of the year. In the Roman Catholic Church the first canonical hour, the first service. "When day arises in that sweet hour of prime."—MILTON, *P. L.* v. 170.

*Winston glade*. Winston is a village on the Tees, six miles east of Barnard Castle.

*This is the very turn of fate*. That Mortham should be informed that Redmond is his son. Mortham will come to rescue him, and Wycliffe will be brought to ruin.

XXV. *Guy Densil heard and saw no more*. "This subordinate villain thus meets the reward which he deserves. He is altogether one of the minor sketches of the poem, but still adds a variety and a life to the group. He is besides absolutely necessary for the development of the plot ; and indeed a peculiar propriety in this respect is observable throughout the story. No character, and, comparatively speaking, but little description, is introduced that is unessential to the narrative ; it proceeds clearly, if not rapidly throughout ; and although the plot becomes additionally involved to appearance as it advances, all is satisfactorily explained at the last, or rather explains itself by gradual unravelment."—*Monthly Review*.

XXVI. *O, for that pencil*. The pencil is that of Geoffrey Chaucer (1340-1400), the first author of English undefiled. What is most known of him is the *Canterbury Tales*, though he wrote many other things—the *Romaunt of the Rose*, a free translation from the French ; *Troilus and Cresseide*, *The House of Fame*, and the *Legend of Good Women*, from Ovid's *Heroides*, besides several minor things. *The Leaf and the Flower* has a quaint Introduction to indicate its meaning : "A gentlewoman, out of an arbour in a grove, seeth a great companie of knights and ladies in a daunce on the greepe grasse : the which being ended, they all kneele down, and do honour to the daisie, some to the flower, and some to the leafe. Afterward this gentle-

woman learneth by one of these ladies the meaning hereof, which is this: They which honour the flower, a thing faded with every blast, are such as looke after beautie and worldly pleasure. But they that honour the leafe, which abideth with the root, notwithstanding the froste and winter storms, are they that follow vertue and during qualities, without regard of worldly respects." The tourney high, held for the hand of Emily, is taken from the first of the Canterbury Tales, the Knight's tale, in which two knights, Palamon and Arcite, both in love for her, were to decide by battle which should wed her. Arcite was the winner; but as he came to receive his bride—

"Out of the ground a syr infernal sterte  
From Pluto send at the request of Saturne

(who had promised for Venus' sake to give Palamon to Emelye),

For which his hors for feere gan to turne  
And leep aside, and founred as he leep:  
And or that Arcyte may take keep,  
He pight (pitched) him on the pomel of his heed,  
That in that place he lay as he were deed  
His brest to-brosten with his sadil bowe."

He lingered for some time, but not for long. There was no remedy, and Arcite died. After a sumptuous funeral, where all mourned for his decease, Palamon married Emelye.

The rest of the stanza is very vivid and impressive—

"Indifference, with his idiot stare,  
And Sympathy, with anxious air."

And especially the last half, "'Tis mine to tell," to the end, of which the *Quarterly Review* says, "Assuredly, if such lines as these had occurred more frequently in Rokeby, it would have extorted our unqualified admiration."

*The dejected Cavalier, Rokeby; his proud foe, Oswald Wycliffe.*

XXVII. *The reverend pile.* Eglinton, or, as in the Ordnance Map, Egglestone Abbey.

*The mystic sign*, sometimes called the *Host* (L. *hostia*, 'a victim'). The consecrated bread, distributed by the priest in the Holy Communion as the symbol of Christ's body. This is done at the Holy Table, or Altar, as it is called in some churches. Here, as the most prominent place, the scaffold was put up.

*For breach of martial law.* When a man was fighting ~~loyally~~ for his King, this charge is a farce. Making all allowances for

the faults and blunders of the King, one may have doubts on which side treason may be alleged.

XXVIII. *On peril of the murmurer's head.* He may incur the doom that awaits Rokeby and O'Neale. Of course, after the battle of Marston Moor was over, Wycliffe had no right to do what he meant to do. Rokeby was only put under his charge as a hostage to be ransomed. But such was the lawlessness of the time.

*He durst not cope.* The MS. has, "He durst not meet his scornful eye."

*A traitor's son.* Wycliffe was in his eyes the traitor.

*Had listen'd* = 'might have listened.' But dread of Mortham's vengeance prevailed, and he was mute.

XXIX. *His choice of fear.* The choice that might do away with her fear, if she accepted it.

XXX. *Barbarous scheme.* A good specimen of the "lostier tone."

*With wounds.* See last canto, xxxiii., "Wilfrid had fallen;" and xxxvii.— "Wilfrid, who, as of life bereft,  
Had in the fatal Hall been left."

*To blameless life by Heaven decreed.* "In delineating the actors of this dramatic tale, we have little hesitation in saying, that Mr. Scott has been more successful than on any former occasion. Wilfrid, a person of the first importance in the whole management of the plot, exhibits an assemblage of qualities not unfrequently combined in real life, but, so far as we can recollect, never before represented in poetry. It is, indeed, a character which required to be touched with great art and delicacy. The reader generally expects to find beauty of form, strength, grace, and agility, united with powerful passions, in the prominent figures of romance; because these visible qualities are the most frequent themes of panegyric, and usually the best passports to admiration. The absence of them is supposed to throw an air of ridicule on the pretensions of a candidate for love or glory. An ordinary poet, therefore, would have despaired of awakening our sympathy in favour of that lofty and generous spirit, and keen sensibility, which at once animate and consume the frail and sickly frame of Wilfrid; yet Wilfrid is, in fact, extremely interesting; and his death, though obviously necessary to the condign punishment of Oswald, to the future repose of Matilda, and consequently to the consummation of the poem, leaves strong emotions of pity and regret in the mind of the reader."—*Quarterly Review.*

XXXI. *There comes hated Mortham.* Apparently he, like the outmost crowd, had heard the sound, or with keen ear of the first canto before them.

XXXII. Mark the rapid, vigorous style of this stanza shows the power of a true poet.

XXXIII. *The grim king*; *i.e.* the lion.  
*Had hew'd* = 'would have hewed.' So *had freed* in the next stanza.

## GLOSSARY TO CANTO VI.

### ABBREVIATIONS.

<i>adj.</i> = adjective.	G. = German.
<i>adv.</i> = adverb.	Gk. = Greek.
<i>n.</i> = noun.	Goth. = Gothic.
<i>p.p.</i> = past participle.	Icel. = Icelandic.
<i>v.a.</i> = verb active or transitive.	It. = Italian.
<i>v.n.</i> = verb neuter or intransitive.	L. = Latin.
<i>cp.</i> = compare.	L.L. = Low (mediæval) Latin.
A.S. = Anglo-Saxon.	M.E. = Middle English (of 13th-15th cent.).
Du. = Dutch.	N. = Norwegian.
Fr. = French.	O.H.G. = Old High German.

The numbers following the words show the Stanza in each Canto.

**appal**, (xxiii.) *v.a.*, 'to terrify, dismay, deaden.' A transitive of *pall*, 'to grow flat,' 'to become insipid.' Welsh *pallu*, 'to fail; ' *pall*, 'loss of energy,' 'failure.' "To appall is to cause to pall, to stupefy with horror or similar emotion." "An old appalled wight," in Chaucer, is a man who has lost his vigour through age.

**askance**, (vii.) *adv.*, 'sideways,' 'obliquely.' Also *askaunt*. Connected with *scant*, *scanty*. It. *schiancio*, 'athwart,' 'across; ' *scanzare*, 'to turn aside.'

**baldric**, (xxii.) *n.*, 'a shoulder-belt,' richly ornamented, pendant from the shoulder to the waist on the other side. Fr. *baudrier*. "Athwart his breast a bauldrick brave he bare."—SPENSER, *Faery Queen*, I. vii. 29.

**beacon-flame**, (xxi.) *n.*, 'a fire lighted on an eminence,' as a signal of danger. O.H.G. *bauhan*, A.S. *bedcen*, 'a sign,' 'a nod.' Icel. *bökna*, A.S. *beacnian*, 'to beckon.' So *beck*, 'a motion of the hand, or a nod, of command.' *To beck*, 'to bow,' 'to uncover the head before a superior.'

**behest**, (vii.) *n.*, 'command,' 'injunction.' See Canto II. xviii. and Glossary; and Canto I. xvii. and Glossary for *hest*.

**benignant**, (i.) *adj.*, 'kind,' 'gracious.' L. *benignus*.

**bigot**, (viii.) *adj.*, 'unreasonably attached to particular opinions, which no argument can overcome.' So *bigot spleen*, 'a persistent ill-humour.' The history of the word is interesting. In the beginning of the thirteenth century the mendicant orders of St. Francis and St. Dominic rose to a sudden maturity. They admitted into their ranks, besides the professed monks and nuns, a third class of men and women, who, without giving up their ordinary calling, bound themselves to a strict life and to works of charity. Other persons, not thus enrolled, took to the same life. They adopted the grey habit of the Franciscans, and took the names *Beguini*, *Bizocchi* (On Italian *Beghini*, *Bighiotti*), all of which are apparently formed from It. *bigio*, 'grey.' From *bigio* comes *bigiotto*, which was soon corrupted to *bigotto*. Those who acquired this name, and were not enrolled in the third class, became obnoxious to the monks, and the word took with them the meaning of 'a hypocrite,' 'a false pretender to religious feeling.' Thus we find in It. *bigotto*, *bizocco*, 'a devotee,' 'a hypocrite,' and the Fr. *bigot* in the same sense. In English the meaning is further extended, and is applied to persons zealous for religion, or who attach an overweening importance to their own particular opinions. Hence the meaning given above.

**bittern**, (ii.) *n.* A bird of the heron tribe. It. *bittore*, Fr. *butor*, M.E. *bittour*. See the note *ad locum*.

**bodeful**, (xxi.) *adj.*, 'ominous of evil.' From *v. bode*, 'to portend' good or bad. A.S. *bod*, 'a command, message;' *boda*, 'a messenger.'

**boon**, (i.) *n.*, 'a gift,' 'a favour,' 'a good turn.' See Canto V. xxii. and Glossary.

**boot**, (xxiv.) *v.n.*, 'to bring aid,' 'to help,' 'to succour.' To give a thing to *boot* is to give it as a make-weight to make the exchange or bargain fair. A.S. *bōt*, 'compensation.' *Bootless* is 'without advantage or profit.'

**bound**, (i.) *adj.* **boune**, (xxiv.) *adj.* M.E. *boun*. 'On his way to,' 'prepared to go.'

"As she was *boun* to go the way forth right  
Toward the garden."

—CHAUCER, *Canterbury Tales*, 11807.

It is the *p.p. buinn*, 'prepared,' 'ready,' of the Icelandic verb *bila*, 'to prepare.'

**brand**, (xxxiii.) *n.*, 'a sword.' See Canto IV. xv. and Glossary.

**brat**, (viii.) *n.*, 'a child.' So named from its pinasore. Welsh *brat*, 'a rag,' 'pinasore.' Gaelic and Erse *brat*, 'a cloak,' 'rag.'

**brook**, (xxiv.) *v.a.*, 'to bear,' 'to tolerate.' See Canto I. ix. and Glossary.

**bugle**, (xxxiv.) *n.*, for *bugle-horn*. See Canto III. xxi. and Glossary.

**chafe**, (vi.) *v.a.*, ‘to fret, provoke.’ See Canto II. vii. and Glossary.

**charger**, (xxxii.) *n.*, ‘a war-horse.’ Fr. *charger*, ‘to load,’ L.L. *carricare*, ‘to load a car.’ L. *carrus*, ‘a car.’ A Gaulish word. *Der.* *charger*, ‘a dish’ or ‘a horse,’ because carrying a burden.

**chased**, (xiii.) *p.p.* of *v. to chase*; for *en-chase*. O.Fr. *en-chasser*, “to enlace or set in gold.”—COTGRAVE. Hence to emboss plate, as silversmiths do. Fr. *chasse*, ‘a shrine for a relic,’ ‘a case.’

**clenched**, (xiii.) *p.p.* of *clench, clinch*, ‘to rivet.’ M.E. *clenchen, klenken*, ‘to strike smartly,’ ‘to make to *clink* or *clack*.’ ‘His *clenched* hand,’ means that his fist is closely pressed together.

**conjure**, (xvii.) *v.a.*, ‘to bind by an oath.’ *Lit.* ‘to swear together,’ ‘to combine by oath.’ M.E. *conjuren*. Fr. *conjurer*. L. *conjurare*.

“I *conjure* you! let him know  
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.”

—ADDISON.

**cope**, (xxviii.) *v.n.* ‘to vie with,’ ‘to equal.’ M.E. *copen* (Lydgate), Du. *koopen*, G. *kaufen*, ‘to buy.’ ‘Their generals have not been able to *cope* with the troops of Athens.’—ADDISON.

**cower**, (iii.) *v.n.*, ‘to crouch, cringe, for fear of being seen.’ See Canto IV. xxi. and Glossary.

**courser**, (xxxii.) *n.*, ‘a swift horse.’ L. *cursor*, from *currere*, ‘to run.’

**cushat**, (ii.) *n.*, ‘the ringdove.’ A.S. *cusceote*, ‘a wild pigeon.’

**deem**, (xxiv.) *v.n.*, ‘to judge.’ Canto V. xvi. and Glossary.

**dight**, (xxvii.) *p.p.* of *v.a. dight*, ‘to prepare,’ ‘put in order.’ M.E. *dighten*, A.S. *dihtan*, from L. *dictare*, ‘to dictate,’ ‘indite.’ G. *Gedicht*, ‘a song,’ is of the same origin.

**distraught**, (xvi.) *p.p.* of *distract*, ‘perplexed,’ ‘harassed,’ ‘distracted,’ ‘driven mad.’ From L. *distractus*, *p.p.* of *distrahere*, ‘to draw apart.’ This old participle is now obsolete.

**doddered**, (iii.) *p.p.* of *dodder*, ‘to shake.’ A *doddered* oak is a shattered oak. A *dodderel* is a pollard tree.

**doff**, (v.) *v.a.*, ‘to do off,’ ‘to put off a dress,’ ‘divest.’ So to *don*, ‘do on,’ is to put on a dress.

**doles**, (i.) *n.*, 'charitable gifts.' See note on the word.

**doom**, (xxiv.) *v.a.*, 'to judge,' 'to condemn to any punishment.' From the substantive *doom*, 'a judgment,' 'decision.' M.E. *dom*, A.S. *dom*, Icel. *domr*, Goth. *dom*. Redmond and Rokeby would be doomed to death. "Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls."—DRYDEN.

**emblazoned**, (xxvi.) *p.p.* of *emblazon*, *v.a.*, 'to adorn with figures of heraldry,' or 'ensigns armorial.' M.E. *blason*, *blasoun*, 'a shield.' Fr. *blason*, 'a coat of arms,' originally 'a shield.' G. *blasen*, 'to blow the trumpet,' as done by heralds to proclaim the victor's praise. The "emblazoned hues" seem to refer to tapestry thus adorned.

**fell**, (xxxiii.) *adj.*, 'fierce,' 'savage.' See Canto III. ix. and Glossary.

**feudal**, (xxviii.) *adj.* of *feud*, 'a fief,' 'land held of a superior,' O. Fr. *fief* (formerly spelt *fieu*), O. H. G. *fihu*, Mod. G. *vieh*, 'cattle,' 'property.' Pertaining to feuds, fiefs, or fees. 'Feudal feast' means a feast given to the feossees or tenants of the lord superior.

**flag**, (ii.) *n.*, is the name given to several marsh and water plants with simple sword-shaped leaves. *Flag*, 'a reed,' the same as *flag*, 'the ensign.' Danish *flag*, from the base of the Icel. *flagra*, 'to flutter.' So these reeds flutter.

**flagon**, **flask**, (iv.) *n.*, 'a wine jar, with narrow neck.' O. Fr. *flacon*, *flascon*, 'a great leathern bottle.'—COTGRAVE. A. S. *flase*, Icel. *flaska*, G. *flasche*, L. L. *flasca*, Gael. *flasg*. The straw-covered bottles of Florence oil are the nearest to the flasks of old time.

**flit**, (i.) *v.n.*, 'to remove from place to place,' 'to pass away.' M.E. *flitten*, Swed. *flytta*, 'to flit,' 'remove.'

**flourish**, (xxvii.) *v.n.* M.E. *florissen*. O. Fr. *fleurisse*, *pres.* part. of *fleurir*, 'to flourish.' L. *florescere*, 'to blossom.' The first reference is to flowers; then to what is flowery in style and language; then to music. The *flourish of trumpets* means the adding of decorative notes for effect. "He lards with flourishes his long harangue."—DRYDEN.

**foil**, (x.) *v.a.*, 'to defeat,' 'frustrate.' M.E. *foylen*, 'to trample under foot.' O. Fr. *fouler*, 'to trample on.'

**foreclose**, (xvi.) *v.a.*, 'to preclude,' 'stop,' 'prevent.' O. Fr. *forclou*, *p.p.* of *forclorre*, 'to exclude,' 'shut out.' From L. *foris*, 'outside,' and *claudere*, 'to shut.' "The embargo with Spain foreclosed this trade."—CAREW.

**froward**, (xxi.) *adj.*, ‘perverse,’ ‘peevish,’ ‘unwilling to yield.’ *From-ward*; *i.e.* *averse*: *-ward* (=guard) is a common affix, as in *way-ward*, for *away-ward*, *toward*, *steward*. “They are a very *froward* generation, children in whom is no faith.”—*Deut.* xxxii. 20.

**hacking**, (xxxiii.) *pres. part.* of *v. to hack*, ‘to cut,’ ‘to mangle.’ M.E. *hakken*, A.S. *haccian*, Du. *hakken*, ‘to chop,’ ‘hack.’

**halberd**, (xxxiii.) ‘a kind of pole-axe.’ M.H.G. *helmbarte*, G. *hellebarte*, ‘an axe with a long handle.’ From M.H.G. *halm*, ‘a helve, or handle.’

**hamlet**, (xxiii.) ‘a small village.’ Diminutive of A.S. *hām*, ‘a home.’ The affix of Saxon towns—*Birmingham*, the home of the Birmings; *Nottingham*, the home of the Nottings; *Dereham*, the home of the Deres. M.E. *hamelet*, diminutive of O.Fr. *hamel* (Fr. *hamac*), ‘a hamlet.’ From O.Friesland *ham*, ‘a home,’ ‘dwelling.’

**headlong**, (xxxii.) *adj.*, ‘rash.’ M.E. *hedling*, *hedlinges*. The suffix is adverbial, answering to A.S. suffix *-l-unga*.

**headsman**, (xxiv.) *n.*, ‘an executioner.’

**hie**, (xxii.) *v.n.*, ‘to hasten.’ M.E. *hien*, *hyen*. A.S. *higian*, ‘to hasten.’ Allied to Gk. *κλευ*, ‘to go,’ and L. *ciere*, ‘to summon.’ “The youth, returning to his mistress, *hies*.”—*DRYDEN*.

**hush**, (iii.) *adj.*, ‘silent,’ ‘still,’ ‘quiet.’ M.E. *hushen*, ‘to make silence.’ “The loud revelry grew *hush*.”—*KEATS*.

**interloper**, (xiii.) *n.*, ‘an intruder;’ *lit.* ‘a runner between.’ L. *inter* and Du. *looper*, ‘a runner.’ From *loopen*, G. *laufen*, ‘to run.’

**lattice**, (xxvii.) *n.*, ‘lath-work.’ See Canto I. xxix. and Glossary.

**leech**, (xxiv.) *n.*, ‘a physician,’ ‘a healer.’ M.E. *leche*, A.S. *lēce*, ‘one who heals;’ *lacnian*, ‘to heal.’ Icel. *leknir*, Goth. *leikeis*, ‘a leech.’

**list**, (xv.) *v.n.*, ‘to choose,’ ‘to please.’ A.S. *lystan*, ‘to desire.’ Icel. *lysta*, Goth. *luston*, ‘desire’ (the noun).

**main**, (xv.) *n.*, *lit. adj.*, ‘the chief,’ ‘the principal.’ Goth. *magan*, Icel. *mega*, ‘to be able;’ *megin*, ‘strength.’ L. *magnus*. Gk. *μέγας*. Then, as a noun, ‘the chief part,’ ‘the gross,’ ‘the ocean,’ ‘the mainland’ as distinguished from islands. Here the Irish *main* is the Irish *Sea*.

**malignant**, (xvi.) *adj.* **malignity**, (xxviii.) *n.* ‘Malicious,’ ‘of evil disposition,’ ‘ill-tempered,’ ‘pernicious;’ the noun, ‘extreme malice or enmity,’ ‘evil nature.’ From L. *malignus*, ‘ill-disposed,’ for *mali-genus*, ‘ill-born.’

**mangling**, (xxxiii.) *pres. p.* of *v. to mangle*, ‘to mutilate,’ ‘to cut up, devour, disfigure.’ O. Fr. *mehaing*, ‘a maim,’ ‘a hurt.’

**matin**, (i.) *adj.*, ‘morning.’ Fr. *matin*, ‘morning;’ originally an *adj.* L. *matutinum*, ‘early,’ ‘belonging to the morning.’ It. *mattino*. L. *Matuta*, ‘the goddess of Dawn.’ *Matins*, *n. plur.*, ‘Morning Service.’

**mesh**, (xvii.) *v.a.* from the *n. mesh*, ‘the opening between the threads of a net.’ M. E. *maske*. A. S. *max*, ‘net;’ *mascre*, ‘a mesh’ (dim. in form). Original sense, ‘the knot of a net.’ Lithuanian *mazgas*, ‘a knot, bundle.’ L. *macula*.

**mimic**, (x.) *adj.*, ‘imitating,’ ‘inclined to ape.’ From Gk. *μιμικός*, *μῖμος*, ‘an actor, imitator, mime.’

**muffled**, (x.) *p.p.* of *muffle*, ‘to cover up warmly.’ O. Du. *moffel*, ‘a muff, mitten.’

**musket-butt**, (xxxiii.) *n.*, ‘the handle end of the musket,’ of hard wood, which would give a hard blow.

**niche**, (xxvii.) *n.*, ‘a corner.’ See Canto II. xvii. and Glossary.

**orisons**, (i.) *n. plur.*, ‘prayers.’ O. Fr. *orison*. Fr. *oraison*. L. *orationem*, acc., ‘a prayer,’ from *orare*, ‘to pray,’ ‘to speak.’

**palter**, (xiii.) *v.n.*, ‘to dodge, shuffle, equivocate.’ M. E. *paulter*. The original sense is to haggle over such worthless stuff as is called *paltrie* in Lowland Scotch; more literally ‘to deal in rags.’ Low G. *palter*, ‘a rag.’

“Romans, that have spoke the word,  
And will not *palter*.”—SHAKS. *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1. 125.

**parole**, (ix.) *n.* Fr. *parole*, ‘a word,’ especially ‘a promise.’ Span. *palabra*, Port. *palavra* (our *palaver*), all from L. *parabola*, from the Gk. *παραβολή*, ‘a comparison,’ ‘a putting two things side by side to compare them.’ Here ‘a promise.’

**phantom**, (v.) *n.* M. E. *fantome*. L. *phantasma*. Gk. *φάντασμα*, ‘a vision, spectre, apparition.’ Gk. *φαίνω*, ‘to show.’

**portentous**, (x.) *adj.*, ‘ominous,’ ‘foreboding ill.’ L. *por-tendere*, ‘to predict;’ lit. ‘to stretch out to, point to.’

**prank**, (v.) *v.a.*, ‘to deck out, set off,’ ‘to adorn.’ M. E. *pranken*, ‘to trim.’ G. Danish *prunk*, ‘show,’ ‘parade.’ ‘Obtruding false rules *pranked* in reason’s garb.’—MELTON, *Comus*, 759.

**premised**, (xi.) *p.p.* of *premise*, *v.a.* and *n.*, ‘to speak or write previously,’ ‘to lay down conditions to be acted upon.’ *L. praemittere*, ‘to send before.’

**presage**, (xix.) *n.* *L. praesagium*, ‘a divining aforehand,’ ‘a foreboding.’

**prime**, (xxiii.) *n.* *L. prima*, *Fr. prime*. ‘The earliest stage or beginning’ of anything; ‘the first opening of the day,’ ‘the dawn,’ ‘the morning.’ ‘When day arises in that sweet hour of prime.’—*MILTON, P. L. v. 170*. ‘The spring of life,’ ‘youth,’ ‘Ceres in her prime.’—*P. L. ix. 395*. In Roman Catholic Church, ‘the first canonical hour,’ succeeding to lauds. ‘From prime to vespers will I chant thy praise.’—*TENNYSON*.

**prore**, (xviii.) *n.*, ‘the prow,’ the front part of a ship. *L. prora*.

**prying**, (xiii.) *pres. part.* of *v. pry*, ‘to peep narrowly,’ ‘to search narrowly,’ like a dog scenting his prey.

**purchase**, (iv.) *n.* *M.E. purchasen*. *O.Fr. purchacer*, ‘to pursue eagerly, acquire, get.’ The acquisitions, which he got from his comrades’ toil.

**quaff**, (iv.) *v.a.*, ‘to drink in large draughts.’ ‘To drink out of *quach* or *cup*,’ called *quaich*, *quech*, *queff* in Lowland Scotch. Gaelic *cuach*, ‘a cup, bowl.’ ‘He calls for wine; quaffed off the muscadel.’—*SHAKS. Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 2. 174.

**quaint**, (v.) *adj.*, ‘neat,’ ‘dainty.’ See Canto V. xv. and Glossary.

**reliquaire**, (vi.) *n.* *Fr. reliquaire*, ‘a casket wherein relics are kept.’ *Eng. reliquary*, *L.L. reliquiarium*, from *L. reliquiae*.

**sable**, (x.) *adj.*, ‘dark brown,’ ‘black.’ See Canto II. ix. and Glossary.

**sacrilegious**, (xxvii.) *adj.* From *sacrilege*, *n.*, ‘the stealing of sacred things.’ *Sacrilegious* crime is the crime of *sacrilege*.

**saddle-girths**, (xxxiii.) *pl. n.*, ‘the bands that keep the saddle in its place,’ passing from one side to the other under the horse’s belly. *Saddle*, ‘a seat on a horse.’ *M.E. sadel*. *A.S. sadol*. *L. sella*, for *sedere*, ‘to sit.’

**sapling**, (x.) *n.*, ‘a young tree.’ *Sap*, ‘the juice of plants.’ *A.S. seip*, *G. saft*.

**scantly**, (v.) *adv.* of *scant*, *adj.* Here ‘scarcely past.’ *Scant*, *M.E. skant*, ‘insufficient.’ *Icel. skamt*, neuter of *skammr*, ‘short,’ ‘brief.’

**sordid**, (iv.) *adj.* ‘dirty,’ ‘vile.’ *L. sordidus*, ‘dirty,’ from *sordes*, ‘dirt.’

**spleen**, (viii.) *n.*, 'anger,' 'ill-humour,' 'melancholy.' The spleen, or the milt, is a vascular gland, situated below the short bones, on the left side of a man, and supposed by the ancients to be the seat of vexation, anger, and melancholy. M.E. *splen*, L. *splen*, Gk. *σπλήν*.

**steel**, (v.) *v.a.*, 'to harden,' like steel. See Canto V. xxii. and the Glossary.

**stifled**, (xxvii.) *p.p.* of *v.a.* *stifle*, 'to dam up,' 'to choke,' 'to smother,' 'to stop the breath.' Icel. *stifla*, 'to dam up,' 'to choke.' Norw. *stivla*, *stidra*, 'to stiffen.'

**stripling**, (iii.) *n.*, 'a lad as thin as a strip,' 'a growing lad, not yet filled out.' Cp. I *Sam.* xvii. 56, Saul's question about David: "Enquire thou whose son this *stripling* is."

**storied**, (xxvii.) 'with more than one story.'

**strook**, (xxxii.) past tense of *strike*, *v.a.*, now obsolete. *Strike*, *struck*, *stricken*.

**subterfuge**, (xvii.) *n.* Fr. *subterfuge*, "a shift."—COTGRAVE. L.L. *subterfugium*, L. *subterfugere*, 'to escape by stealth.' An artifice employed to avoid censure; evasion; elusion.

**tercelet**, (ii.) *n.* The diminutive of *tercel*, 'the male of the hawk.' O.Fr. *tiercelet*. "The tassell, or male of any kind of hawk; so tearmed because he is, commonly, a third part lesse than the female."—COTGRAVE. Another alleged reason is that, in popular opinion, every third bird hatched was sure to be a male.

**train**, (xvi.) *n.*, 'artifice,' 'stratagem of enticement.'

"Now to my charms,  
And to my wily *trains*."

—MILTON, *Comus*, 150.

**train**, (xvii.) *v.a.*, 'to draw him on,' 'allure.' See Canto I. xx. and Glossary. "We did *train* him on."—SHAKS. I *Henry IV.* v. 2. 21.

**troth**, (xxxv.) *n.*, a variation of *truth*. M.E. *trewthe*. A.S. *treowē*, 'true.' Icel. *tryggr*, *trúr*, Goth. *triggws*, 'true;' *trauan*, G. *trauen*, 'to believe,' 'trust.'

**unguerdoned**, (xii.) *adj.*, composed of *un* and the *p.p.* of *guerdon*. 'Without any recompense.' *Guerdon*, *n.*, 'recompense.' O.Fr. *guerdon*. It. *guidardone*. L.L. *widardonum*, a queer compound of O.H.G. *widar*, and L. *donum*. The true form is O.H.G. *widarlbn*—*widar*, 'back again,' and *lbn*, 'our loan.'

**unrelenting**, (xxix.) *adj.*, 'not relenting.' *Relent*, altered from Fr. *ralentir*, 'to slacken.' L. *lentus*, 'slack,' 'slow.'

**unscrupled**, (vii.) *adj.*, 'without any scruples.' A word coined by Scott. The right word is *unscrupulous*. Fr. *scrupule*, "A little sharp stone in a man's shoe."—COTGRAVE.

**van**, (xxv.) *n.*, 'the front of an army.' Short for *vanguard*, which stands for M.E. *vantwarde*. O.Fr. *avant-warde*, later *avant-garde*.

**wand**, (xxix.) *n.*, 'a slender rod.' Icel. *vöndr*, gen. *vandar*. O.Swed. *wand*. Goth. *wandus*, 'a pliant stick.'

**warp**, (vi. xx.) *v.a.*, 'to turn or twist out of shape,' 'to deviate.' See Canto II. xiv. and Glossary.

"There's our commission,  
From which we would not have you warp."

—SHAKS. *Measure for Measure*, i. 1. 15.

**wile**, (xvi.), *n.*, 'a trick.' A.S. *wil*, *wille*. Icel. *vél*, *varl*, 'an artifice.' "That ye may be able to stand against the *wiles* of the devil."—*Eph.* vi. 11.

**wist, wot.** (xii.) *Wit*, 'to know.' M.E. inf. *witen*: pres. tense, 1st person, I *wot*; past time, *wiste*, *wist*. *Wist I*, 'If I knew.' *What wot I?* 'What do I know?' A.S. *witan*: pres., *ic wát*, *thu wást*, *he wát*. Du. *weten*, Icel. *vita*, G. *wissen*, Goth. *witan*, 'to know.' Gk. *ἰδεῖν*, 'to see;' *οἶδα*, 'I wot,' 'I know.'

**wold**, (iii.) *n.*, 'a down,' 'plain open country.' A.S. *wæld*, *wald*, 'a wood,' 'a forest.' See Canto I. xx. and Glossary.

**wrest**, (xvi.) *v.a.*, 'to distort,' 'to twist or extort by violence,' 'to twist a word from its natural meaning.' M.E. *wresten*. A.S. *wræstan*, 'to twist forcibly.' Icel. *reista*, Dan. *vriste*, 'to wrest.' "Fate has *wrested* the confession from me."—ADDISON. "Wrest once the law to your authority."—SHAKS. *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1. 215.





